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THE  
**DUBLIN MAGAZINE;**

OR,

**GENERAL REPERTORY**

OF

**PHILOSOPHY, BELLES-LETTRES,**

AND

**MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION.**

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*Εἰς τὸ τεῖχος καὶ χρῆσιμον.*

LUCI.

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JANUARY TO JUNE, 1820.

VOL. I.

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DUBLIN:

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FOR THE EDITORS.

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Ἐἰς τὰ τεύχη καὶ χειρίδια.

LUCI.

(To the Editor.)

*Reflections on the Melancholy State of Literature in this Country.*

**T**HE decay of Literature has been generally, if not universally, considered the certain herald of declining greatness, in every age and nation. If any credit can be attached to ancient history, that describes Ireland as the seat of learning, in those remote ages of antiquity, when the rest of Europe was sunk in the grossest ignorance, we can adduce our own country as a further proof of the truth of the assertion. With our learning (however obscured by Monkish superstition,) vanished our liberty: a long night of darkness succeeded, burying our country in misery, our history in obscurity, and banishing our native productions and historical Archives to other climes.

The mild and cheering rays of literature at length dispelled our mental gloom, and restored peace and freedom to our soil. The writings of Swift did more for Ireland, than the swords of the nameless thousands that have wielded in her cause at the suggestion of religious zeal, private ambition, ill directed patriotism or despairing misery; for nearly a succeeding century, arts, science, and literature, mental and national improvement gradually flourished, and promised in due time to bestow all that could render a people respectable abroad, and happy at home. Within these last few years all these fair promises have been suddenly blighted; native genius either languishes in obscurity, or flies to other countries to seek that encouragement and reward it would

vainly hope to meet at home : all spirit of inquiry has been checked, literary discussion has been abandoned, and patronage can no longer be obtained in Ireland.

A few newspapers, chiefly devoted to party, teeming with strictures inimical to national concord, are alone published in the metropolis. Our booksellers' shops are furnished with works, not of native genius, or native manufacture, but imported at exorbitant prices ; and we have even waved our privilege of judging of these productions by our own standard of taste and feeling : our opinions, like our presses, have been proscribed, and we must import them like other foreign luxuries, or be content to remain in ignorance and apathy.

Whence this evil has originated, might be a dangerous subject of investigation ; to check its farther growth will be to arrest the progress of national degradation, and consequent ruin.—The noble, the wealthy, the learned, or those gifted with genius, will not tamely resign every claim to distinction ; the fame which cannot be obtained at home, will be eagerly sought for abroad ; expatriated genius and voluntary exiles may not feel, and will not avow much sympathy of interest with an abandoned and degraded country. Absentee votaries of fashion, ridiculing or disowning the country they dishonor, can be felt as an evil only by draining the wealth of the land. Absentee worth and genius, forced in despair from their native soil, will leave little in that soil to lament but the cause of their exile.

Nations once abandoned to refinement, have never returned to primitive innocence. They have sunk into wretchedness and contempt, but never regained the happy simplicity of uncorrupted nature.

With a country as richly abounding in mental as in natural wealth, let no fatal lethargy, no criminal apathy, sink us into deserved contempt ; let us assert our just privilege of thinking, writing, and publishing for ourselves ; let our energies be directed to the cultivation of arts, science, and literature ; the improvement of our manufactures, and the promotion of national concord and prosperity : not wasted in unnatural dissensions, or smothered in indolent apathy, careless of every other object than present ease, purchased at the expense of every genuine feeling. Let the resident natives of Ireland cordially unite in such sentiments and exertions ; and not even an absentee nobility can wholly depress a country endowed with every means of happiness, every title to distinction, except that spirit of concord and of true patriotism in her sons, that would concentrate party in national feeling : that would foster all that was excellent of native growth, not eagerly grasp at all that was foreign, however superficial or injurious : that would assert national independence and promote national prosperity ; not by wielding the sword



of discord, or the pen of controversy, but by holding forth the olive of peace, and the crown of laurel, as the deserved reward of industry, talents, and learning.

A. M.

## INTELLECTUAL, MORAL AND PHYSICAL PHILOSOPHY.

### METAPHYSICS.

(To the Editor.)

SIR,

AS I observe by the prospectus that a portion of *The Dublin Magazine* is to be appropriated to Metaphysical subjects, I beg leave to submit to its learned readers a subject of inquiry equally curious and interesting; namely, from whence we derive a knowledge of our existence?

There appear to be two simple sources, and one mixed source, to which this knowledge might be attributable—that is, the knowledge we have of our existence is either sensative, or it is intellectual, or it is derived from the joint operation of our senses and our intellects. I shall consider each of these separately.

First, if we say that we derive the knowledge of our existence from the operation of our senses alone, we must consider man to be a mere machine, acted upon mechanically, and a passive agent in all his operations. But this is not the only difficulty which would arise from such a position; our own experience of the operations of our mind will immediately lead us to a different conclusion.

Every one must have experimented in himself, that the senses alone are insufficient to furnish him with any ideas; how frequently will the eye be fixed on an object without any corresponding idea being carried to the intellectual region; how often may we be surrounded by talkers without knowing the subject of conversation, if the mind be otherwise engaged—besides, the very term does imply something more than is attainable merely by the operation of our senses. The knowledge of any thing implies a consciousness of its existence, which consciousness must be the result of reflection; I shall, therefore, dismiss the first position, and proceed to inquire whether the knowledge of our existence be purely intellectual.

All our ideas, say the logicians, are derived from the senses. If it is the sense of pleasure and pain, which is one of the distinguishing marks of vitality, and which is derived from the power of acting upon, and being acted on by external objects; if it is this sense which constitutes the knowledge we have of our existence: if the perception of the opera-

tions of the mind supposes, and is a consequence of its exertion : if this exertion supposes the pre-existence of ideas, and if those ideas must be derived from the external senses : would a man, deprived of those senses, have a knowledge of his existence ? If the affirmative be here admitted, we must suppose the knowledge of our existence to be purely intellectual, and independent of the operation of our senses. Pleasure and pain are the two great engines by which the animal frame is set in motion, and by tracing the medium through which these agents are experienced, we shall not, I imagine, be very far from the source of all our knowledge.

It might appear extremely natural to suppose that the Almighty had given man an intuitive knowledge of his existence ; that this knowledge was implanted in his immaterial nature, and consequently independent of sensual faculties. Such a theory, however plausible, is, I imagine, only applicable to beings, purely spiritual. In the operations of the Almighty in this sublunary sphere, we find him acting rather by natural, than by supernatural agency. The whole course of nature here below, so far as our limited faculties have been able to trace it, is a continued series of causes and effects, flowing constantly and naturally without interruption. The same natural agency will, I apprehend, be found to direct mankind in all their operations ; if we allow man to possess an intuitive knowledge of his existence, we shall find many things inexplicable in his nature. A man in a sound sleep, when his senses are sealed up, has no knowledge whatever of his existence : “ Whilst we are thinking,” says Mr. Locke, “ or whilst we receive successively several ideas in our mind, we know that we do exist.” \* And again, in the following section : “ when that succession of ideas ceases, “ our perception of duration ceases with it, which every one clearly “ experiments in himself, whilst he sleeps soundly, whether an hour or “ a day, a month or a year ; of which duration of things, while he “ sleeps or thinks not, he has no perception at all, but it is quite lost “ to him, and the moment wherein he leaves off to think, till the moment he begins to think again, seems to him to have no distance.” If the knowledge of our existence was purely intuitive, it would pervade us so long as we did exist ; whether sleeping or waking, the mind must be constantly active ; a continued succession of ideas must be present to it ; or, losing a part of its duration, it would lose so much of its existence—moreover, we have no reason to suppose, that an embryo in the womb has any knowledge of its existence ; the life it possesses until it comes forth into the world seems to be purely organic : hence we may

\* Lock's Essays. Book 3, Chap. 14, Sec. 3.



conclude, that neither the intellectual faculties, of themselves, nor the sensual faculties, of themselves, are sufficient to give us a knowledge of our existence. It must then be sought for in that union which exists between the sensual and intellectual formation. "Comment acquérons nous," says Bonnet, "le sentiment de notre propre existence? n'est-ce pas en reflechissant sur nos propre sensations? on du moins, nos premieres sensations ne sont-elles pas liées essentiellement a ce sensation qu'a toujours notre ame, que c'est elle qui les eprouve, et ce sentiment est-il autre chose que celui de son existence? mais une ame qui n'auroit jamais senti, comment pourroit elle sçavoir qu'elle existe?"\* It is under this view of our intellectual system that I shall inquire into the mixed source, from whence we derive a knowledge of our existence.

Man is a compound machine, composed of a thinking and an organized part; the one active, and the other passive: both intimately blended, and depending the one upon the other. "Je n'ai pas affirmé," says the author quoted above, "qu'il est impossible que l'ame pense sans corps. Il peut exister des esprits—purs qui ont des Idées; mais, J'ignore profondement comment ils les ont."

No principle in metaphysics is better established, I believe, than this, that all our simple ideas are derived from the senses; that they are the primitive sources of all our knowledge, and the conduits by which the mind is stored. On the other hand, it is equally certain that the mind must be perfectly fitted to receive, to arrange, and to retain that knowledge furnished to it by the senses, or else they minister in vain. The mind, in its active capacity, directs the operation of the senses; the senses, in their passive nature, minister to the operations of the mind; from these sources then, pleasure and pain are derived, which are probably the first sensations from whence we derive a knowledge of our existence. But, to the attainment or retention of this knowledge, it is not necessary that a continued train of new objects should present themselves to the senses, the mind being once stored with ideas, through the medium of the senses; a person, although deprived of those senses, would have a knowledge of his existence by the operations of his mind, about those ideas already acquired. Thus it is, that a person dreaming has a perfect knowledge of his existence, and may experience all the feelings of pleasure and pain, of hope and fear, which are connected with that knowledge, merely by the active operations of his mind, about those ideas, with which he has been furnished by his

\* Bonnet, Essai Analytique sur les Facultes de l'ame.

senses.—From the foregoing arguments, I conclude, that the knowledge of our existence is derived from sensation and reflection; and that either of them, abstractedly, is insufficient to furnish us with this knowledge. Many more arguments might be brought forward in support of this opinion; but it would be extending the subject too much for the limits of a periodical publication.

R. N. K.

## GEOGNOSCY.

*New Island in the Bay of Bengal.*—A new island has been lately formed in the upper part of the Bay of Bengal, by a rapid accretion of the alluvium or soil, collected along the shores of the large rivers of the Indian continent. The island is nothing at present but a sand-bank; but it is continually receiving such additions as will gradually render it a spacious tract.—It was not visible four or five years ago, and it was only discovered, together with the canal, by vessels trading to Sangur, about the latter end of 1816. The situation is 21 deg. 35 min. N. latitude, and 88 deg. 20 min. E. longitude; it appears to be about two miles in length from East to West, and half a mile from North to South. The visits of the sea-fowl supply manure for the soil; in the central part of the island herbage has taken root, and there are a number of tufts of long grass (*sacharum spontaneum*) that thrive very well. In short, the soil has every appearance of becoming adapted for all the purposes of vegetation.

*Perpetual Light of Adalia.*—On the eastern coast of Lycia, and the western shore of the gulf of Adalia, a flame, called *Yannan*, is seen to issue from an opening, about three feet in diameter, in the side of a mountain, and in shape resembling the mouth of an oven. This mountain, like that of Chuchivano, is calcareous, being composed of crumbling serpentine rock, with loose blocks of limestone; there was not the least appearance of volcanic production; no tremor of the earth, no noises; neither stones, nor smoke, nor noxious vapors were emitted from the cavity, but a brilliant and perpetual flame issued forth, of an intense heat, and said to be inextinguishable by water; the remains of the walls, which had formerly been built near the spot, are scarcely discoloured, and trees, brushwood, and weeds, grow close to this little crater, if so it may be called.

*Earthquakes at Lisbon.*—The earthquake which was experienced at Lisbon, on the 2d Feb. 1816, at 0 hou. 4 min. in the morning,



and again at 6 hou. 5 min. in the evening, was felt by the *Marquis de Angeja*, a Portuguese vessel, bound from Bengal to Lisbon, at 0 hou. 46 min. (the time being reduced to that at Lisbon,) and in lat. 34 deg. 16 min. N. and long. 15 deg. 10 min. W. from Lisbon. The vessel was therefore 270 leagues W. S. W. of Lisbon. The same earthquake was experienced on board another vessel, bound from Brazil to Portugal, at 0 hou. 42 min. (time at Lisbon,) and again at 3 hou. 40 min. in lat. 36 deg. 50 min. N. and 6 deg. 52 min. Long. W. of Lisbon. The vessel was therefore 120 leagues W.S.W. from that city. The same ship again felt the shock at 5 hou. 57 min. The first shock was therefore felt at the same instant nearly, at three places very remote from one another. The same earthquake was said to have been felt in Madeira and Holland.—*Ann. de Chim. tom. xi. p. 323.*

———*At Corfu.*—(Extract of a Letter, dated 11th September, 1819.) On the 4th of this Month, at 3 o'clock in the evening, we had here such a violent shock of an earthquake, that, in an instant, the bells of all the churches began to ring; as this happened in forty churches at once, it may be supposed what horror was excited: the inhabitants rushed out of their houses, and several buildings were damaged; the air was quite serene, and the moon shone bright.—We expect now that we shall hear of an eruption of Vesuvius or Etna, as earthquakes in this country, are usually ascribed to such eruptions.

———*Comrie, Perthshire.*—Yesterday morning, November 28, 1819, about half-past one, this place was visited by one of the most alarming shocks of an earthquake felt here for ten years past.—It not only awakened the people, but its violence made some instinctively leap from their beds and run to the door before they were aware of the cause of their panic. The convulsion, accompanied with the usual hollow grumbling noise, resembling the sound of distant thunder, continued for about ten seconds, occasioning, while passing immediately under us, the crasling of the timber in the houses, moving of the chairs, jingling of the fire-irons, glasses, &c. It was felt for several miles round the village, and seemed to commence in the North West, passing the village and its vicinity, in a South-East-erly direction, when it subsided. *Till. Phil. Mag. Jan. 1820.*

———*In India.*—*Yorebunder, June 17.*—We yesterday witnessed in this town and fort, one of the most awful scenes in nature, that of a violent and destructive shock from an earthquake!

The weather was close and sultry, the thermometer ranging at 86 deg. at sun set. A scarcely perceptible air was sometimes felt from the Southward.

Lieutenant L. and myself were taking an evening's walk on the ramparts of the fort, and had nearly gone all round, when at 40 min. past six, we observed to each other, "how excessively close and oppressive the atmosphere!" and five minutes afterwards, I heard a distant sound from the westward, not unlike that of a cannonade at sea; a thought had scarcely past the mind, as to what could have given rise to it, when I heard a violent shock beneath my feet, and instantly exclaimed "an earthquake!" then looking forward, saw the stone parapet at two yards distance, violently bending in and out, with a quick wave-like motion, and with a vibration of about a foot; this appalling sight extended as far as I could see, or about 50 yards in length, and the whole height of the parapet: it was attended with a hissing, crackling noise.\*\*\*

Had the parapet been made of whalebone, and shook in anger by any power, less than nature, the agitation could not have been so great, as that which we witnessed.

Although the rampart and parapet are ten feet thick, and twenty-two in height, yet this wall of masonry waved to and fro like a sea.\*\*\*

The danger being past, for the shock was now over, my curiosity became excited, and approaching the cloud of dust, I found it to proceed from the fall of nine lofty towers and large parts of the curtain, leaving twenty-one breaches of 40 and 60 yards wide. This devastation extended for 500 yards, and over a part of the fort which I had been walking on not five minutes before.

I do not imagine, that a twenty-four hours' fire, from ten pieces of heavy ordnance, could have produced so extensive a destruction as was thus effected in a minute and a half!!!

We conjectured, that the shock had not lasted more than the above short period. But its effects were sufficiently powerful to have destroyed the work of ages.

I am happy to say, that but one life has been lost in this town, a circumstance which appears almost miraculous, from the danger which existed.

The Rajah and principal inhabitants are now encamped outside of the fort, rather than trust themselves beneath their unsafe roofs, which, should they fall, would prove most destructive, since they are made (as is the case of all upper floors also) of a thick terrace supported by stone, on large timbers.



The earth opened, and water issued from the cavity, over an extensive piece of ground, in a plain, distant fourteen miles hence.

The atmosphere to-day has been impregnated with a strong smell of sulphur ; and there have been several other shocks between 10 *a. m.* and 2 *p. m.* which brought some old houses down : but these inferior alarms are not to be compared with yesterday's awful phenomenon.

It was observed that all animals were much frightened during the great shock : the dogs lay down on their bellies, and could not be moved.

The earthquake has been felt far and wide ; but its effects appear to have been less violent in the interior than on the sea shore. I fear that all the line of towns and fortresses situated immediately on this coast have suffered much. I am this moment informed that fifty men were killed by the fall of walls at Magdrole, situated on this coast, and distant sixty miles, in a S. E. direction.

The great shock appears to have proceeded from west to east.

The injury which this fortress has sustained is estimated at half a lac of rupees.

There is nothing in nature more awful than to see the proudest works of men, in an instant, vanishing, and becoming a heap of shapeless ruins."

This earthquake extended northward as far as the city of Ahmedabad, where it did much mischief. It was also slightly felt at Poonagh, four hundred miles from the former city.

—*At St. Thomas.*—Three shocks occurred during the hurricane which blew there October 19 and 20.

—*At Trinidad.*—A severe shock was felt in Trinidad on the 12th of August, at half past 2, *a. m.* lasting four or five seconds. It was a clear moon-light night—the motion was from east to west.

—*In North America.*—At the village of St. Andrew, in Lower Canada, on the 18th August, a shock, accompanied with a loud explosion, was felt.

*VOLCANO.*—Accounts from Naples state, that Vesuvius is now (*December*), in full eruption—the direction of the lava is fortunately such as to allay all apprehensions for the neighbouring country. During the last 13 months it has incessantly poured forth streams of lava, but its action is now much more intense. M. de Gimbernath has ascertained, that the height of the mountain has diminished more than 60 feet since January last.

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## GEOLOGY.

Accounts from Alexandria in Egypt, state, among other things, the following particulars. In Upper Egypt, above the province of Emo, there have been lately discovered, besides the sulphur mines found some time ago, also iron and lead mines; the latter are said to be very rich. The Pacha has sent several persons to those parts, to look for the gold and emerald mines, which have been neglected for some centuries.—The Pacha has offered a reward of 100,000 dollars to the person who shall discover a coal mine, which would be peculiarly valuable, on account of the great scarcity of wood.—The works on the great canal of Rosetta are going on very rapidly, and it is hoped, that the water of the Nile may be let into it in twenty days.—*This account is dated 30th September.*

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## MINERALOGY.

*Geognostical situation of Lapis Lazuli.*—Mr. Mohr has ascertained, by actual examination, that the Lapis Lazuli of the Lake Baikal, occurs along with calcareous Spar and silver-white Mica, in a vein which traverses Granite.

*Geognostical situation of Topaz, in Brazil.*—The Topaz mines, in the vicinity of Villa Rica, in Brazil, are situated in Chlorite-slate, which appears to rest on a sand-stone, of the primitive class. The Topaz is said to occur in regular crystals, or in angular masses, in nests of Lithomarge, along with rock crystal.

*Clinkstone of Hohentwiel.*—Dr. Gmelin, of Tubingen, in a communication to the Geological Society, mentions, that by heating the Clinkstone of Hohentwiel, upon which Natrolite is found, he obtained from it a quantity of Ammonia, and found the same results from some Basalts.

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## ZOOGNOSY.

*Lepus Variabilis, or Varying Hare.*—This species of Hare occurs in the Alpine districts of Scotland, seldom descends to the low country, and never intermixes with the common Hare. In the North of Europe, there is a species said to be the same with our varying hare, but it differs from it, in being larger, living in plains, and migrating in troops.—



The Varying Hare becomes white in winter. This remarkable change takes place in the following manner: about the middle of September, the grey feet begin to be white, and before the month ends, all the four feet are white, and the ears and muzzle are of a brighter colour. The white colour gradually ascends the legs and thighs; and we observe, under the grey hair, whitish spots, which continue to increase till the end of October, but still the back continues of a grey colour, while the eye-brows and ears are nearly white. From this period, the change of colour advances very rapidly, and by the middle of November, the whole fur, with the exception of the tips of the ears which remain black, is of a fine shining white. The back becomes white within eight days. During the whole of this remarkable change in the fur, no hair falls from the animal: hence it appears, that the hair actually changes its colour, and that there is no renewal of it. The fur retains its white colour, until the month of March, or even later, depending on the temperature of the atmosphere, and by the middle of May, it has again a grey colour. But the spring change is different from the winter, as the hair is completely shed. *Edinb. Phil. Jour. No. 3.*

*Extraordinary Hen.*—Mr. Leonard Fordiffe, of Plumblaud, near Carlisle, has a hen, about three years old, which was originally black, excepting a few white feathers about her neck. This hen changes colour twice a year. The first change takes place about midsummer; the second, in October. She is at this time changing from black to white, and the process is so very slow, that it will be Christmas before she is entirely white; the metamorphosis is commenced about her neck and breast, and gradually extends over the whole body. She is now half black, and half white; the change makes no difference in the size or colour of her eggs.—*November.*

*Fossile Crocodile, on the Banks of the Maine.*—Some time ago there was found, at Dartings, near Manheim, in Bavaria, in a mine of Pea-ore, (a variety of iron ore,) a few feet under ground, the petrified skeleton of a Crocodile, the Gavial of antiquity. This is the only specimen hitherto known of such an amphibious animal, of which, as far as we are aware, none now exist in the waters of the earth—it is quite different from the common narrow-jawed Crocodile; for example, large and small teeth succeed each other, in regular alternation.

*Nbv. 7, 1819.*

*Marine and River Mollusca, in the Gulf of Livonia.*—M. Fremenville, in a letter to M. Brogniart, dated the 11th Feb. 1819, announces a

curious discovery: "the inconsiderable saltness of the waters of the Baltic is more apparent in the gulf of Livonia than elsewhere—it is such, that fresh water molluscous animals live there very well. I have found on the same beach, species of the fresh-water genera *Unio*, *Cyclades*, and *Anodontes*, living promiscuously with species of the *Cardium*, *Tellina*, and *Venus*, genera which ordinarily inhabit the saltiest waters."

*Patella Distorta*.—The rare British shell, thus denominated by Montague, has been lately found in Shetland, by Drs. Hibbert and Fleming.

## BOTANY.



*New Siliceous Grass*.—A letter from Dr. Moore, to Dr. Kennedy of Edinburgh, mentions that, on the hills between the Circars and the Nagpore country, a kind of jungle grass is met with; in the joints of which, a very perfect siliceous deposit is found.

*Byssus Velutina disproved*.—Dr. Drummond has ascertained, that one of the *Confervæ*, denominated *Byssus Velutina*, is nothing else than the *Polytrichum Aloides* in the first stage of vegetation.

*Motion of the Sap in Plants*.—Professor Amici has lately devoted much time to an examination of the motion of the sap in the Stonewort plant, (*Chara vulgaris*.) He discovered that each vessel has a number of parallel stripes running along it; and which have evidently great influence on the mode and intensity of circulation.—From his observations, he concludes, that this circulation is carried on through the medium of Galvanic agency. In the *Tropæolum Majus*, *Humulus Lupulus*, and other plants, he has remarked an organization, similar to that of the *Chara*; whence he thinks it highly probable that the motion of the sap may, in all plants, be traced up to the same principle under various modifications. He finds the porous tubes of MIRBEL, to be nothing else than air-vessels.

*Habitat of the Apricot*.—M. L. Regnier, from inquiries made during his travels in Egypt, and the remarks of ancient authors, concludes, that the Apricot Tree is a native of the fertile spots of Africa, not (as was supposed,) of Armenia.



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 CHEMISTRY.
 

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**Purple Colour.**—Count Le Maistre, of St. Petersburg, has, in a letter to Dr. Critchton, published in the *Annals of Philosophy* for October, given a method of making a fine purple colour for painting in oil. The following is the process he has adopted for preparing it.

One part of dry Muriate of Alumina, one part of Sulphate of Magnesia, four parts of Muriate of Baryta, and five parts of Carbonate of Soda, are each pulverized separately.—The pounded salts are mixed in a glass mortar, and a little water is added, merely enough to moisten the mixture. Then a diluted solution of gold in Nitro-Muriatic Acid, is added by little and little, pounding the matter all the time in the mortar, till the whole has acquired a light sulphur yellow tint, and the consistence of cream. The pounding is continued a long time, to produce the decomposition of the salts, with as little water as possible.—When no more effervescence is perceptible, and when the salts cease to creak under the pestle, a sufficient quantity of water is to be added for the solution of the salts.—This tedious process is essential to unite the oxide of gold with the earths, and the whole success of the operation, which is pretty capricious, depends upon it. The precipitate is to be left for 24 hours in the mortar, stirring it up from time to time with a glass rod. It is then to be poured into a saucer, or other similar vessel, and left till the powder subsides. The supernatant liquid is then to be drawn off with a syphon, and the deposit dried in the shade, without washing it.

The precipitate, when dried, is yellowish. The muffle in which it is baked, ought to be red hot. The powder is put upon a silver or porcelain plate, of the thickness of one or two lines; and it must be withdrawn from the fire the instant that it acquires its purple colour. If it be left too long exposed to heat, it acquires a tinge of violet. This is occasioned by the salts which it still contains; for, after it has been washed, it may be kept red hot, without losing any of its colour, which indeed acquires a greater lustre. These trials were on a small scale, and are certainly susceptible of being improved, by examining with more care the proportions of salts which should be employed.—Though this Lake appears to be deficient in intensity, the mixture of oils or gums renders it sufficiently dark; and experience has shewn, that it will answer all the purposes of the painter.

For oil painting, this colour must be carefully rubbed with a mixture of drying oil and varnish. The painting is to be begun by a thin

transparent coat. A second coat is sufficient to give it all the lustre of which it is susceptible—a lustre which is equal to the ordinary cochineal lake. The under coats ought to be prepared with rough terra de Sienna.

This unalterable colour is particularly useful in miniature painting, and may be used instead of cochineal lakes, in carnations—a mixture of it with vermilion, gives beautiful tints; and light, which gradually destroys the light shades of carmine, has no effect whatever upon gold purple, which is capable of resisting both the action of fire and light.

*Hyposulphurous Acid.*—The last number of the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* contains some additional facts relating to the habitudes of the hyposulphurous acid, and its union with metallic oxides, communicated by Mr. Herschell; he gives the following particular directions for preparing the hyposulphite of silver. “Nitrate of silver, somewhat diluted, must be poured into a pretty strong solution of hyposulphite of Soda. A copious precipitate falls, white at first, but, as the precipitation proceeds, becoming gradually dirty, and at length quite brown, especially if too much of the nitrate be added. This precipitate, separated by the filter and washed, must be treated with Ammonia, which dissolves the metallic salt, but leaves the sulphuret which contaminated it. The Ammonia, being exactly neutralized by weak nitric acid, the salt precipitates in a snow-white powder, which must be separated and dried as quickly as possible by violent expression, between folds of blotting paper. This salt is little soluble in water, has a sweet taste, and undergoes spontaneous decomposition very rapidly when kept, exhaling sulphurous acid, and passing into a sulphuret, or, more probably, from the analogy of the hyposulphite of lead, into a sulphuretted oxide.

A solution of hyposulphite of soda, speedily dissolves the red oxide (deutoxide) of mercury, liberating the alkali in a caustic state; this solution is very soon altered, depositing Cinnabar (bisulphuret of Mercury) in abundance.

*Hyposulphite of Mercury and Potash.*—“On a quantity of orange carbonate of mercury, I poured a solution of hyposulphite of lime; it blackened, and a considerable portion dissolved. Into this I poured an excess of carbonate of ammonia, which separated the very small quantity of lime still remaining in solution, but left the oxide of mercury. Being cleared by filtration, carbonate of potash was poured in, when a white crystallised salt separated in abundance. The liquor, when moderately heated, grew turbid, and deposited a quantity of Vermillion of the



richest colour, after which it underwent no farther decomposition, even by continued ebullition; and on filtering and cooling, deposited abundant crystals of the same salt. This is a double hyposulphite, analogous to that with silver for its base. It is much more soluble in hot water than cold, and crystallises on cooling, in spicular tufts. By careful management, however, it may also be obtained in oblong rectangular tables, bevelled at the edges, or, which comes to the same thing, flattened six-sided prisms, terminated by two planes set on their longer edges. These are colourless and transparent, and their optical properties, on exposure to polarised light, present anomalies of a very extraordinary nature."

The action of protoxide of lead on liquid hyposulphite of soda, is analogous to that of the oxides of silver and mercury, but less strongly marked. Neither the deutoxide or peroxide seems to effect the decomposition of a liquid hyposulphite.

Mr. Herschell relates the following phenomenon which occurred to him in the preparation of mercurial salts: "I had procured a quantity of the crystallised proto-nitrate which forms, when dilute nitric acid is allowed to remain in a moderately warm temperature on excess of metallic Mercury. The action of water dissolves this, as is well known, into a super and sub-salt. The crystals being ground in a glass mortar, with repeated affusions of distilled water, the powder preserved its brilliant whiteness, till the third or fourth affusion, when suddenly, while grinding and mixing it with fresh water, it passed to a sombre greenish yellow hue, almost in an instant. I continued to grind it, and the colour heightened; but, to my great surprise, having desisted a few moments, my attention being taken off, I found, on resuming the grinding, that the yellow-green colour had again disappeared, and the powder had passed to a light ash-grey, almost white, and seemed to have become rather more bulky and crystalline. In its chemical properties, it had undergone no change, dissolving readily, as I had expected, in dilute nitric acid, and affording a solution similar in all respects to that obtained by water in the course of the washing and grinding."

*Colour from Peat.*—The stagnant water in peat-bogs leaves, on evaporation, a substance which affords a colour equal to that of the Sepia.

*New method of preparing the Purple of Cassius.\**—Count le Maistre says, that placing a sequin in contact with Mercury at one of its sur-

\* Quart. Journ. No. 16.

faces, and twenty-four hours after, fusing it with an equal weight of tin, an alloy was obtained, which was fusible in boiling resin. Afterwards, tritulating this alloy with pure caustic magnesia in a mortar, a powder was obtained of a very fine purple colour.

*Sulphuric Ether from Coal Gas.*—We must call the attention of our chemical readers to the hint given by Mr. J. Murray (*Annals of Phil.* for September) on the probability of procuring Sulphuric Ether from coal gas; indeed, we entertain strong hopes, that a few years may make us acquainted with a method of obtaining *Alcohol* from Carburetted Hydrogen.—E.D.

*Reduction of the Salts of Gold by Oxalates, &c. &c.*—In the *Journ. de Pharm.* for November, p. 505, is the following extract of a letter from M. Van Mons to M. Cadet de Gassicourt:—"I have just learned that M. Davy, who is still in Italy, made an experiment, the result of which was very extraordinary. He wished to make an alloy of Tellurium with Potassium: there was a considerable disengagement of heat, and a gas which it was impossible to confine, broke every thing attached to the apparatus; some metallic element must have been detached, or one or the other of the metals have separated itself into a volatile and a fixed metal, or perhaps two volatile ones. During an operation on the detonating metals, I wished to form Oxalate of Gold by precipitating the muriate of that metal by neutral oxalate of potassa: there was an effervescence caused by some carbonic acid, which part of the oxygen had formed with part of the oxalic acid; but nothing was precipitated except a little oxalate of Copper. The solution preserved its golden colour; the next day it had become colourless, and contained nothing but a little Muriate of Potassa; all the oxalic acid had been destroyed, and the reduced gold was crystallised in beautiful large leaves like those of maiden hair; the protoxalate of Gold is therefore soluble, and differs in this respect from the oxalates of most other metals; it exists but a few hours—however, the pernitrate of gold, (made with the permuriate or soluble muriate of gold and the nitrate of silver,) gives with Alcohol a precipitate which detonates. Has this precipitate been oxidated, or are the detonating salts made with alcohol sub-salts? The decomposition of salts of Gold by the Oxalates, offers a method of obtaining Gold free from Copper, and besides, intimately reduced."—*Lourain, 2d August.*

M. VAN MONS.

In the same publication for July, p. 707, M. Van Mons remarks that, if a hot solution of binoxalate of potassa be poured on deutoxide of



manganese, and after agitation, during which carbonic acid is disengaged, the mixture be passed through a filter, a fine red coloured liquid is obtained.

Count le Maistre has, as well as Van Mons, observed the effect of alcohol on muriate of gold ; he describes a fulminating gold, made by pouring a solution of gold into red wine ; it explodes when placed on burning charcoal in an iron capsule.

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## THERAPEUTICS.

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*Cow-pox, in Persia.*—In the transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay, there is a communication from William Bruce, Esq. residing at Bushin, to William Erskine, Esq. of Bombay, dated, Bushin, March 26th, 1813 : in which he states that, from particular and personal inquiries among the Eliaats or wandering tribes, he has been assured, that the people employed to milk the cattle, caught a disease, which, after once having had, they were perfectly safe from the small pox ; that this disease was prevalent among the cows, and shewed itself particularly on the teats : but that it was more prevalent among, and more frequently caught from, the sheep.

*Extraordinary case of a woman, whose skin became black, in consequence of a violent moral emotion.*—By M. Rostan, *Nouveau Journal de Medicine, Mai, 1819.*—The case related in this article, is that of Mary Agnes Letelliere, 75 years of age, born (at Troyes, in Champagne,) of white parents, and herself perfectly white till the period of the accident to be described ; of a feeble constitution ; having during her life experienced a variety of maladies.

Towards the commencement of the French Revolution, she was charged with having uttered some benevolent expressions respecting the King, imprisoned, and condemned to death for this imputed crime ; the fatal lantern, the instrument of her destruction, was soon let down before her. The horror inspired by this dreadful object, seems to have arrested and deranged the operations of nature. Her execution was suspended by the intercession of some persons of high authority ; but the effects of the shock were not to be removed. In a few days her skin assumed the colour it ever afterwards preserved ; the hue of her countenance became like that of the less dark Negroes, but the features did not suffer any alteration of form. There was a remarkable appearance on the limbs, similar to that observed in the American Blacks,

arising from the interspersion of white spots. From the time of this afflicting event, the health of the patient gradually declined; she became subject to beating in the head, with sense of oppression and general uneasiness. She at length fell a victim to chronic inflammation of the intestines, in April, 1819. During the whole period of the disease, the skin was supple, and even oily,—cutaneous perspiration remained unaltered. The epidermis raised by the action of a vesicatory, was perfectly transparent; the subjacent tissue was brownish.

After death, the colour of the skin did not alter; the mucous tissue, separated from the Dermoid and Epidermoid texture by maceration, was brown; all the other tissues had preserved the colour natural to whites.

The liver was perfectly healthy, and the biliary ducts unobstructed, and, in short, there were scarcely any appearances but what might have been expected from the complaints to which the deceased had been subject. A full translation of the original article is given in the *London Medical Journal*, for November, 1819.

*Remedy for a Pain in the Stomach.*—In the *Quarterly Journal*, No. 16, is “an account of the good effects of the white oxide of Bismuth, in a very severe stomachic affection of a gentleman, far advanced in years, by G. D. Yeates, M. D. F. R. S. &c. The patient had, for a long period of years, been afflicted with distressing pains of the stomach; was past 70 when the treatment first commenced, and when the symptoms were so violent as justly to excite a suspicion of much organic mischief about the stomach. The pain was situated about the pit of the stomach, attended with much eructation of wind; rather deficient appetite, unaccompanied by any morbid thirst; foul tongue; full, slow, and soft pulse, with a wasting of the flesh; no uneasiness complained of by pressure on the epigastric region. The pain was troublesome at various times during the day, but most distressing between ten and eleven at night, when it came on with intolerable violence, and to such an extent, as to cause vomiting; when the matters thrown up were very liquid, great in quantity, and extremely acid, some relief from pain was then obtained. Sometimes the pain returned in the night, so as to destroy rest,—it occasionally darted to the back, and produced a slight dyspnœa for a short time. The pain was not brought on immediately upon taking food; but he described it as occurring about three hours after meals, by a kind of fermentation, and a sensation of weight, as if the food had never passed from the stomach. The patient was relieved from one attack by the use of the *mistura Ferri composita*, but he was never long free from pain, although it was much mitigated. Bark, and other various remedies were given, without benefit; the most immediate relief was



always obtained, by large doses of magnesia and chalk in Cinnamon water. Dr. Yates determined to try the oxide of Bismuth, and begun by prescribing 5 grains three times a day, mixed with Tragacanth powder. Relief being obtained, the dose was increased to eight, then ten, and lastly, to twelve grains thrice a day, and with such good effect, that the pain was soon, for some time, completely removed. During the three years which have elapsed since the patient first took the medicine, the pain at times returned, but was uniformly removed, by having recourse to the oxide. His old grievance is occasionally troublesome, with the other symptoms of declining years; and the probability is, that some organic disease exists about the stomach, most likely towards its pyloric orifice, the progress of which has been materially impeded, with always a great diminution, and occasionally, a total loss of pain for a considerable time. The Doctor adds, that it is worthy of remark that the long continued use of this medicine is productive of no bad consequences; but care should be taken to have it perfectly pure.

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## MATHEMATICS.



### ASTRONOMY.

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*Unvaried length of the Solar Day, &c.*—The Marquis De Laplace, in a paper on the figure of the earth, read before the Board of Longitude, 26th May, 1819, proves the invariability, of the length of the day, as well as of the mean temperature of the Earth, from the epoch of the most ancient observations.

Without the discovery of the Secular Equation, which depends on the variation of the eccentricity of the terrestrial orbit, the first conclusion could not have been arrived at. As all the observations concur to prove, that from the time of the Chaldeans to our time, the duration of the lunar month (or the interval of time which the moon employs, to return to the same position with respect to the sun, and which is independent of the velocity of the rotation of the earth,) has been gradually diminishing.—It follows, then, either that the velocity of the moon has accelerated, or that the solar day has become longer, (these being the only two circumstances which could effect this diminution). Now the secular equation shews an increase of velocity in the moon's motion; nearly the precise amount which would account for the decrease in the length of the lunar month. There is, therefore, no reason for supposing that the length of the day has not remained constant. Now if the length of the solar day has not altered, neither has the velocity

of the rotation of the earth ; from whence we must conclude, that the mean temperature has not altered : for if it had, it would have produced a diminution in the dimensions of the globe of the earth ; but in virtue of the principles of areas, the sum of the areas which each molecule of the sphere describes round its axis of rotation, will be in a given time the same as before ; hence an increase in the angular velocity of rotation should take place, which has not been detected.

The Marquis is of opinion that, in liquids and solids, the ratio of the differential of the pressure to that of the density, instead of being constant, as in the gases, increases with the density ; and he adopts, as the most simple function, the first power of the density multiplied by a constant quantity, to represent this ratio. Setting out from this law, he finds, that if we suppose the earth formed of a Chemically homogeneous substance whose density is  $2\frac{1}{4}$  that of common water, and compressed by a vertical column of its own substance equal to the millionth part of the polar axis, if its density increases 5.5345 millionths of its primitive density, we account for various phenomena ; such as the variation of the degrees of the meridian, and of gravitation ; the precession of the equinoxes ; the nutation of the terrestrial axis ; the inequalities which the flattening of the earth produces in the motion of the moon ; and finally, the ratio of the mean density of the earth to that of water ; a ratio which Cavendish, by a beautiful set of experiments, fixed at  $5\frac{1}{2}$ .

*Latitude of Dublin Observatory.*—Dr. Brinkley finds the latitude of the observatory belonging to Trinity College, to be  $53^{\circ} 23' 13'' . 3$  N.

The Sun's mean longitude is there  $1^{\circ} 1' . 6$  greater than at Greenwich, or  $4'' . 16$  in sidereal time.

The mean obliquity of the Ecliptic for this year, is  $23^{\circ} 27' 48'' . 45$ .

*New Planet.*—The numerous recent observations of new comets, have been matter of surprise to Astronomers. Their number however will be now lessened. An Astronomer of some eminence having lately been occupied in arranging and reducing their orbits into order, has unexpectedly found several of them to correspond with one and the same planetary orbit. Thus have we lost some of our comets, but found new stars. The particulars shall be laid before our readers in a future number.

*Till. Phil. Mag. Jan. 1820.*

*New Comet.*—A new Comet, invisible to the naked eye, was discovered on the 28th of November, 4h. 57m. in the morning, by M. Blampain, at Marseilles, in the south wing of the constellation Virgo. Its angular diame-

ter appeared to be 6 or 7'. The germ of a very small and confused Nucleus, has been observed, but no tail whatever. The following positions have been ascertained:—on the 29th November, at 10 min. past 6h. A. M. true time,  $138^{\circ} 7'$  right ascension,  $3^{\circ}$  declination N.—On the 30th, 45 min. past 5h. A. M.  $184^{\circ} 1'$  right ascension,  $1^{\circ}$  declination, N.—On the 2d December, at 6 min. past 5h. A. M.  $115^{\circ} 1'$  right ascension,  $2^{\circ} 3'$  declination N.



#### CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR FEBRUARY. §

† The Sun's apparent diameter is  $32' 30''$  on the 3d, and  $32' 24''$  on the 19th.—He enters Pisces, at 8m. after 4h. in the afternoon of the 19th. "On the 1st of February, the sun rises at 55m. past 7h. and sets at 25m. past 4h. The morning and evening twilights being each 2 hours long. To reduce the solar to mean time on this day, add 15m. 51s.—his declination is  $17^{\circ} 19'$  S. in  $14^{\circ}$  of Aquarius.

† The Moon's latitude on the 1st. at noon, is  $2^{\circ} 18'$  N. in  $7^{\circ}$  of Virgo, and it decreases till the 3d, when she passes the ecliptic, in her descending node, between 6 and 7h. in the afternoon, in  $4^{\circ}$  of Libra. Her southern latitude increases to the 10th, when it is at noon  $5^{\circ} 9'$ , in  $30^{\circ}$  of Sagittarius, and it then decreases to the 16th, when she passes the ecliptic in her ascending node, between 4 and 5h. in the afternoon, in  $4^{\circ}$  of Aries. Her northern latitude now increases to the 23d, when it is nearly  $5^{\circ} 13'$ , in  $4^{\circ}$  of Cancer; and it decreases afterwards to the end of the month, when it is, at midnight, about  $1^{\circ}$ , in  $21^{\circ}$  of Virgo.

\* The moon will be in conjunction with  $\alpha$  in Virgo at 58m. past 6h. in the morning of the 5th: with Antares at 55m. after 8h. in the evening of the 8th; with  $\beta$  in Taurus, at 53m. after 9h. in the morning of the 22d; and with  $\alpha$  in Leo, at 23m. past midnight on the 27th. She will be in Perigee on the 14th, and in Apogee on the 27th. Her phases for the month are as follow:—

Last quarter, Monday, the 7th, at 3m. past 9h. in the morning.

New Moon, Monday, 14th, at 5m. past 3h. in the morning.

First quarter, Sunday, 20th, at 3m. past 10h. in the afternoon.

Full Moon, Tuesday 29th, at 42m. past 12, in the morning.

† Mercury is in his superior conjunction on the 29th, at 3h. in the morning, and consequently a morning star during the greater part of the month, but the unfavourableness of his position and southern latitude will permit him to be detected by few observers. His latitude, on the 1st,  $1^{\circ} 5'$ , in  $24^{\circ}$  of Aquarius. It then decreases to the end of the month; being on the 29th  $1^{\circ} 45'$  in  $11^{\circ}$  of Pisces. The moon passes him on the 24th—\* Mercury and Jupiter will also be in conjunction at 59m. after midnight of the 24th, when Mercury will be  $70'$  S. of Jupiter. Mercury will likewise be stationary on the 25th.

§ The paragraphs marked thus † are taken from Friend's Evening Amusements, and those marked thus \* from Time's Telescope.



†Venus is an evening star, her latitude on the 1st is  $1^{\circ} 26'$  S. in  $10^{\circ}$  of Pisces; and it decreases to less than  $5^{\circ}$  on the last day, in  $14^{\circ}$  of Aries. She will be in conjunction with the moon at 35m. after 7h. in the morning of the 16th. \*Though the illuminated phase of this beautiful planet is now decreasing, she still appears with a full orb; as on the 1st, enlightened part 10. 6706, dark part 1.3294.

†Mars is on the meridian at about half past 10 at night on the 1st, and about 9 on the 20th. His latitude on the 1st, is  $4^{\circ} 17'$  N. in  $4^{\circ}$  of Cancer; and it decreases to nearly  $5^{\circ} 30'$  in  $17^{\circ}$  of this sign, his motion being retrograde through about  $5^{\circ} 15'$ . The moon is in conjunction with him at 2m. after 2h. in the afternoon of the 24th.

†Ceres is on the meridian about half-past eleven at night on the 1st, and about half-past nine, on the 25th. Her latitude on the 1st, is  $12^{\circ} 26'$  N. in  $4^{\circ}$  of Leo: and it increases to  $12^{\circ} 38'$ , in  $1^{\circ}$  of this sign, on the 17th; and then decreases nearly  $5'$ , in its last place, in  $29^{\circ}$  of Cancer: her motion is retrograde through nearly  $4^{\circ} 45'$ . The moon passes her on the 25th.

Jupiter is an evening star till the 19th, when he is in conjunction with the sun, and after it too near him to be visible as the morning star. His latitude, on the 1st, is  $51'$  S. in  $26^{\circ}$  of Aquarius, and it increases about  $1'$ , his motion being direct through about  $7^{\circ}$ . From his favourable position, we shall see him at first, for a short time after sun-set: but he will soon be lost in the solar rays. The Moon passes him on the 14th. \* Jupiter will be in conjunction at  $\frac{1}{4}$  past 11h. in the morning of the 19th. The eclipses of his satellites are not visible this month, on account of his nearness to the sun.

†Saturn is an evening star; his latitude on the 1st, is  $2^{\circ} 11'$  S. in  $28^{\circ}$  of Pisces; and it diminishes about  $2'$ , his motion being direct through nearly  $30^{\circ}$ . \* He will be in conjunction with the moon at 25 min. past 10h. in the morning of the 16th.

†Herschell is a morning star. His latitude on the 1st, is  $10'$  S. in  $28^{\circ}$  of Sagittarius; and it remains nearly the same the whole month, his motion being direct through little more than a degree. The moon passes him on the 10th.

### OPTICS.

(TO THE EDITOR.)

*Three Rainbows existing together.*—The phenomenon of which I send you an account, has not, to my knowledge, been noticed by any optical writer, nor have I yet mentioned it to any one that had himself observed it. This is my chief reason for hoping that you will not refuse it a place in your publication.

On a fine summer evening near sunset, I saw at the far side of a smooth piece of water, nearly three miles broad, a beautiful variety of

Fig. 1

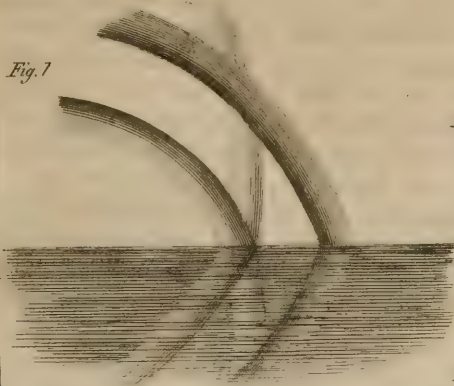


Fig. 3

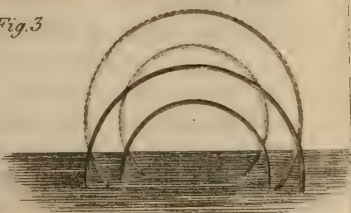


Fig. 4

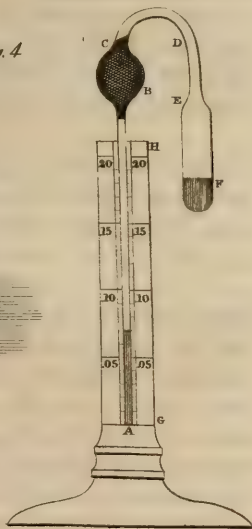


Fig. 2







appearance in the Rainbow ; there appeared a small portion of the outer and inner bows commonly seen, but joined transversely by a fragment of another bow, while all three were reflected in the smooth surface of the harbour, nearly as they are represented in figure 1.

This can be readily accounted for, by considering that, as the formation of the Rainbow depends merely on the reflection and refraction of the light of a luminary placed behind the spectator ; it can make no difference, though that luminary be no real body, but only the reflected image of one ; and that, if there be two luminaries, there should be two Rainbows whose position would depend on the respective places of the radiants ; this is exactly the case in the present instance.

The two bows, such as are usually seen, were of course caused by the sun itself, while the transverse one was produced by the image of the sun formed by reflection in the water ; and it is clear that a fourth would have appeared external to this third one, if the shower which exhibited them had extended far enough in that direction.

As the centre of the circle, of which the Rainbow forms a part, is depressed below the horizon by an angle equal to the sun's altitude : that of the bow formed by the image, should be equally elevated above the horizon (fig. 2.), and their circumferences should intersect at the surface of the water (fig. 3).

What I have already said might appear enough, or perhaps too much, upon so trifling a subject : but I shall trespass upon your time a little longer, to notice some erroneous opinions which I have found most people entertain on first hearing of the appearance which I have described.

They are apt to imagine that the original Rainbow is reflected back from the water, and an image of it formed upon the cloud. But this notion is evidently absurd. In the first place, the cloud, or rather the shower, is incapable of acting as a screen for the reception ; and besides, all other reasoning is rendered superfluous by the impossibility of such a reflection taking place : for no plain reflector can throw an image upon a screen, and it would be the height of absurdity to imagine, that the rays could be reflected to the same side of the heavens from which they originally proceeded.

P.

#### —◆— MAGNETISM.

From Captain Sabine's table of the variation of the compass in different latitudes and longitudes, published in the *Phil. Trans. for 1819, Part I.* it appears, that the position of one of the magnetic poles must be very nearly  $75^{\circ} 59'$  N. lat. and  $64^{\circ} 32'$  long. W. from Greenwich.

## ACOUSTICS.

## MUSIC.

*On Highland Music.\**—In examining the Highland airs of acknowledged antiquity, as well as those of more modern date which have not deviated from the ancient model; they are found distinguished chiefly into two classes. The Pibroch is of an extremely irregular character, being without time or accent; and often, scarcely containing a determined melody. On this basis, such as it is, are engrafted a train of variations, gradually rising in difficulty of execution, but presenting no character, as they consist of a series of common place and tasteless flourishes, offensive to the ear by their excess, and adding to the original confusion, instead of embellishing the little air which the ground work may possess.

The other class of compositions is of a distinct character, and commonly of a plaintive nature, being divisible also into a regular number of accented bars. These are often in a minor key; while the melodies are so little varied, that it requires some experience in them to discover the difference among a great number. The more ancient appear to have consisted of one strain only; the second strain, so often found attached to them at present, and invariably attending the more modern compositions of the same nature, is generally a more recent addition; wandering commonly through a greater extent of the scale, and not often a very felicitous extension of the same idea. In some cases these airs appear to be purely instrumental; in others, they are attached to poetry, and sung by the milk-maid at her summer shealing, or the cowherd on the green bank; one particular circumstance attends nearly the whole, namely, that they equally admit of being played in quick time. Thus they are often also the dancing tunes of the country; nor is there any essential distinction between the reel and the pathetic air; the same character, and even the same melody, pervading both. Exceptions to this general rule need not be noticed at present, as the nature and causes of these will shortly appear.

It is well known to musicians, that the Scottish airs of genuine character, are composed on a scale which does not contain the fourth and seventh of the modern diatonic scale of music. From this is derived the peculiarity by which they are immediately recognised, as well as their general similarity: nor is it possible to move through a succession of these intervals without producing the semblance of a Scottish air. The same scale, it has been long known, is in use among the Chinese, and

\* From Doctor Macculloch's *Western Islands of Scotland*, vol. ii. page 33.

hence the melodies of that people possess the Scottish character. The airs recently collected in Java are precisely similar; and prove, that among the Javanese also, the same system of intervals is in use. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the musical history of those nations, to know from what source that scale was derived. The nature of the musical scale, in any case, has indeed been a source of much difficulty; nor has it yet been determined by musicians, whether its foundation is to be sought for in art or in nature; it is probably in a great measure artificial. In Scotland, the bagpipe must be considered as the national instrument. The scale of this consists of the complete octave with an additional note; the fourth, and particularly the seventh, being so imperfect, that they are never used as fundamental parts of the melody; when introduced, they are treated as passing notes. By this instrument the characters of these melodies seem to have been regulated, as they appear to have been composed on it. In examining all the most ancient and most simple, they will be found limited to its powers, and rigidly confined to its scale. The introduction of the violin into that country is modern, as indeed the instrument itself is of comparatively recent invention, although it is now impossible to know at what period it was introduced. Soon after its introduction, doubtless, innumerable airs were composed on it, although, even in these, the same imperfect scale has been used, and the airs therefore preserve their original characters: in more recent times these have become exceedingly multiplied, modulating into a greater number of keys, ranging through a much wider extent of intervals, and adopting successions of notes incapable of being executed on the bagpipe. It is in attempting these, that the dissonance and false intonation of that instrument is particularly felt; although, even within the limits of its own powers, it is still sufficiently false. The endeavour to execute them leads also to a perversion of the original melody, and the effects hence produced are such as no ear could be supposed to endure, were there not daily proof to the contrary, in the joy that accompanies the national and characteristic dances, when the bagpipe is employed in executing the most refined of the dancing melodies; exceptions of course being made of those airs which have combined with the genuine character derived from the scale of five notes, the musical phrases of a better school. The limited range of the pipe has given rise to another feature strongly characterising the Highland melodies, no less so, indeed, than the nature of its scale; this is the irrelative transition from the major key to the minor on the second of the scale, or the reverse; a peculiarity highly offensive to all but Highland ears, which tolerate as good harmony an air in the minor A on a drone bass in G.



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\* In thus stating the claims of the bagpipe, as a fundamental cause of the peculiarities of the Highland melodies, it must be remembered that the harp also appears to have been known to the Highlanders. Having long since fallen into entire disuse, its former existence has naturally been doubted, and the industry of Antiquaries has thus been excited to prove it. When matters, which ought to be of common notoriety, require the species of proof which has been brought forward for that purpose, conviction does not easily follow. The instrument has doubtless existed, but it may still be questioned if it was common. An ancient harp is now to be seen at Lude, in the possession of General Robertson, which is said to have been brought from Argyleshire, in 1460. But, if it be ancient, it is also the most recent instrument of this construction existing in the Highlands; and since that time at least, the use of the harp has been unknown; it may, perhaps, more properly be regarded as an exception than a rule; had it been common, it could not have been so difficult to find, either specimens, or indisputable traces of its use. The specimen in question, is said to resemble that of Brian Boroinhe, well known to musical Antiquaries; and it is, not improbably, also of Irish origin. The other direct evidence which has been adduced for this purpose, is perhaps sufficient also to prove that this instrument was known, but by no means that it was universal, or even common. The opinions of Gunn deserve respect; but the evidence supposed to be deducible from the Poems of Ossian is, for many obvious reasons, nothing. Nor can any arguments be derived from the terms, *CLEAR*, *CLEARSACH*, *TIOMPAN*, or *CRUIT*. The real nature of the instruments to which these names were applied, is unknown. The latter, indeed, would rather appear from similarity of sound, to have been the *GRWTH*, or *CROWD*; a variety of the *REBEC*, or violin, and an invention of no very ancient date. The evidence derived from terms is of little avail, unless their precise meaning could be ascertained. The harper's window is pointed out at Duntulm Castle, and the harper's field in Mull, while

\* The facility with which the human ear adapts itself to false intonation, as well as to false harmony, is not a little remarkable. The Highland piper considers his pibroch or his reel to be the perfection of melody, as he thinks his unvarying drone the essence of harmony. To render the bagpipe true by a better method of boring, and by the addition of a few keys, would be considered a crime no less than that of adding a string to the Greek lyre in former times. A piano-forte in this country is rarely tuned from the time it was made, yet is played on without remorse. Musicians can find a parallel case, when the essence of harmony was considered to be in a succession of fifths, when "Quintayer" was synonymous with Harmony. The artificial nature of this invention is not a little exemplified by comparing the effects of such a system with those of the recent works of Mozart and Haydn.

similar memorials are not wanting in many other places ; but there is little doubt, that the term was of a generic nature, and signified either a Bard or a Musician : even the distinct offices of the poet and musician being known by one name. The opinions of Giraldus Cambrensis seem only to show, that the Scots were considered better musicians than the Irish. In truth, all the evidence respecting music that can be obtained from those who were not musicians, is of no value. Cicero has long since told us, that those who will talk of Music, or of Mathematics, without understanding the sciences, must necessarily talk to little purpose. Such opinions may answer the purposes of general history, or may serve for popular currency, but they will not satisfy musicians. The remark in John Major's Annals, is unquestionably decisive respecting the existence of a harp with strings of brass ; but Buchanan's testimony in this and similar matters, is of no avail. On these subjects, his information is all at second hand, and, like his geography of the Highlands, and his account of their produce and antiquities, is unworthy of attention. But an essay of a very different nature would be required to compare and examine the imperfect evidence of all kinds, external and internal, necessary for the illustration of this subject, instead of the accidental sketch which has here, I scarcely know how, found its way into the account of St. Kilda.

(To be continued.)

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#### ANALYSIS OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

##### LITERARY.

*Ivanhoe ; a Romance.*—By the Author of Waverly, &c.—3 Vols.  
Edinburgh, 1820.

THE Author of Waverly, &c. *alias* Jedediah Cleishbotham, *alias* Laurence Templeton, *alias* Walter Scott, is certainly the most prolific and the most popular Novel writer that ever trimmed a "gray goose quill." How he has been able to write so much is astonishing, unless his wizzard namesake Michael lent him a hand ; for his prose compositions alone, might be regarded as no bad life's-work for an author of even more than ordinary industry. But how he has been able to write so well—measuring the quality of his writings by their success—may, we apprehend, be accounted for on grounds more satisfactory than witchcraft. It is yet scarcely past the memory of the living, when Scotland contained

within her borders, all the most choice materials of romance in active operation. While the nations around were plodding on in the drudgery of civilization, her fierce and turbulent chieftains, and their no less fierce and hardy followers, knit together by the sacred filiation of kin and clan, rioted in the enjoyment of barbarous and lawless independence. Despising the effeminacy of their polished neighbours; clad in a costume the most wild and picturesque; masters of a territory in which the power of man can never extinguish the sublimity of nature; and endowed with minds considerably distorted by superstition, but always sensitively alive to the best and the worst passions and feelings of the species;—it is not surprising that a variety of interesting occurrences and adventures should frequently take place amongst them. Such materials, arranged and combined by a writer of this author's powers of observation and delineation, joined with but a very small portion of fiction, could not fail of forming a most valuable series of subjects:—and these, accordingly, when brought forward in the elegant dress of light and flowing versification, or presented in the more natural and striking attire of prose, enlivened by an idiomatic and original dialect, immediately took the fancy of the public, and acquired the most unexampled and deserved popularity.

We have considered the poems and the novels of this writer, as compositions of the same *kind*; and we have not done so hastily, or unthinkingly. The very utmost distinction which we can admit between them is, that they might be termed *varieties* of the same species; but, in our mind, the accidental qualities of prose and rhyme—the only external characters by which these varieties can be distinguished—are of little more importance in marking the real nature of the productions, than is the fine purple tint of the amethyst in separating that mineral from the fellowship of the rock crystal. A philosophical analysis will discover nothing in either the poems or tales, but the same elements of human character and passion, modified and kindled by circumstances, and mingled with a rich alloy of the external beauties of nature. Indeed so well convinced are we of the truth of these remarks, that we will venture to assert that, had not the author in question perceived his readers were almost cloyed with the sameness of character which pervaded his poetical style, the world would never have seen these stories but in the form of poems:—And we cannot but regret that the prudence which dictated the change, did not display itself somewhat earlier; as there have been some good novels spoiled by spinning into octo-syllabic lines; the tales—for instance—of *Rokeby*, and the *Lord of the Isles*. There is another point not unworthy of consideration, as elucidatory of



our opinion, respecting Mr. Scott's writings,—that is, whether his prose works do not contain by far more real poetry than those of his productions which are usually called poetical. That they do, is a fact, which we think could be easily demonstrated by a reference to particulars in his several publications. But as this article is not the proper place for such a discussion, we shall now proceed with its more legitimate object, and present our readers with as ample an outline of the story whose title is prefixed to these remarks, as the nature of our publication will permit.

The scene of this Romance is laid in England; and the unity of time is so strictly preserved, to the great convenience, no doubt, of Mr. Dibdin, that the whole action is begun and ended in the course of ten or twelve days of the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion,—while that chivalrous Monarch was yet supposed to linger in a German prison. It will be remembered that at this period, the system of feudal tyranny, although somewhat shaken in the former reign, had as yet lost but little of its vigour; and that the Norman invaders visited the but lately conquered Saxons with all manner of oppression, without dread of rebuke or reprisal. The government, if such it could be called, which existed during the King's absence, was well calculated to encourage this disposition; and thus all circumstances tended to engender a deep and deadly hatred of the strangers, on the part of the suffering natives. In this state of things the story commences with a beautiful description of a closing day in the heart of an extensive forest, which in those days covered the Country between Sheffield and Doncaster; and the remains of which are still visible—as our author tells us—at the noble seat of Wentworth, of Warnccliffe park, and around Rotheram.

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of that forest, which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. Hundreds of broad short-stemmed oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman Soldiery, flung their broad gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious green sward; in some places they were mingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others they receded from each other, forming long sweeping vistas, in the intricacies of which the eye delights to loose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of sylvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees; and there they illuminated in brilliant patches the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space in the midst of this glade seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; for on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough unhewn stone, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on

the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and in stopping the course of a small brook, which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.'—i. p. 7. 8.

Two human figures animated the scene, whose dresses are described with a precision that shows the author to have no small spirit of Antiquarian research. One of these personages was a swineherd, a calling much more respectable in those days than the present: his name was Gurth, the son of Beowulph; and, as a brass collar soldered round his neck declared, "the born thrall of Cédric of Rotherwood." The other, clad in a motly suit, with the cap and bells of a Jester, was designated by a similar collar as "Wamba the son of Witless," and in the same thrall. A characteristic dialogue takes place between these serfs, while, with the assistance of "Fangs," Gurth's dog, they drive home their herd of unruly porkers; from this colloquy, we learn that their master, Cedric the Saxon, is a spirited, independent, and wealthy Franklin, whose whole heart and soul were given to repress the insolence and aggressions of his Norman Neighbours. As the Saxons hurry along to escape a coming storm, they are overtaken by a company of horsemen, who inquire the road to the residence of Cedric. One of them, dressed with all the worldly pomp of a church dignitary, was immediately recognized by the hog-driver and the jester to be the Prior of Jorvaulx Abbey. His companion, one of the order of Knights Templars, and who is destined to act a conspicuous part in the pages under review, deserves more particular notice; we therefore give his portrait, as it is strongly painted by our author,

'The companion of the Church dignitary was a man past forty, thin, strong, tall, and muscular; an athletic figure, which long fatigue and constant exercise seemed to have left none of the softer part of the human form, having reduced the whole to brawn, bones, and sinews, which had sustained toils, and were ready to dare a thousand more. His head was covered with a scarlet cap, faced with fur,—of that kind which the French call *mortier*, from its resemblance to the shape of an inverted mortar. His countenance was therefore fully displayed, and its expression was calculated to impress a degree of awe, if not of fear, upon strangers. High features, naturally strong, and powerfully expressive, had been burnt almost into Negro blackness by constant exposure to the tropical sun, and might, in their ordinary state, be said to slumber after the storm of passion had passed away; but the projection of the veins of the forehead, the readiness with which the upper lip and its thick black moustaches quivered upon the slightest emotion, plainly intimated that the tempest might be again easily awakened. His keen, piercing, dark eyes told in every glance a history of difficulties subdued, and dangers dared, and seemed to challenge opposition to his wishes, for the pleasure of sweeping it from his road by a determined exertion of courage and will; a deep scar on his brow gave additional sternness to his countenance, and a sinister expression to one of

his eyes, which had been slightly injured upon the same occasion, and of which the vision, though perfect, was in a slight and partial degree distorted.'—i. p. 23. 24.

While pursuing their way to Rotherwood, the libertine Templar learns from the licentious Priest the character of Cedric; and the reader learns that those worthy supporters of the church militant and mendicant, had made a wager,—the gold chain of the Prior against ten butts of Chian wine—that Rowena, the ward of Cedric, surpassed in beauty any of the black tressed girls of Palestine, or any maiden which the Knight had seen for the last twelve months. The deciding of this wager, which was left to the Templar himself, appeared to be the object of this visit to the Saxon; after which our travellers were bound to Ashby-de-la-Zouche, to partake in the sports of a splendored tournament. On arriving at a sunken cross, at the junction of four roads, they unceremoniously rouse a man in pilgrim's weeds, whom they found reposing at the foot of the cross; and he becomes their guide through the intricate passes of the wild country that led to the mansion of Cedric, with all of which he proved himself intimately acquainted. The Franklin received his unexpected visitors with all the rude ostentation of Saxon hospitality; and all parties endeavoured, as far as their fiery tempers would permit, to behave with due courtesy to each other. As they were preparing to make an attack upon a supper of the most substantial description, the Lady Rowena was announced; and, after the first glance, the Knight whispered to the Prior, not, however, unobserved by the Franklin, "The Chian wine is your own."

'Formed in the best proportions of her sex, Rowena was tall in stature, yet not so much so as to attract observation on account of superior height. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, but the noble cast of her head and features prevented the insipidity which sometimes attaches to fair beauties. Her clear blue eyes, which sat enshrined beneath a graceful eyebrow of brown, sufficiently marked to give expression to the forehead, seemed capable to kindle as well as melt, to command as well as beseech. If mildness were the more natural expression of such a combination of features, it was plain that in the present instance, the exercise of habitual superiority, and the reception of general homage, had given to the Saxon Lady a loftier character, which mingled with, and qualified that bestowed by nature. Her profuse hair of a colour between brown and flaxen, was arranged in a fanciful and graceful manner in numerous ringlets, to form which, art had probably aided nature. These locks were braided with gems, and being worn at full length, intimated the noble birth and freeborn condition of the maiden. A golden chain, to which was attached a small reliquary of the same metal, hung round her neck.'—'When Rowena perceived the Knight Templar's eyes bent on her with an ardour, that, compared with the dark caverns under which they moved, gave them the effect of lighted charcoal, she drew with dignity the veil around her face, as an intimation that the determined freedom of his glance was disagreeable. Cedric saw the motion, and its cause. "Sir Templar," said he, "the cheeks of our Saxon maidens



have seen too little of the sun to enable them to bear the fixed glance of a crusader." "If I have offended," replied Sir Brian, "I crave your pardon,—that is, I crave the Lady Rowena's pardon.—for my humility will carry me no lower"—I. p. 73. 75.

While they sat at table another visitor was announced, who craved shelter from the tempest that roared without. This new-comer, who proved to be a Jew, called Isaac of York, was accordingly introduced, but received with coldness by the host, and apparent abhorrence by his guests, with the exception of the Pilgrim already mentioned, who, perceiving no body willing to make room for the Israelite at the table, resigned his seat by the chimney, helped him to refreshment, and then retired to the other side of the hall. The unworthy reception which the poor Jew met with from Cedric and his company, and the maltreatment which he and the people of his nation are represented throughout these volumes to have received, and which they actually did receive in the times alluded to, will not be thought extraordinary when we consider the prejudices that must have been excited by the crusading spirit of the day against all contemners of the cross. Indeed there might even be found reason to laud the liberality of our worthy Saxon, when his conduct is compared with the atrocities that have been committed in the present day upon the unfortunate people in question, by a nation calling, or rather miscalling, itself Christian. The late diabolical persecution of the Jews in Germany must place that country, in the estimation of the world, many degrees lower on the scale of intellectual acquirement than we had conceived any nation pretending to be civilized could have stuck at in this enlightened age. We think it morally impossible that the like fanatical cruelties could now be perpetrated in these countries by even the lowest rabble; and this is a proud reflection amidst many causes of humiliation. But we must return to our story. Neither the Saxon nor his guests were flinchers from the bowl; the conversation, therefore, soon became more free and animated; and Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, the Templar, having taken occasion to give rather inordinate praise to the valour of the Knights of his own order, while engaged in the war of the holy Sepulchre, the following scene took place:—

"Were there none in the English army," said the Lady Rowena, "whose names are worthy to be mentioned with the Knights of the Temple and of St. John?"—"Forgive me, lady," replied De Bois-Guilbert; "the English Monarch did, indeed, bring to Palestine a host of gallant warriors, second only to those whose hearts have been the unceasing bulwark of that blessed land."—"Second to none," said the Pilgrim, who stood near enough to hear, and listened to his conversation with marked impatience. All turned toward the spot from whence this unexpected asseveration was heard. "I say," repeated the Pilgrim in a firm and strong voice, "that the English chivalry were second to none who ever drew sword in defence of the holy land. I say besides, for I saw it, that King Richard himself and five of

his Knights, held a tournament after the taking of St. John-de-Acre, as challengers against all comers. I say that, on that day, each Knight ran three courses, and cast to the ground three antagonists. I add, that seven of these assailants were Knights of the Temple—and Sir Brian de Bois-Gilbert well knows the truth of what I tell you." It is impossible for language to describe the bitter scowl of rage which rendered yet darker the swarthy countenance of the Templar. In the extremity of his resentment and confusion, his quivering fingers griped towards the handle of his sword, and perhaps only withdrew, from the consciousness that no act of violence could be safely executed in that place and presence. Cedric, whose feelings were all of a right onward and simple kind, and were seldom occupied by more than one object at once, omitted, in the joyous glee with which he heard of the glory of his countrymen, to mark the angry confusion of his guest: "I would give thee this golden bracelet, Pilgrim, could'st thou tell me the names of those Knights who upheld so gallantly the renown of merry England." "That will I do blythely," replied the Pilgrim, "and that without guerdon; my oath, for a time, prohibits me touching gold. The first in honor as in arms, in renown as in place," said the Pilgrim, "was the brave Richard, King of England."—"I forgive him," said Cedric, "I forgive him his descent from the tyrant Duke William."—"The Earl of Leicester was the second," continued the Pilgrim;—"Sir Thomas Multon of Gilsland was the third."—"Of Saxon descent, he at least," said Cedric, with exultation.—"Sir Foulk Doilly the fourth," said the Pilgrim.—"Saxon also, at least by the mother's side," continued Cedric, who listened with the utmost eagerness, and forgot, in part at least, his hatred to the Normans, in the common triumph of the King of England and his Islanders. "And who was the fifth?" he demanded.—"The fifth was Sir Edward Turneham."—"Genuine Saxon, by the soul of Hengist!" shouted Cedric—"And the sixth?" he continued with eagerness—"how name you the sixth?"—"The sixth," said the Palmer, after a pause, in which he seemed to recollect himself, "was a young Knight of lesser renown and lower rank, assumed into that honorable company less to aid their enterprise than to make up their number—his name dwells not in my memory."—"Sir Palmer," said Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, scornfully, "this assumed forgetfulness, after so much has been remembered, comes too late to serve your purpose. I will, myself, tell the name of the Knight, before whose lance fortune and my horse's fault occasioned my falling—it was the Knight of Ivanhoe: nor was there one of the six that, for his years, had more renown in arms.—Yet this will I say, and loudly—that were he in England, and durst repeat in this week's tournament, the challenge of St. John-de-Acre, I, mounted, and armed as I now am, would give him every advantage of weapons, and abide the result."—"Your challenge would be soon answered," replied the Pilgrim, "were your antagonist near you. As the matter is, disturb not the peaceful hall with vaunts of the issue of a conflict, which you well know cannot take place. If Ivanhoe ever returns from Palestine, I will be his surety that he meets you."—"A goodly security," said the Knight Templar; "and what do you proffer as a pledge?"—"This reliquary," said the Palmer, taking a small ivory box from his bosom, and crossing himself, "containing a portion of the true cross, brought from the monastery of Mount Carmel."—"The Prior of Jorvaulx crossed himself and repeated a *pater noster*, in which all devoutly joined, excepting the Jew, the Mahomedans, [two slaves of the Templar's] and the Templar, the latter of whom, without vailing his bonnet, or testifying any reverence for the alleged sanctity of the relique, took from his neck a gold chain, which he

flung on the board, saying—"Let Prior Aymer hold my pledge and that of this nameless vagrant, in token that when the Knight of Ivanhoe comes within the four seas of Britain, he underlies the challenge of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, which, if he answer not, I will proclaim him as a coward on the walls of every Temple Court in Europe."—"It will not need," said the Lady Rowena, breaking silence; "My voice shall be heard, if no other in this hall is raised in behalf of the absent Ivanhoe. I affirm he will meet fairly every honorable challenge. Could my weak warrant add security to the inestimable pledge of this holy Pilgrim, I would pledge name and fame that Ivanhoe gives this proud Knight the meeting he desires."—1. p. 89—95.

The guests soon after this separated for the night. But the Palmer, who had happened to overhear the Templar directing his two Saracen slaves to way-lay the Jew on the morrow, and convey him to the castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, one of the neighbouring Nobles, in order to extort from him a dear ransom,—arose at an early hour,—warned Isaac of his danger, and guided him in safety through the intricacies of the forest. The dismay of the poor Jew on being informed of this design against him, and the contest between his avarice and gratitude before he parted from his guide, are pourtrayed in a masterly manner. Although much limited for space, we cannot refrain from giving the following passages. The Jew had been asleep and convulsed with some horrifying dream, when the pilgrim stirred him with his staff.--

‘The touch probably associated, as is usual, with some of the apprehensions excited by his dream; for the old man started up, his grey hair standing almost erect upon his head, and huddling some parts of his garments about him, while he held the detached pieces with the tenacious grasp of a falcon, he fixed upon the Palmer his keen black eyes, expressive of wild surprise and of bodily apprehension. —“Fear nothing from me, Isaac,” said the Palmer, “I come as your friend.” —“The God of Israel requite you,” said the Jew, greatly relieved; “I dreamed—but Father Abraham be praised, it was but a dream.” Then collecting himself, he added in his usual tone, “And what may it be your pleasure to want at so early an hour with the poor Jew?” —“It is to tell you,” said the Palmer, “that if you leave not this mansion instantly, and travel not with some haste, your journey may prove a dangerous one!” —It is impossible to describe the extremity of terror which seized upon the Jew at this information, and seemed at once to overpower his whole faculties; his arms fell down to his sides, and his head drooped on his breast, his knees bent under his weight, every nerve and muscle of his frame seemed to collapse and lose its energy, and he sunk at the foot of the Palmer, not in the fashion of one who intentionally stoops, kneels, or prostrates himself to excite compassion, but like a man borne down on all sides by the pressure of some invisible force which crushes him to the earth without the power of resistance. “Holy God of Abraham!” was his first exclamation, folding and elevating his wrinkled hands, but without raising his grey head from the pavement; “Oh! Holy Moses! O! blessed Aaron! the dream is not dreamed for nought, and the vision cometh not in vain! I feel their irons already tear my sinews! I feel the rack pass over my body like the saws and harrows and axes of iron over the men of Rabbah and of the cities of the children of Ammon!”’—1. p. 110—112.



Having conducted the Jew safely within sight of the town of Sheffield, the Palmer intimated that they must part.

"Stay, stay," said the Jew, laying hold of his garment; "something would I do more than this, something for thyself.—God knows the Jew is poor—yes, Isaac is the beggar of his tribe—but forgive me should I guess what thou most lackest at this moment."—"If thou wert to guess truly," said the Palmer, "it is what thou canst not supply wert thou as wealthy as thou say'st thou art poor."—"As I say?" echoed the Jew; "O! believe it I say but the truth; I am a plundered, indebted, distressed man; hard hands have wrung from me my goods, my money, my ships, and all that I possessed—Yet I can tell thee what thou lackest, and, it may be, supply it too. Thy wish, even now, is for a horse and armour." The Palmer started and turned suddenly towards the Jew:—"What fiend prompted that guess?" said he hastily.—"No matter," said the Jew, smiling, "though it be a true one—and as I can guess thy want, so I can supply it." "But consider," said the Palmer, "my character, my dress, my vow."—"I know you Christians," replied the Jew, "and the noblest of you will take the staff and sandal in superstitious penance, and walk a foot to visit the graves of dead men."—"Blaspheme not, Jew," said the Pilgrim sternly.—"Forgive me!" said the Jew; "I spoke rashly. But there dropt words from you last night and this morning, that, like sparks from flint, shewed the metal within; and in the bosom of that Palmer's gown, is hidden a Knight's chain and spurs of gold. They glanced as you stooped over my bed this morning." The Palmer could not forbear smiling. "Were thy garments searched by as curious an eye, Isaac," said he, "what discoveries might not be made?"—"No more of that," said the Jew, changing colour; and drawing forth his writing materials in haste, as if to stop the conversation, he began to write upon a piece of paper which he supported on the top of his yellow cap, without dismounting from his mule. When he had finished, he delivered the scroll, which was in the Hebrew character, to the Pilgrim, saying, "In the town of Leicester, all men know the rich Jew, Kirgath Jairim, of Lombardy; give him this scroll, he hath on sale six Milan harnesses, the worst would suit a crowned head—ten goodly steeds, the worst might mount a King, were he to battle for his throne. Of these he will give thee thy choice, with every thing else that can furnish thee forth for the tournament: when it is over, thou wilt return them safely—unless thou shouldst have wherewithal to pay their value to the owner."—"But, Isaac," said the Pilgrim, smiling, "dost thou know that in these sports, the arms and steed of the Knight who is unhorsed are forfeit to his victor? Now I may be unfortunate, and so lose what I cannot replace or repay."—The Jew looked somewhat astounded at this possibility; but collecting his courage, he replied hastily, "No—no—no—It is impossible—I will not think so. The blessing of our Father will be upon thee. Thy lance will be powerful as the rod of Moses."—So saying, he was turning his mule's head away, when the Palmer, in his turn, took hold of his gaberdine. "Nay, but Isaac, thou knowest not all the risk. The steed may be slain, the armour injured—for I will spare neither horse nor man. Besides, those of thy tribe give nothing for nothing; something then must be paid for their use."—The Jew twisted himself in his saddle, like a man in a fit of the cholick; but his better feelings predominated over those which were most familiar to him. "I care not," he said, "I care not—let me go. If there is damage, it will cost you nothing—if there is usage money, Kirgath Jairim will forgive it for the sake of his kinsman Isaac. Fare thee well!—Yet hark thee, good youth," said he, turning about, "thrust thyself no!

too forward into this vain hurley burley. I speak not for endangering the steed, and coat of armour, but for the sake of thine own life and limbs.' "—*l.* p. 125—129.

Our Author next proceeds to describe the tournament, in all its 'pomp and circumstance.' The character of Prince John, who is here introduced as presiding over the warlike sports, is described, and preserved in these volumes with an historical fidelity very unusual in works of this description. On the appearance of this dissolute and base Prince in the lists, surrounded by his equally worthless train of nobility, his attention was attracted by a dispute for precedence in the lower circle allotted for the spectators between an old Norman gentleman, and our friend Isaac the Jew, who appeared, on this occasion, magnificently dressed, and supporting his beautiful daughter Rebecca. The lovely Jewess, who is destined to act an important part in the story, is thus described :—

'The figure of Rebecca might indeed have compared with the proudest beauties of England, even though it had been judged by as shrewd a connoisseur as Prince John. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shewn to advantage by a sort of eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of females of her nation. Her turban of yellow silk, suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eye-brows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a snow-white neck and bosom as a simarre of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colours embossed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible—all these constituted a combination of loveliness, which yielded not to the loveliest of the maidens who surrounded her. It is true, that of the golden and pearl-studded clasps, which closed her vest from the throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect to which we allude. A diamond necklace with pendants of inestimable value, were by this means also made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich, fastened in her turban by an agraffe set with brilliants, was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess, scoffed and sneered at by the proud dames, who sat above her, but secretly envied by those who affected to deride them'.—*l.* p. 146, 147.

Prince John, whose necessities had often compelled him as well as his nobles, to have recourse to the wealthy but despised Israelites, immediately recognised Isaac ; and giving way to an impulse of that senseless tyranny and contempt of propriety which marked so many of his actions, haughtily commanded some of the more respectable part of the spectators in the gallery above, to make room for the unbelievers. This insulting command happened to be given to those of the whole assembly least likely to submit to it. Cedric the Saxon, accompanied by his countryman Athelstane, of Coningsmark, and the Lady Rowena. The impatient tyrant perceiving that Athelstane, to whom he had more particularly addressed himself, showed no disposition to move,

ordered De Bracy, a Knight in his suite, and leader of a band of free Companions or Condottieri, to prick the "Saxon porker" with his lance. This De Bracy would have done before Athelstane could have recovered from his surprise at the insult put upon him, had not the fiery Cedric "unsheathed with the speed of lightning, the short sword which he wore, and at a single blow severed the point of the lance from the handle."

'The blood rushed into the countenance of Prince John. He swore one of his deepest oaths, and was about to utter some threat corresponding in violence, when he was diverted from his purpose, partly by his own attendants, who gathered around him, conjuring him to be patient, partly by a general exclamation of the crowd uttered in loud applause of the spirited conduct of Cedric. The Prince rolled his eyes in indignation, as if to select some safe and easy victim; and chancing to encounter the same archer whom we have already noticed, and who seemed to persist in his gesture of applause, in spite of the frowning aspect which the Prince bent upon him, he demanded his reason for clamouring thus. "I always add my hollo," said the yeoman, "when I see a good shot, or a gallant blow." "Sayst thou?" answered the Prince; then thou canst hit the white thyself, I'll warrant." "A woodsman's mark, and at a woodsman's distance, I can hit," answered the yeoman.—"And Wat Tyrrell's mark, at a hundred yards," said a voice from behind, but by whom uttered could not be discovered. This allusion to the fate of William Rufus, his grandfather, at once incensed and alarmed Prince John. He satisfied himself, however, with commanding the men at arms who surrounded the lists, to keep an eye on that braggart, pointing to the yeoman.—"By St. Grizzell," he added, "we will try his own skill, who is so ready to give his voice to the feats of others."—"I shall not fly the trial," said the yeoman, with the composure which marked his whole deportment.—"Meanwhile, stand up, ye Saxon churls," said the fiery Prince; for, by the light of heaven, since I have said it, the Jew shall have his seat amongst ye!"—Vol. I. p. 152, 153.

The serious consequences which might have arisen from this occurrence were, however, happily prevented by a ludicrous trick of Wamba, the Jester; and John, glad of some excuse for not persisting in his ill-judged purpose, caused the Jew to be accommodated in the lower ring—and the sports commenced. The account of the several combats in this tournament, is full of spirit and interest; but so long, that we find it impossible to select satisfactory extracts. Suffice it to say, therefore, that the Knights' challengers sustained themselves so well in the several encounters, that no further opponents seemed inclined to dispute their superiority; and the prize was on the point of being adjudged to the Templar, who had that day met no equal, when another champion appeared. This Knight, mounted on a gallant black steed, and cased in splendid armour, with the Spanish word *Desdichado* on his shield, signifying Disinherited,—defied De Bois-Guilbert to mortal combat by striking the Templar's shield with the sharp end of his spear; and to the surprise of all present, forced his antagonist to the earth in the second



course. A like fate attended the remaining challengers; and the strange Knight received the prize, a noble war-steed, superbly caparisoned, together with a crown to be presented to the most beautiful lady of the assembly, who, by such election, was called to "fill the throne of the Queen of Beauty and of Love, and deliver the prize of the tourney upon the ensuing day." The choice of the victor fell on the beautiful Rowena; and the multitude dispersed until the morrow. The following is part of the conversation between Isaac and Rebecca, during the encounter of the Disinherited Knight and De Bois-Guilbert:—

"Father Abraham!" said Isaac of York, when the first course was run betwixt the Templar and the Disinherited Knight, "how fiercely that Gentile rides! Ah, the good horse that was brought all the long way from Barbary, he takes no more care of him than if he were a wild ass's colt—and the noble armour, that was worth so many sequins to Joseph Pareira, the armourer of Milan, besides seventy in the hundred of profits, he cares for it as little as if he had found it in the highways!"—"If he risks his own person and limbs, father," said Rebecca, "in doing such a dreadful battle, he can scarce be expected to save his horse and armour."—"Child!" replied Isaac, somewhat heated, "thou knowest not what thou speakest—his neck and limbs are his own, but his horse and armour belong to — Hoïy Jacob! what was I about to say!—Nevertheless, it is a good youth—see, Rebecca! see, he is again about to go up to battle against the Philistine.—Pray, child—pray for the safety of the good youth,—and of the speedy horse, and the rich armour.—God of my fathers!" he again exclaimed, "he hath conquered, and the uncircumcised Philistine hath fallen before his lance, even as Ogg the King of Bashan, and Sihon, King of the Amorites, fell before the sword of our fathers!—Surely he shall take their gold and their silver, and their war-horses, and their armour of brass and of steel, for a prey and for a spoil."—The same anxiety did the worthy Jew display during every course that was run, seldom failing to hazard a hasty calculation concerning the value of the horse and armour which was forfeited to the champion upon each new success.'—Vol. I. p. 185, &c.

The Disinherited Knight, who was no other—as our readers will have already perceived—than the Palmer already mentioned, and the Knight of Ivanhoe, retired after the tournament to a pavilion allotted for his use,—where the horses and armour of the vanquished Knights were brought to him for ransom; and with the money thus obtained he despatched Gurth, who had followed him from Rotherwood, to pay the Jew for the armour which he had procured from Kirgath Jairim. In returning from this mission, Gurth had an adventure in a neighbouring forest, with a band of outlaws, at the head of whom he recognised the yeoman archer who had incurred the displeasure of Prince John in the early part of the day; but he parted from them on good terms, partly from the skill and courage which he displayed in a bout at quarter-staff with one of them, and partly on account of their respect for his master.

In the next day's tourney, fifty Knights on the side of the challengers of the preceding day, and led by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, were opposed

to a like number, led by the victorious champion. After a fine display of valour and address on both sides, the party of the latter seemed to have rather the worst of the battle, notwithstanding the prowess of their leader, who, being at length engaged hand to hand with De Bois-Guilbert, was suddenly assailed by two other champions,—the bulky Saxon, Athelstane, who, inflamed by jealousy, and to the great vexation of his kinsman Cedric, had joined the standard of the Templar—and the gigantic Front-de-Bœuf. His own dexterity, and the speed and vigour of the noble steed which he had won, enabled him to support this unequal conflict against three adversaries for some minutes. But he was unexpectedly extricated from this dangerous contest by a Knight of his own party, in black armour, who had as yet scarce struck a blow, but who now shaking off his apparent inactivity, rode to the rescue, and in a twinkling prostrated both Athelstane and Front-de-Bœuf in the dust;—he then retired, in his former sluggish manner, and left the two chiefs in single fight. The Templar's horse being wounded, was unable to sustain the charge now made by his opponent; and tumbling on the earth with his rider, the victory was once more adjudged to the Disinherited Knight, who, in receiving the crown from the hand of the "Queen of Beauty and of Love," was recognized by all to be Ivanhoe, the son of Cedric, and the prohibited lover of Rowena; that lady being destined by her guardian to be the bride of Athelstane. Immediately on receiving the prize, the victor fainted through loss of blood, from a wound in his breast; and, in the confusion which ensued, was carried off the field by some unknown friends. After the tilting, commenced the exercises of the archers, in which the yeoman who had so boldly withstood the powers of John on the former day, and whose name was Lockesly, performed miracles, and bore away the prize.

The story now reverts to the sluggish Knight in the black armour, who had left the field immediately after his unlook'd-for exploit; and now having lost his way in travelling through a forest, meets with good cheer in the cell of a jovial Friar, to which the sagacity of his horse had led him. In the mean time our Saxon friends, on their return to Rotherwood, fell in with Isaac the Jew and Rebecca his daughter, who, being apprehensive of meeting with some of the free-booters, abounding in the forest, entreat protection for themselves and a wounded Knight, whom their servants bore in a litter. This request was with some difficulty complied with; but they had not proceeded far, when their party was attacked, and, with the exception of Gurth and Wamba, who escaped, the whole carried prisoners to the Castle of Front-de-Bœuf. While the two attendants lurked in the wood, planning how to effect their master's escape, they were discovered by Lockesly, the outlaw

archer, who undertook to set free the captives. For this purpose he proceeded to collect his band, of which the jolly and brawny Friar above mentioned, proved to be a worthy member; and the Black Knight having also enlisted in the cause, they soon invested the Castle. The proceedings within the Castle, in the interior, have much interest. De Bracy persecutes Rowena with professions of love; the Templar, who had fallen madly in love with the Jewess, plays a similar part; and the savage Front-de-Bœuf undertakes to extort a ransom from the Jew, by threats and torture. These plans are however suspended by the necessity of defending their strong-hold against the Black Knight and the outlaws. The description of the storming is of a most animated and brilliant character; and the circumstances under which it is given, render it intensely interesting. Rebecca having found means to attend upon the wounded Knight—our hero Ivanhoe—with whom she was, almost unknown to herself, in love, describes the assault from a window of the prison,—the Knight being unable to leave his couch. Upon approaching the window, protecting herself from the arrows of the assailants by an ancient buckler, she first described the situation of the Castle and its defences, as far as she could see, and added:—

“The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow.”—“Under what banner?” asked Ivanhoe.—“Under no ensign of war which I can observe,” answered Rebecca.—“A singular novelty,” muttered the Knight, “to advance to storm such a Castle, without pennon or banner displayed.—See’st thou who they be that act as leaders?”—“A Knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous,” said the Jewess; “he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him.”—“What device does he bear on his shield?” replied Ivanhoe.—“Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock, painted blue on the black shield.”—“A fetterlock and shackle-bolt azure,” said Ivanhoe; I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?”—“Scarce the device itself at this distance,” replied Rebecca; “but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you.”—“Seem there no other leaders?” exclaimed the anxious inquirer.—“None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station,” said Rebecca; “but, doubtless, the other side of the Castle is also assailed. They seem even now preparing to advance.”—“God of Zion, protect us!—What a dreadful sight!—Those who advance first bear huge shields, and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on.—They raise their bows!—God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!”—“And I must lie here like a bedridden Monk,” exclaimed Ivanhoe, “while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window, once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath—Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm.”—“What dost thou see, Rebecca?” again demanded the wounded Knight.—“Nothing but the cloud of arrows, flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them.”—“That cannot



endure," said Ivanhoe; if they press not right on to carry the Castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the fetter-lock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."—"I see him not," said Rebecca.—"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"—"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca, "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes.—His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back! Front de-Bœuf heads the defenders.—I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds."—She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.—"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand—look again, there is now less danger."—Rebecca again looked forth, and exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of their strife.—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"—"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"—"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness.—"But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm—his sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"—"Front de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "Front de-Bœuf," answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause—They drag Front de-Bœuf within the walls."—"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe. "They have—they have—and press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees, upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault—Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"—"Think not of that," replied Ivanhoe; this is no time for such thoughts.—Who yield?—Who push their way?"—"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles.—The besieged have the better."—"Saint George strike for us," said the Knight, "do the false yeomen give way?"—"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly.—The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle—stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers."—"By St. John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "me thought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed."—"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it

crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—Oh God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O, men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!”—“Our friends,” said Wilfrid, (Ivanhoe,) “will surely not abandon an enterprize so gloriously begun and so happily attained.—O no! I will put my faith in the good Knight whose axe has rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron.—Seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?”—“Nothing,” said the Jewess; “all about him is as black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further—but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes on to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength, there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given in every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of bloodshed!—it is, fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds.”—11. p. 290—301.

The attack, thus nobly commenced under the Sable Knight, whom we soon after learn to be the invincible Richard of England, is successful. De Bracy is made prisoner; and Front de-Bœuf, lying wounded on his bed, dies frightfully amidst the flames and ruins of his Castle: but the Templar escapes, bearing off Rebecca, with whom he proceeds to one of the preceptories of his order.

The remainder of the story is employed upon an adventure which befel King Richard, and upon the fate of the heroic and beautiful Jewess. Prince John having learnt his brother's arrival in England, employed a band of ruffians to assassinate him in a forest through which they had to pass. By his own valour, however, and the assistance of Lockesly and his forresters, who fortunately came to his aid, the murderers were soon discomfited and slain:—and Lockesly now, learning the real character of the Knight of the fetter-lock, confesses himself to be the renowned Robin Hood, and prays pardon for himself and his merry-men, which we may guess was readily granted. We must now follow Rebecca to the preceptory of Templestowe, whither De Bois-Guilbert had conveyed her for safety, but where her life was on the point of falling a sacrifice to the cruel bigotry of the chief commander of the Knights Templars, who had unexpectedly arrived in England to see into and correct the abuses of the order. This man, who was as fanatically severe as most of the other members were relaxed and dissolute, having discovered the detention of the Jewess by Sir Brian, the eternal dishonour of that Knight would have ensued, had not his friends, without his knowledge, persuaded the fanatic that the unfortunate Rebecca had employed sorcery to seduce their companion from his duty. She was accordingly brought to trial, and, as her only chance for life, demanded the trial by combat. This she did at the suggestion of De Bois-Guilbert; whose intention it was to appear in disguise as her cham-

pion; but the unlucky interference of one of the Knights Commanders, frustrated this design, by having him chosen as the combattant on the part of the order. During these proceedings, the conflict of love with ambition and worldly honor was dreadful in the breast of the impetuous and high-minded Templar; but love prevailed; and he proposed—on condition of her tolerating his passion—to bear her off from amidst her enemies, and, for her sake, renounce all the reputation which a life of military glory had acquired him. Rebecca, however, steadily rejected his suit, and resolved to abide the chance of heaven raising up a champion on her behalf. Even at the stake, and when no hope of defence remained, the distracted Templar repeated his offer to bear her away, even in that extremity. She remained firm, however, and at length the Knight of Ivanhoe appeared in her cause. On the first charge, the champion of the accused, who was not yet cured of his wounds, was hurled to the ground by the spear of his opponent;—the Templar also fell, although scarcely touched by the lance of Ivanhoe.

‘His eyes were closed—the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked at him in astonishment, the eyes opened—but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.’—III. p. 344.

The surprise occasioned by this catastrophe had not subsided, when the Black Knight galloped into the list, with the hope of combatting for the Jewess, of whose danger he had been informed, as well as of the rash intent of Ivanhoe to become her champion. Rebecca is pronounced guiltless; and the story terminates with Ivanhoe’s reconciliation to his father, and his union with Rowena, Athelstane having relinquished his pretensions:—and Isaac, along with his beautiful and interesting daughters depart, from a country where neither they, nor any of their nation, could, in those times, expect aught but undeserved contempt and persecution.

In the introductory remarks to this review, we have stated our opinion that, considering the circumstances under which Mr. Scott has hitherto written, he could scarcely have failed of success. But we do not by any means intend it to be thence inferred that the author’s merit is thereby diminished. On the contrary, it shows that he has had the genius to conceive, and the power to execute, what his contemporaries had never dreamt of, or if they had, what they had never attempted to realize. None but a Scotchman could have written those novels; for it is evident that the most valuable parts of them are the result of personal and accurate observation of the peculiar manners of his country;—and among Scotchmen there is none, in our opinion, but Walter Scott capable



of writing them. This is praise of no low degree, when we look upon the host of talent in every branch of literature, and of human knowledge, which that country can now boast. As to the Romance upon which we have bestowed so many of our pages, it certainly does not detract from the reputation of the author ; although we have some doubt that it will add much to it. We fear that, as a work of the imagination, it is not of so high a class as many of its predecessors. Yet this opinion is derived more from abstract reasoning, than from the actual effect which it produced upon us at the moment ; for we do not remember any of the other tales which we perused with deeper interest. There is, however, we apprehend, more of truth than of originality in what is here presented to us. Any man of equal abilities might, from a general knowledge of human nature, have conceived the several characters as faithfully ; and the manners and customs described, although perfectly appropriate to the age, can scarcely be said to be novelties to readers of moderately good information. Despicable tyrants, sturdy patriots, accomplished villains, gallant warriors, virtuous maidens, unprincipled churchmen, miserly Jews, and generous robbers, are, and have been always, beings of every one's familiar acquaintance. So, likewise, are most of the ordinances and adventures of chivalry here detailed. But although there is in this Romance little or nothing of what might be called creation of character, or of the other peculiarities which leave his former productions unrivalled in the language,—there is, nevertheless, such a spirited, brilliant, and graphic power of description in what he has given us, that the want of novelty, to which, on reflection, we object, is not at all perceptible in the perusal. Upon the whole, therefore, we may say that our expectations have not been disappointed : And if the new novel, "*The Monastery*," by the same author, which is, we understand, now on the eve of publication, shall be found to possess equal attraction, the public will have no reason to be dissatisfied.



*The Misanthrope : an Epistle.—With other Poems—*by T. FURLONG.—  
CUMMING, Dublin, 1819.

Without troubling our readers with a tedious lecture on Misanthropy ; without tracing it through its many windings by the poison and pollution invariably attendant on its progress ; we would briefly say, that its principles are subversive of social order and happiness ; and should therefore be opposed by every lover of virtue and his country. Yet have these principles found supporters and teachers among some, whose talents afforded them facilities to escape the delusion ; and disciples among others who, unable to imitate the genius, were content to copy

the absurdities of their instructors. To this latter class are the lines composing the introductory and principal piece of this little collection addressed. Seldom does it fall under the province of a Reviewer of the present day, to give judgment on a *Poem*, which, like this before us, has a perfect moral tendency; and the author of which, is not ashamed to advise the promulgation and diffusion of the "Christian Law": a measure in which we must confess (with all due deference to the author of *The Antidote*) we are so methodistical as to coincide. While we acknowledge the good intentions manifested by Mr. Furlong in the composition of "*The Misanthrope*," we cannot withhold our approbation from the modest and unassuming appearance of the book itself; a modesty which, in this book-making age, is as commendable as it is rare. Indeed to such a pitch has the price and size of books (through the medium of *blanks*) of late years been carried, that we are sorry to be obliged to confess, that there are not a few who conceive the merits of a poetic work to be proportionate to the margins, and think that genius cannot deign to embody itself in a less form, than that of a cumbrous quarto. The author, in opposition to the assertion of *The Misanthrope*, that

"Virtue is, indeed, an empty name;  
And, "that her light ne'er bless'd this scene below,  
"Save in a tract far hence, or long ago;

brings various examples to prove the existence and purity, of benevolence, filial duty, and friendship. Of these examples, many are well applied and happily introduced. A few, particularly those from ancient history, are not so appropriate; for instances of past virtue cannot be brought as arguments against him, who only censures a supposed present degeneracy; and that such is the plea of our author's *Misanthrope*, may be collected from the last line of the above quotation. Notwithstanding these and a few other blemishes, the poem has many claims on indulgence and approbation: the thoughts, conveyed in a clear, though sometimes encumbered style, are generally impressive, often pathetic, and never debased by the mawkish sensibility and morbid feeling so prevalent in modern poetry; which, however it may gratify our boarding-school masters and misses, must be always disgusting to the lovers of nature and common sense.

We shall now present our readers with an extract, taken from the conclusion of "*The Misanthrope*":

"And moves there one upon this world of care,  
"Whose heart no friend was ever form'd to share;  
"Who, born with light, remains amidst the blind,  
"And finds no trait, but falsehood in mankind;  
"Who, to each gleam of social joy unknown,  
"Droops down thro' life unaided and alone?

" Some still there are who seek this churlish name,  
 " Who love their loss, and triumph in their shame ;  
 " Some, both to genius and to worth allied,  
 " Who nurse a selfish solitary pride ;  
 " Some who can tread this toilsome way forlorn,  
 " Marking their species with distrust, or scorn ;  
 " Whose eye around a gloomy glance can throw,  
 " Viewing in each a villain, or a foe ;  
 " Whose callous bosoms own no binding tie,  
 " Wishing unlov'd to live, unmourn'd to die.  
 " Oh! was it theirs to taste that peace serene  
 " Which spreads o'er many a solitary scene,  
 " Was it but theirs in confidence to tread  
 " The floor of many a small, and simple shed ;  
 " There, struck by reason's dream-dissolving ray,  
 " Fancy's wild forms should die at once away ;  
 " Then, Truth should hold her holy torch on high,  
 " And bring conviction on the enlightened eye ;  
 " Free o'er the mind her curing hand should steal,  
 " And break the illusion, and remove the veil ;  
 " \* \* \* \* \*  
 " Still there are spots, remote from pomp and power,  
 " Where each pure passion charms the hallow'd hour :  
 " Still there are paths, beyond the pale of pride,  
 " Where love may bloom, or friendship may reside :

There are in this Poem, and in some of the minor pieces, (which our limits permit us not to notice) a few instances of defective and inharmonious rhyme, and incorrect metaphor, which our author would do well to remark and keep clear of, in future performances.

#### REVIEW OF NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

##### VOCAL.

" *How smoothly o'er the azure tide*"—MOZART'S *Boat Trio*—Words by ALEXANDER HENRY, Esq.—adapted and arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, by N. CORRI.

The air before us is, we believe, taken from the justly celebrated Opera of the *Zauberflotte* : a production in which brevity seems to be the only fault. Indeed we must confess that we were always among the admirers of its fascinating author, Mozart. The last visit of the Italian company to this City, undoubtedly contributed not a little to increase our enthusiasm.—Where is the person at all alive to the entrancing powers of harmony, who would not feel the thrill of delight, who would not think the very "soul of Music shed" around, upon hearing the Opera of *Don Giovanni* the chef d'œuvre of this great master in the art of composition.—To return to our subject—the air is harmonized for three voices, in a smooth and flowing style, and not beyond the general compass of singers. There seems to be a little sacrifice made in the accompaniments, for the purpose of preserving, what is termed by the old school, a moving bass. This is particularly visible in the first four bars of the symphony, where the error proceeds from doubling the inner part,



and thence producing consecutive eighths; in this respect, the fifth bar of page 4. and sixth bar of page 5, are equally faulty.—In page 6, the second bar is correct in its accompaniment, yet the sixth bar, which is precisely the same harmony, is incorrect and offensive to the eye as well as to the ear of the musician. Notwithstanding these faults, we esteem the Trio, as it stands, to be a beautiful specimen of sequence which cannot admit of a fourth part without grammatical error, and must acknowledge our anxiety for the success of this little combination of (with a slight exception,) pure harmony; convinced that it only requires to be known, to ensure a good reception in the private circles, for which it is peculiarly well adapted, and where this style of composition is much sought after.

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“*There is a pleasing sadness*”—*A Canzonet, sung by Mr. BRAHAM—The Words by I. H. Esq.—the Music composed by MEHUL, and arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte and Guitar, by N. CORRI.*

The title of this song is strictly applicable to the melody, through the entire of which glides “a pleasing sadness” combining originality with the beauties of simplicity. The author of the air is unknown to us, but from the taste and rythmical precision which he has displayed, we wish to have a further acquaintance with his productions. The Accompaniment for the Piano is chaste, and out of that commonplace style we too frequently meet with; at the same time it affords a sufficient guide to the singer.—Bars seven and eight of the Accompaniment are decidedly objectionable, as two fundamental harmonies cannot proceed in immediate succession, without carrying consecutive 5ths and 8ths with them. This might have been avoided by inverting the latter part of the 7th bar.—An additional Accompaniment is given for the Guitar, which has latterly become a very fashionable instrument.

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#### INSTRUMENTAL.

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*A favorite Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by F. HOFFMANN.*

The thema selected is replete with a tasteful expression, to which Mr. Hoffman, in composing his variations, has done ample justice. They are ingenious and interesting; the 2d, 5th, and 7th, are the most striking and attractive, all of them well calculated to improve the finger and cultivate that delicacy of expression, without which no person (however brilliant in execution,) can be accounted a finished performer. We have no hesitation in recommending this piece to the Public.

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*Introduction and Variations, on the favourite air, AULD LANG SYNE, for the Piano-Forte, by T. ROBINSON.*

The Introduction, consisting of ten bars, presents no striking feature of originality. The Andante is but the air diversified; an Allegro Vivace, to which the author, or perhaps the engraver, seems to have forgotten to add the necessary marks of expression, follows—the tenth bar of this part exhibits consecutive fifths without even an effort to conceal them. Judging from the commencement of the twelfth bar, we should be inclined to suppose that it was Mr. Robinson’s intention to conclude this movement in D minor, which would (in our opinion) have had a better effect—the first, second, and third variations on this well known and beautiful Scotch Air,

(Auld Lang Syne) are framed with taste and possess a great deal of brilliancy—the fourth is good practice, but we are altogether disappointed in the minor variation, where there is every scope. The touch of the master is not visible; the harmony ought to be complete, in four parts, and equally distributed; not confined to the left hand taking but the common chord of the key—the long shake preceding THE WALTZ (or a Scotch Air) is certainly a relief to the ear—though this composition presents a few weak points, it will be found a useful and pleasing exercise.

Mr. WILLIS, of Westmorland-Street, has re-opened his Musical Library, which now embraces upwards of Two Thousand Publications. Such an establishment is a valuable acquisition to Musical amateurs, particularly as arrangements are made for the regular supply of Country Subscribers. There is also an elegant edition of Gelineck's Works just published by the same House.

Mr. Edward Bunting, will soon gratify the lovers of *genuine* Irish Melody, with a second number of our Ancient National Airs—strains of other days, ere yet slept the Harp of Erin.

## PROCEEDINGS OF LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES.

*Prize Question.*—The Royal Academy of Sciences at Naples proposes the following subject for this year. The memoirs to be sent in, either in Latin or Italian, before the last day of February.

The description of an instrument is required; first, which shall unite in itself the properties of the largest and most perfect meridian circles and meridian telescopes that have yet been made; second, the verification of which shall not depend on any spirit level; third, which can traverse and turn with facility, so as to allow of observation in two contrary positions; and fourth, which can be made by any good workman possessed of the means offered by the actual state of the arts.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

*Nov. 4th and 11th.*—The Croonian lecture, by Sir Everard Home, was read; it was intitled “A further investigation of the component parts of the blood.” In the course of the lecture, the author observed that, the quantity of carbonic acid gas evolved under the exhausted receiver of an air pump from buffy blood, was much less than that from healthy blood; but that by far the greatest portion of this gas escaped from the blood of a healthy person drawn an hour after a full meal.

*11th and 18th.*—The Bakerian lecture, by Mr. Brande, was read, “On the composition and analysis of the inflammable gaseous compounds resulting from the destructive distillation of coal and oil, with some remarks on their relative heating and illuminating powers.”—In the first section, the author endeavoured to prove, that no other definite

compound of carbon and hydrogen exists, except that in which the constituents are united atom to atom. In the second section, experiments on the illuminating and heating powers of coal and oil gases were detailed; the ratios of the heating and illuminating powers of these and olefiant gas, were nearly as the numbers one, two, and three—the great advantage of constructing gas burners with many jets made so near each other as that the different flames can unite, was clearly shown.

18th and 25th.—Dr. Carson read a paper on the elasticity of the lungs—he found, by experiment, that the resilience in the lungs of an ox is equal to a column of water eighteen inches high, and in those of a dog to one equal to ten inches high.



#### NEW INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS,

*On the Larch Tree (Pinus Larix), and the use of the Bark in the process of tanning Leather.—From Annals of Phil. and Edinb. Phil. Journal.*

The first Larch Trees ever seen in Scotland, were sent to the Duke of Athol, at Dunkeld, in the year 1708, in two garden pots.—They came from Switzerland, and were at first put into the greenhouse. By degrees, it was discovered that they could bear the winter in Scotland, without injury. They were, therefore, planted in the Duke of Athol's park, at Dunkeld, very near his house—there they may be still seen, having grown in the course of eighty-one years, which have elapsed since they were planted, to the size of very large trees. Their circumference, about a foot above the ground, is nearly 18 feet, and at the height of 80 feet, the circumference is nearly 14 feet.—Thus in 81 years they have produced as much wood as an oak would in the course of several centuries. From these two parent trees, have sprung all the larches which abound so much in Scotland.

Within a period of 54 years some of these larches have risen to near 100 feet, and at 5 feet from the surface, have a circumference of 8 feet. This rapidity of growth has been found not to injure the density or durability of the timber, which has been found to answer remarkably well for naval or architectural purposes. The bark of larch has been for some time past mixed with that of oak for the purposes of tanning—but as in this way the extent of its peculiar qualities could not be known, at the instance of Dr. Yule, experiments were conducted on a large scale by Mr. P. Martin, of Haddington.

The results were, that, when equal weights of skin from the same parts of the animal were taken and immersed, at a summer atmospherical



temperature, in separate infusions of the same weight of oak and larch bark, previously ground in the usual manner—and after lying the ordinary time, dried.—The larch tanned leather was specifically heavier than the oak tanned.—The colour of the first was a light fawn, that of the latter deep brown.

The larch tanned leather absorbed water more readily than the oak tanned, but Dr. Yule thinks that, that property might be obviated, by slow drying and strong compression. The two sorts of leather used as soles to each of a pair of shoes were found to wear equally well.

The Doctor adds, “that the proportion of tannin and extractive in the succulent and newly condensed wood, is in some cases, nearly treble the quantity existing in the old external layers of bark, especially in autumn; and from this, it is probable, that the annual prunings of trees, abounding with these constituents, might with profit be applied to the purposes of the tanner.

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*Description of a New Atmometer,—invented by ADAM ANDERSON, Esq.  
A. M. Rector of the Academy, Perth. \**

(The following account of this beautiful instrument is copied, by permission, from the M. S. of the article *Meteorology*, drawn up for the Edinburgh Encyclopædia.)

\* \* \* The Atmometer recently invented by Mr. Anderson, is undoubtedly the simplest, as well as the most ingenious instrument of the kind hitherto proposed. It consists of a bent glass tube A B C D E F (Fig. 1), of sufficient width to admit of a liquid moving easily from one part to another, and swelling out into the bulbs B C, and E F.—Into this tube at A is introduced a quantity of alcohol, which, after being conveyed into the bulb or wider tube E F, is thrown into a state of ebullition, and while the steam is issuing from A, the tube is there hermetically sealed, so that the air is completely expelled from the space A B C D E. The bulb B C is then covered with moistened silk or paper, and the instrument freely exposed. In consequence of the pressure of the air being removed from the surface of the alcohol in the bulb E F, a portion of that liquid passes into vapour, and occupies the empty part of the tube. Were the whole of the instrument at the same temperature, this process indeed would quickly be stopped by the pressure of the vapour itself on the surface of the alcohol; but as the bulb B C has its temperature reduced by the external evaporation from the moistened silk or paper, the vapour which rises from E F is there condensed, and runs down in a liquid state into the tube A B. This distillation goes on more or less rapidly, according to the degree of

\* Edinb. Phil. Journ.—No. 3.

cold induced upon the bulb B C, that is, in proportion to the external evaporation; and, consequently, the quantity of liquid collected in the tube A B, is a measure of that evaporation. When the atmosphere is completely saturated with the moisture, or when the evaporation ceases the temperature of A B, will be the same as that of any other part of the tube, and the distillation, therefore, for the reason already stated, will also cease.

The measure of evaporation thus found, is expressed in inches and decimals of an inch, by means of an attached scale, H, the divisions of which are determined by experiment; Suppose, for example, that the instrument is exposed to similar circumstances with an evaporating basin, and that the quantity evaporated from the latter in a given time, determined either by weight or measurement, is found to be one-tenth of an inch, while the alcohol distilled by the former in the same time fills the tube A B to the depth of one inch; then the scale being divided into inches and tenths, will indicate tenths and hundredths of an inch of evaporation. By increasing the proportion between the diameters of E F and A B, the quantity of evaporation may be measured to any degree of minuteness required. In using the instruments, the tube E F is to be sheltered from rain by inclosing it in a case or cover, to prevent its temperature being reduced below that of the atmosphere by subsequent evaporation; and the bulb B C is to be kept constantly moist by means of a small cup containing water attached to the tube immediately below it, the silk or paper being in contact with the water, or from an adjoining vessel, as in the case of the hydrometer. This instrument is placed in a vertical position, and is prepared for a new observation by inverting it, so that the distilled alcohol may be conveyed back to the tube E F. It is to be hoped, that this beautiful and ingenious contrivance will soon meet with that reception among meteorologists, to which its merits so well entitle it. The atmometer has already been constructed, and is found to possess the utmost delicacy. It is probable, that it may in time supersede the use even of the hygrometer.

Our next, will contain an abstract of Mr. Daniel's excellent paper, on Meteorology, with a description of his new invented hygrometer, as published in the Quarterly Journal of Science and the Arts.

### METEOROLOGY.

*Extraordinary atmospheric phenomenon at Montreal.*—"On Saturday the 6th of November, 1819, the weather was bright and unclouded, but at eight o'clock in the evening, the sky became surcharged with heavy

black clouds from the N.W., and snow fell in large flakes. The next morning these clouds were diffused over the sky, and there descended a heavy shower of blackish rain, which, upon examination, was found to contain a substance, resembling to the eye, the taste, and the smell, soot; towards evening, however, the weather cleared, and Monday morning was ushered in by a hard frost; this gradually relaxed, under the influence of a weighty damp vapour, which descended from a thick stratum of clouds that seemed progressively to deepen in colour and density, and at noon, the darkness was so great, that candles were burning in most offices. The gloom alternately increased and diminished, according to the ascendancy of the wind, which, during the day, was fitful and changeable till three o'clock, when a formidable body of clouds from the N.E. hurried over the town, and brought the obscurity to its climax—while the inhabitants were expressing their surprise, and exchanging opinions on the probable cause of an appearance so unusual, they were almost electrified by a brilliant flash of lightning, succeeded by a clap of thunder, that was echoed and reverberated for many seconds after its causes had past: this was followed by some others; rain again fell, and there seemed a good prospect of fair weather, but it was of short duration, for the clouds again accumulated from the N.E., and at four o'clock it was nearly as dark as before: suddenly the tocsin was tolled by every bell in the city, and the streets resounded with cries of "Fire! fire!" The sky was veiled in gloom—the Place d'Arms was crowded—and towering over the heads of the throng, was to be seen the steeple of the French parish church, with its ball blazing like a meteor, and throwing out from the foot of the cross with which it was surmounted, radiations of sparks, rendered lurid by the incumbent and surrounding haze; the rain which descended was similar to Sunday's, but contained more of the sooty ingredient, and carried on its surface as it flowed through the streets, a dense foam resembling soap suds.—By the timely assistance of engines the fire was prevented from extending its ravages beyond the ball. On the following (Wednesday) morning the sky was at seven o'clock almost as clear, and day light as strong, as could be expected at that time of year.

*Great height of the Barometer.*—At Christiana, in Norway, on the 7th of this month (January), the barometer rose to the extraordinary height of 29 inches 16 lines,\* an elevation which it has not attained

\* The above account is copied from a daily paper. Perhaps the measure used is French, and should have been written 29 inches 1.6 line; which, together with the allowance to be made for temperature (probably very low, but not specified) would equal about 30.1 English inches, at 40°. F.—ED.



here for many years past ; the sea was eight feet lower on that day than it had been for the last twenty years. Professor Hansteen made some experiments as to the intensity of the magnetic force, but from the agitation of the needle could not obtain precise results.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE \*  
(DUBLIN.)

Date.	Moon.	Barometer.		Thermometer.		Rain.	Wind.	Weather.
		10 A.M.	10 P.M.	Max.	Min.			
1st Mth								
Jan. 1		29 .60	29 .65	35	29	—	W.SW.NW.	F. Snow.
2		29 .62	29 .71	35	21	.057	NE.N.NW.	C. Sleet.
3		29 .93	30 .11	33	20	...	WSW.	Fine.
4		30 .09	30 .12	41	33	...	SE.	C.
5		30 .15	30 .25	42	32	...	SW.	F.
6		30 .32	30 .30	39	23	...	SW.ESE.	F. Foggy Ev.
7		30 .39	30 .62	40	29	—	NW.SE.	Fog. Morn.C.
8	(	30 .80	30 .90	35	29	...	SE.	F.
9		31 .02	30 .94	37	26	...	E.NW.	F.
10		30 .75	30 .60	42	33	...	NNW.	F.
11		30 .32	30 .12	43	34	.098	WNW.NW.	C.
12		30 .28	30 .44	38	25	...	ENE.	C.
13		30 .30	30 .34	34	24	.052	WSW.	C. Snow.
14		30 .47	30 .24	36	17	...	VARIABLE.	C.
15		30 .00	29 .95	36	22	.010	W.	C.
16		29 .94	29 .78	36	24	...	WSW.	Fine.
17		29 .74	29 .58	35	24	...	NW.NE.	F.
18		29 .56	29 .00	36	27	—	NE.	C. Snow.
19		29 .07	29 .34	34	12	...	NNW.	Fair.
20		29 .67	29 .32	35	18	.120	E.	C.

F. signifies Fair ; C. Cloudy.—The Mean of the Month in our next.

The above observations, excepting those of the Barometer, apply to a period of 24 hours, beginning at 10 A.M. on the day indicated in the first column. A dash in the column for " Rain " denotes that the result is included in the next fol-

\* For this most useful article we are indebted to Mr. J. Pim, Jun.—The observations are made with instruments of the first quality, and their accuracy may be relied on. We shall in our next table give the height of the Barometer reduced to 329 F.—Ed.

lowing observation; the gage is elevated about 53 feet above the ground. The last column merely relates to that portion of the day included between sun-rise and sun-set.

#### REMARKS.

First Month.—2. very cloudy, sleet at intervals the greater part of the day; cleared up about 5 P.M. the Thermometer soon after fell to 25° with a remarkably clear and serene atmosphere.—4. 10 A.M. atmosphere beautifully variegated with Cirrus, Cirrostratus with Cumulostratus near the horizon; the patches of sky visible, were of a greenish blue colour.—The maximum of the Thermometer was at 10 A.M. of the morning of the 5th.—Dense fog, evening of 5th, and morning of 7th inst. wind N. W.—Damp day, drizzling rain for a short time.—The frost on the nights of the 7th, 8th, and 9th was unaccompanied by any hoar; the atmosphere cloudy for the most part of the night. I am not aware that the Barometer has ever been observed in this country at a height equal to that on the morning of the 9th, and it is remarkable that the thaw should set in and continue for two days, with a N.N.W. wind.—14th  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 9 P.M. a faintish light near the horizon in the north-east, probably Aurora Borealis.—15th, 10 P.M. drizzling rain; smart frost with serene clear atmosphere, about half an hour after. I am informed that a beautiful Aurora was observed on the night of the 14th in the vicinity of this City.—Minimum of temperature on the 16th at 10 A.M. and on the 17th at 7 P.M.—18th, a heavy fall of snow with high wind from N.E. from which cause it is probable that a considerable quantity of the snow may have been blown out of the funnel of the guage before it was measured.—19th, fine evening; the unenlightened part of the Moon's disk distinctly visible.—Jupiter, Venus, Saturn, Mars, and Ceres, with the Crescent of the Moon, being together above the horizon, splendidly decorated our hemisphere.—20th, minimum of temperature at 10 A.M.

55, City-quay, 22d of 1st Month, 1820.

J. P. Jun.

#### ROMAN ANTIQUITIES IN BAVARIA.

Near Taharding, on the Alza, the issue of the Chrem lake in Bavaria, fragments of Roman buildings have been discovered: Floors of Marble Mosaic, vaults resting on pillars, but particularly pipes, 4 inches in diameter, made of burnt earth, each pipe pierced on two sides, but all lying one over the other, with their holes corresponding, and forming an entire wall, which is consequently hollow inside.—Such pipes formerly served instead of stoves, to heat the adjoining chambers, as the warmth of a fire made any where spread in all directions. Similar pipes, made of hollow bricks, lay cross-ways, under the floors of the rooms.

ANCIENT TOMBS IN POLAND.—Several ancient tombs have been discovered in the vicinity of Posen. The direction of a great proportion of them extends from Schmiegel to Korten—The urns, several bearing inscriptions, and other objects, which have been found there, may possibly throw some light on the remote ages of Paganism. M. de Zerboni di Sposeti has given the necessary directions for proceeding with the excavations, &c. &c.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES IN GERMANY.—*Etternach, (near Treves) Nov. 13th 1819.* In the environs of Altrier (Old Treves)  $2\frac{1}{2}$  leagues S. E. of this town, there has been discovered in a village situated on an eminence a great number of Roman Antiquities, very interesting to History and Numismatology... Among others there has been found a silver hand, being part of a suit of armour; two seal rings, one of gold, with red stones. On one of these stones is the figure of Diana, and on the other a Sphinx; several silver rings of large size, on which are engraved the figures of the Empress Faustina, Lucilla, and Didia Clara; many Roman pins, urns and sepulchral lamps; a considerable number of ancient gold, silver, and copper coins; among which are a Nero, two of Commodus, one of Constantine the Great, and one of Constans, of gold; a Pesennius Niger, of rare beauty; a Mariana, a Methedia, several Faustina's, Julia Mamma's, and others, in fine silver. Among the urns, there are two of earth, the most beautiful that have yet been seen and upon which are carved in relief, above fifty figures. There have also been discovered Roman handmills of stone; a sacrificatory bull ornamented with instruments used in the ceremonies of offering; two Mercuries of bronze; two goats, (male and female), and two Priapuses of copper; a surgical instrument; sixty Penates of stone of different colours; several stones upon which are engraved different Roman emperor's on horseback; several figures of Gods and Goddesses, among which are two of white marble, representing the goddess Nehallennia, with a dog on her knees.

It appears from the great number of objects found, that this place must have been a considerable settlement. The Romans had a colony in these parts, which to all appearance was situated on the road from Treves to the ancient Durocorturum, (Rheims.)

### CRITICAL REMARKS.

*Lord Byron's Poetry.*

MR. EDITOR.—Poetry is a subject which has, at all times, called forth the encomiastic powers of every one who has undertaken to speak of it: even those inexorable hypercritics from whom no bard could win one smile of approbation, have never refused their warmest panygerics to the bright goddess of the poet's adoration. They have repeated without end, the claims which the muse has upon our love and even our veneration. Scarce any of these has been so much dwelt on as the benign influence of poetry on the fiercer passions—like the power of David's harp over the phrenzy of Saul; nor was this by any means the



highest praise ; it was considered the peculiar province of the poet to convey the most useful instruction, in the most pleasing and most efficacious manner. A celebrated Athenian orator has finely expressed the sentiments of all the ancients on this point, in words nearly to the following effect : “ In our youth we learn the sayings of the poets, that when men we may be guided by the precepts contained in them.”

But a much grander view is presented when we look over the glowing pages of the inspired writers. The fire which purified Isaiah’s hallowed lips from all earthly pollutions only lit his poetic genius into a brighter flame. It was not without cause that, in former days,

————— “ the sacred name  
“ Of Prophet and of Poet were the same.”

But those times are indeed gone bye ; no one is now guilty of such folly as to look for improvement in the pages of a modern poet ; or if any be so deluded, he had better have taken an *ignis fatuus* for his guide through a morass.

I will readily concede, that to us who have so much greater sources of instruction, entertainment is more desirable than mere moral lessons in verse : the sacred volume is so rich on those subjects, that whoever closes his ears to admonitions, “ neither will he hear the voice of any charmer, charm he never so wisely.”

But there is just cause for grief and alarm, when poets, not content with neglecting to plead the cause of virtue, employ their fascinating powers to pervert the best principles of the human heart ; to poison the springs of social love, and undermine the foundations of order and religion ; and never could that complaint be more justly made than at the present time. Formerly, those who wrote with such intentions, displayed their own deformity so incautiously, as to warn every reader against their pollutions ; but now the mode of attack is more insidious, therefore more vigilantly to be guarded against.

I need not waste time upon such men as Shelley, men who are too openly virulent to be very dangerous ; the wolf may be repelled from the fold while the serpent glides in unsuspected and unnoticed ; there is one who has deceived even virtuous and dispassionate judges ; one whose mighty talents, vivid imagination, and every varied advantage which a polite and liberal education can bestow, has thrown a radiance over his blackest compositions. Like the veil’d Mohkanna, he has drawn a crowd of deluded worshippers around his deformity ; like him too, he has the fair ones among his most devoted admirers. I need scarce add, that I mean Lord Byron : and when I avow my opinion of him, I can expect no mercy for the ephemeral nonsense of

so daring an anonymous scribbler. But the assertion has not been made without some thought, and I shall now give the reasons which induced me to disagree with so many whose good taste and sound sense should have almost commanded my acquiescence in their sentiments.

It would most likely be the first objection to me, that were his writings so dangerous, they never could have gained an access to well principled and uncontaminated readers: but I believe the greater part of men admire him, not from the calm decision of taste or of reason, but merely from the desire to comply with the fashion of the day. in that, as in every other matter. Perhaps, what chiefly gains his Lordship such popularity, is the air of obscurity thrown over most of his writings; an obscurity that totally defies the penetration of inferior minds, which at length (unwilling to own, or even suppose themselves baffled) become fully persuaded that they have discovered an exquisite beauty in his darkest meaning. But those of stronger intellect cannot be thus deceived; and yet the noble author can infuse into *their* hearts the subtle poison of misanthropy, (which is the thing most to be dreaded from his works), without their once imagining that they are admitting so dangerous an inmate to their bosoms. The asp is not less venomous, though it be hidden under flowers. It is, however, difficult to conceive, how thinking men can allow themselves to be led on into danger by any guide, even the most insidious; but this difficulty may be surmounted, by considering that misanthropy is but a short step beyond a proud independence of spirit; the gradation is almost imperceptible, from the secure feeling of him who acts as his own principles direct him, regardless of others' derision or scorn, to the gloomy defiance with which the misanthrope looks out upon his species, disdaining sympathy for his own sufferings, and incapable of bestowing it on those of his fellow-creatures. Every one who has a single spark of noble fire in his constitution exults in feeling, that he values his own conscientious approbation beyond the uncertain praise of others; and many are easily betrayed into a very different sort of self-sufficiency, that of excluding mankind from all communication with their bosoms—from any participation in their concerns.

In the character of the misanthrope, there is something to awe and repel his fellow creatures; yet, like the gloomy darkness of a cavern, it mostly creates a feeling of wonder and curiosity, which borders on sublimity: but the influence of misanthropy is not less dangerous to the mind, than the mephitic air of a vault to him who ventures into its frightful recesses. This is the atmosphere which Lord Byron has

breathed all his life ; and he has wreathed his brow with the nightshade which blooms within its blasting confines. Let those who admire that brilliant wreath, beware how they taste the gaudy but deadly berries that adorn it.

It is now time to bring some proofs, that this charge against his Lordship is well-founded ; that he is completely fitted to entice the unwary reader into that most frightful state of mind, in which every thing human and divine appears tinged with the lurid hue of the soul.—This I shall endeavour to maintain by producing quotations, and pointing out their latent tendency.

I do not wish to quit the subject without alluding to the exaggerated opinion that is generally entertained of his Lordship's originality of genius. No poet of any age knew better than he how to draw supplies of matter and imagery from unsuspected and unfrequented sources. Obsolete poems and romances, which, from being written in foreign languages, or in uncouth and antiquated English, are known but to a few, have in many instances furnished him with some of his most admired passages. In *Manfred*, which is generally looked upon as peculiarly original, there has been found, by those acquainted with German literature, a striking imitation of a tragedy of Goethe, named *Faustus*. This same composition contains many passages from better known authors. Shakespeare's *Macbeth* has been robbed of the witches, who come out in the shape of destinies on the Jüngerfrau, to which they may be supposed to have jumped from Scotland, by a trifling exertion of the broomstick : the speech of the seventh spirit is pirated from Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd : while the school-boy can recognise some lines from *Virgil*, and even a passage nearly translated from *Lucian* : in fact, it would be wearisome to recount all the imitations in this one short poem, by this most *original* poet ; imitations of such a kind, too, that they cannot be mistaken for mere coincidences. His *Beppo* also, which was at first looked on as a complete original, has been traced to the minor Italian poets. But Lord Byron's admirers seem to think every line of his new, although but slightly altered from what they had been reading a little before in other authors.

I could, without difficulty, adduce from his works instances of false sublimity, and not a few which go pretty deep in the Bathos.—Witness the description in the *Siege of Corinth*, where his hero

“ Saw the lean Dogs beneath the wall  
 “ Hold o'er the dead their carnival,  
 “ Gorging and growling o'er carcase and limb ;  
 “ They were too busy to bark at him ;”—&c.

with other disgusting minutiae of that passage. The close of that poem also contains a fine anticlimax, where, after giving some spirited



touches to shew the effect of the explosion of Corinth, he tells us that it made the "bullfrogs croak louder." The following lines from *Manfred* appear to me to be false sublime;

"The mists boil up around the Glaciers,  
 "Like foam from the rous'd ocean of deep Hell,  
 "Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,  
 "Heap'd with the damn'd like pebbles."

In the same poem he compares the cataract, "flinging its lines of foaming light along," to the grey horse in the Revelations, whisking his tail.

R.

(To be continued.)

#### LORD BYRON'S CORSAIR.

We believe few of those critics who have praised that interesting Poem "*The Corsair*," have taken notice of a little Drama called "*Zelika, or the Pyrates*," written by the late Henry Siddons, and published many years before Lord Byron's Work made its appearance. Any person taking the trouble of looking over the first and second acts of this little piece, will find (in the incidents at least) many points, of which the Noble "*Childe*" seems to have availed himself—others have said, that Lord Byron was indebted for many passages to Kotzebue's "*Conspiracy of Kamschatka*."

F.

#### MR. MATURIN'S NOVEL OF "WOMAN."

It has been thought by some who were in Dublin during the years 1813 and 1814, that Mr. Maturin has not attended sufficiently to facts, in sketching many of the most remarkable incidents in his beautiful novel of "*Woman*." Every one will recollect the animated account which he has given of the fire in Castle-Street. He remarks, that Werburgh's Church had then a very lofty spire—now we have heard from good authority, that this part of the building had been removed in 1812, at least 2 years before the fire in question took place. The principal female character, in the same work, is one who is said to have engrossed all the attention of the public at the date already mentioned. Yet no one can recollect such a female having visited Dublin for the last twenty years.

These remarks may, probably, appear to some, as bordering on fastidiousness; but in reality, they are written with the friendliest intention: they may probably serve as a hint to Mr. Maturin. He must be conscious, that although fiction, in the hands of a man of genius, will at all times be pleasing; still, in order to excite a permanent in-

terest, it must carry with it an air of probability. In describing things long past, there is a free scope for the exercise of the imagination : but in touching on recent occurrences, it is absolutely necessary to pay a strict attention to truth. F.

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### HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

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#### *Arctic Expeditions*

Our readers will recollect that two new expeditions were last spring fitted out and dispatched by Government, to explore the Arctic Regions, and endeavour to effect something more satisfactory, than did the prior expedition under Captain Ross, which so totally disappointed the expectations of the philosophic world. One of these was to proceed to Baffin's Bay to search for an outlet ; the other, overland from Hudson's Bay to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. This last party consisted of the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Franklin, Dr. Richardson, as Medical Officer and Naturalist, two Midshipmen, and two Servants. They sailed for York Factory about the 20th May last, from thence to proceed to Fort Chepawaya. Their primary object is said to be to ascertain the north eastern boundary of the American continent, and from thence to survey the coast to the westward, as far as possible. It is thought that the expedition will endeavour to trace the Copper-mine River to its termination ; as the opinion that this river runs nearly North, is now thought to be erroneous.—From the following extract of a letter from one of the officers, dated at sea, August 27th, 1819, it appears that this expedition has, after nearly encountering shipwreck, reached the Factory.

“ After passing the southern point of Greenland, named Cape Farewell, we met with much ice, but as it did not lie thick, little difficulty was experienced in forcing a way through it, nor did it prove so great an impediment as the contrary winds which still continue to thwart us. Near the Greenland coast, the streams or fields of ice consist of a collection of loose and comparatively flat pieces, more or less densely compacted together, according to the state of the weather ; but on approaching the shores of Labrador we fell in with many icebergs, or large floating fields of ice. The variety of forms assumed by these masses afforded us amusement, but occasionally we saw some of such an enormous size, that every other feeling gave way to astonishment. One of these large bergs was estimated to be 200 feet high above the water, and above half a mile in length ; its surface was broken by mountains of no mean size with deep vallies between. Enormous as these dimensions must appear, you will be more surprised when I inform you

that the part of an iceberg which projects above water, amounts only to a ninth part of the whole mass, that being the proportion of ice which floats above salt water. Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh, clothed with snow, would have formed only one pinnacle to this berg. When these bodies became familiar to us from their frequency, we derived much pleasure from the various shades and gradations of colour they exhibited. The more compact parts were generally of a bright verdigris hue; towards the base a fine sea green prevailed—here and there a tint of red was seen, and the summits alone were snow white. As the part of the ice which is covered by the sea decays more rapidly than that which is in the air, it often happens that one of these islands becomes top heavy, and tumbles over. We never saw one in the act of making this evolution; but most of them bore evident marks of having been overturned twice or thrice; the old water lines intersecting each other in various directions, being still deeply engraven on their surface."

The first view of Resolution Island was obtained during a fog, which soon became so thick as to preclude all view beyond the ship's length—in consequence of this, they fell foul of a field of ice, and a calm ensuing, they were drifted along till a huge cliff, frowning destruction on their apparently devoted vessel, aroused them to a sense of the imminent danger that surrounded them—in a few minutes the ship fell broadside against it, and the vessel was hurried along towards a ridge of rocks which would have soon torn to pieces the strongest vessel; providentially the current now eddied off shore, and the land breeze springing up, soon carried them round the point—the vessel had received some hard blows against the ice, and sprung a leak, which was with great difficulty kept under during the rest of the voyage.

"In these straits the Hudson's Bay vessels are generally visited by a tribe of Esquimaux, who frequent the shores during the summer, and come off to the ships for the purpose of bartering their whole wealth, which consists in whale and seal blubber, for iron, which has become an article of the first consequence to them. Accordingly, one day, when we were above twenty miles from shore, these poor creatures ventured off in their skin canoes, pulling with the utmost anxiety to reach the vessel. It sometimes happens, when the ships have a fair wind, that they run past the Esquimaux haunts without stopping; in the present instance, however, we were detained by light contrary winds, which enabled them to overtake us, and when they did so, they expressed so much joy and exultation, that it was easy to conceive how great their disappointment must have been when they missed us. In a short time we were surrounded by thirty or forty canoes, each carrying one man, with his small cargo of merchandize, which, to their great



satisfaction, they speedily exchanged for pieces of iron hoops, knives, saws, hatchets, harpoons, and tin pots. The wind continuing contrary the remainder of the day, we stood in towards the land, and gave the women of the tribe an opportunity to come off, which they did in five large canoes, formed like the others of skins, but open, and each capable of carrying from 20 to 30 people. The oars were pulled by women, but there was an old man in each boat to direct them. As they brought off a great many children, I suppose we saw the whole tribe, amounting to nearly 200 persons.

"The features of the Esquimaux are not the most regular in the world, but it was pleasing to see their flat, fat, greasy faces. When they had disposed of their articles of trade, we presented the women and children with a few needles, beads, and other trinkets, and sent them away highly delighted. Since that time, we have been contending against contrary winds—but by perseverance succeeded in getting within a few days' sail of York Factory, at which place I shall conclude and dispatch."—*August 31,—York Factory.*

"We have landed here in safety; find the country more pleasant than we expected, and have been told that the difficulties of travelling in this region have been much exaggerated." "J. R."

The *HECLA*, one of the vessels of the maritime expedition, was on the 22d of May in  $59^{\circ} 4' N.$  lat. An article, dated *Norway, Nov. 5th*, states, that "M. Sheling of Rhœdœ, in the Northlanden, has informed the Government, that a sealed bottle was found on the 20th of September, near the canal above Rhœdœ; it contained a letter from the Captain of the *HECLA*, dated May 16, 1819, at two P. M.  $59^{\circ} 4' N.$  lat. and  $6^{\circ} 25' W.$  long. It referred merely to the state of the wind and thermometer; crew all in perfect health."

Some accounts are said to have been received from the *HECLA* and *GRIPER*, then in lat.  $86^{\circ}$ : however, this must be a mistake, as we believe no advices from Lieutenant Parry have reached the Admiralty. The vessels were seen by some whalers near the entrance to Lancaster's Sound, hence it is probable that the latitude, instead of  $86^{\circ}$  should be  $76^{\circ}$ . It is strongly conjectured that Lieutenant Parry has passed through Lancaster's Sound, as it is understood, in the event of his meeting any impediment, he was to make the best of his way to Sir Thomas Smith's Sound; and had he resorted to the last measure, there is a great probability that he must have been seen or heard of by some of the whalers; however, the before mentioned account from lat.  $86^{\circ}$ , says, that "they had fallen in with an immense mass of ice, which appeared to be framed upon a solid rock. The sea to the north of this huge mass presented the appearance of a lake perfectly free from ice."

None of the inhabitants that they met with seemed to have seen or heard of the former expedition under Captain Ross. "It seems to be the opinion of these voyagers, that there is no northern outlet from Baffin's Bay.

From the account given by the whalers, last summer has undoubtedly been more severe than usual; but, it seems more probable, that the winter was milder; the high latitudes were almost clear of floating ice; an increased quantity was found between 68° and 72° N. lat.



### MUNGO PARK.

(From the Malta Government Gazette.)

"In our former numbers an article was inserted, (which had been originally published in the *Liverpool Mercury*) inquiring into the probability of the celebrated Mungo Park being still in existence. Some allusion was then made to information stated to have been obtained from a conversation with Nathaniel Pearce, at Judda, in the Red Sea. Mr. Pearce, now at Cairo, perceiving that some inaccuracies had crept into the statement, as already published, has given an account of the conversation alluded to, which may be considered as authentic. The following is an extract from Mr. Pearce's letter on the subject:

"I am obliged to trouble you with a story, an account of which I read in the *Malta Gazette*. It appears that Capt. Fairwell wrote to his friend in Liverpool, in which letter he said that he found me at Judda; that I told him Mungo Park was still alive, and that I was on my road to Tombuctoo to join him, &c. I will give you some small account of our discourse at table, on board of his ship. We talked a great deal at table about Coffin, who had been with me the last nine years in the country (Abyssinia). He asked me if there were any white men there? I told him 'one Greek and an Armenian.'—'Did you never hear of Mungo Park?—is it possible he can be alive?' said he. I answered, 'in all probability he may; a friend of mine, who trades from Gondar to Tombuctoo, by way of Sanna, told me several times that within six years he had been four times to Tombuctoo, and had always seen a white man there, who was detained by the natives, as a person able to write charms; perhaps he may be Mungo Park; it certainly can be no other English traveller.' Nothing else passed on the subject.

"Mr. Pearce is now preparing, under Mr. Salt's eye, an account of his long residence in Abyssinia, which cannot fail, when published, to prove highly entertaining."

## DOMESTIC AND RURAL ECONOMY.

*To preserve Young Potato Crops from the Effects of Frost.*—It is strongly recommended to brush the hoar frost off the young potato-leaves before sunshine, which preserves the crops from the effects of the cold produced by its thawing—this object may be accomplished by two men drawing a loosely twisted hay rope down each ridge or drill.

*To purify Corn tainted with Must.*—In the *Phil. Trans.* Mr. Hatchett has given the following method:—“The wheat must be put into any convenient vessel capable of containing, at least, three times the quantity, and the vessel must be subsequently filled with boiling water; the grain should be occasionally stirred, and the hollow and decayed grains (which will float) be removed; when the water has become cold, or, in general, when about half an hour has elapsed, it is to be drawn off.—It will be proper then to rinse the corn with cold water, in order to remove any portion of the water which had taken up the must; after which, the corn being completely drained, is, without loss of time, to be thinly spread on the floor of a kiln, and thoroughly dried, care being taken to stir and turn it frequently during this part of the process.”

*To prevent Mildew in Wheat.*—Dissolve one part of salt in eight parts of water; with this mixture sprinkle the diseased corn. Where the corn is sown in drills, this may be done with a watering pot; but the best and most expeditious mode is with a flat brush, such as whitewashers use, having a tin collar, made water-tight, round the bottom, to prevent the mixture dropping down the operator's arm and running to waste. The operator having a pail of salt and water in one hand, and dipping the brush with the other, makes his regular casts, as in sowing corn broadcast. In this way he will readily get over ten acres in the day; about two hogshheads will do one acre. Wherever the mixture touches, in three or four days the mildew will disappear. Upon the parts that escape, the sprinkling must be repeated. If judiciously cast, the mixture falls in drops, as uniformly as rain.


Mr. Brock, of East Lothian, has found that, mixing one part of salt with about 32 of seed, is effectual.

*To prevent the Fly in Turnips.*—It appears, on a trial by Mr. Knight at the suggestion of Sir H. Davy, that lime slacked with urine, and mixed with a treble quantity of soot, if sprinkled in with the seed at



the time of sowing, will protect the seeds and germs from the ravages of this pernicious insect; but this antidote cannot be conveniently applied, unless the sowing be in drills. A more simple remedy, found by Mr. Meyne to be perfectly successful, is to steep the acid in sulphur water, putting an ounce of sulphur to a pint of water, which will be sufficient for soaking about three pounds of seed.

*To prevent Smut in Wheat.*—Liming the seed by immersion is recommended (in the *Bibliothèque Économique*) as the only preventive warranted by science, and sanctioned by experience. To destroy the germ of the blight in  $4\frac{1}{2}$  bushels, or 256 pounds of corn, about six or seven gallons of water must be used, and from 35 to 42 ounces avoirdupois of quick lime, according as the seed may have more or less of the blight. Raise the water to a boiling heat, and slack the lime with it; then add the rest of the water, (the heat of the water should now be such as to be scarcely supportable by the hand); pour the lime-water upon the corn placed in a tub, stirring it incessantly, at first with a stick, and afterwards with a shovel. The liquid should at first cover the wheat three or four fingers depth; it will soon be absorbed by the grain. In this state let it remain covered over for 24 hours, but turning it five or six times during the day; such of the liquor as will drain off, is then to be separated; the corn, after standing a few hours in order that it may run freely out of the hand, may now be sown; if not intended to be used immediately, the limed wheat should be put in a heap, and moved once or twice a day, till dry.

*Grafting.*—A common method of grafting is, by making a transverse section in the stock, and a perpendicular slit below it; the bud is then pushed down to give it the position which it is to have. This method is not always successful. It is better to reverse it, by making the vertical slit above the transverse section thus , and putting the bud upwards into its position—a method which rarely fails of success; because, as the sap descends by the bark, and does not ascend, the bud thus placed above the transverse section, receives an abundant supply, which in the other method could not reach it.

#### KITCHEN GARDEN.—(February.)

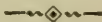
*Cucumbers and Melons.*—The cucumber and melon plants which were raised last month, should now be transplanted into a new hot-bed, which should be made a sufficient length of time to allow the violent heat to subside before it is finally covered. The earth with which it is laid over should be rich and dry. About noon of the day after planting, water slightly, without touching the leaves or stems of the plants; repeat it every second or third day. About eleven o'clock each day, when the weather is open, give air to the frames, by raising up the sashes—it will be

advisable to allow a piece of matting to over-hang the aperture, to prevent any current of air. The glasses should at night be covered with straw or matting, and the sides of the bed defended by a layer of litter. The minimum heat for the germination of the melon, is about 65° F; that for the cucumber lower—when the heat begins to decline, it must be renewed by a lining of fresh dung, and inserting some into the bed by means of large holes, which can be easily made with the handle of a spade. When the plants have rough leaves, and before the second is fully expanded, they should be pruned or stopped, by carefully pinching off the bud that appears at the bottom of the second rough leaf; this will make them put out three or four fruit runners.

*Turnips.*—Sow early Dutch—turnips grow best in a light, moderately rich, fine soil; a mixture of sand and loam produces the finest flavoured roots.

*Peas and Beans.*—In an open quarter sow Mazagan, Windsor, (which is first in flavour), or Sandwich beans—and marrow fat or hotspur peas—lay beans two or three inches deep, from three to four inches asunder, and from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 feet distant, according to size. Sow peas in drills about the same or greater distance asunder.

Prepare ground for parsnips, carrots, onions and leeks.—If the latter end of the month be mild, some of each may be put down; but the mean crop had better be deferred till next month—latter end of the month, sow asparagus for transplanting next year. If hard frosts set in, defend the artichokes with litter laid round each plant—hoe earth to early beans and peas.



#### FARMER'S CALENDAR.—(February.)

Care must be taken to cut water furrows through all new ploughed lands as soon as the fields are finished: The old water furrows in the wheat fields are also to be examined, as well as those in the fallows ploughed in Autumn. If they have filled in any place, they must be cleaned out. Too much attention cannot be given to keep the lands quite free from stagnant water. Clear away underwood, level headlands, and bring the borders of the inclosures into good order by digging them to a proper depth, and grubbing up roots and stumps; the employing them as grass lands, is, in a large farm, most profitable.

*Lime and Marl.*—Lime may be laid on, this month, when the ground is sufficiently dry; marl should be used for the improvement of light sandy soils; on the stronger kind, which have a mixture of loam in them, a good proportion seems to be about 115 loads per acre; a car load is estimated at a cubical yard; when more is laid on, the length of time required for its incorporation with the soil is so long, that years pass over before benefit is repaid. When marl is laid on, it should remain at least six months before the action of the plough,—where grass lands have been the object of attention, great care should be taken to break the clods, by repeated harrowings, and rollings; clayey loam is to be preferred, on loose, poor, sandy soils.

*Manure grass lands.*—This is the proper season for laying on several sorts of manure, such as soot, coal ashes, wood ashes, lime, malt dust, &c. &c. In general

these are spread in too small quantities to require a whole winter's rain to wash them in. The use of these manures, and other light dressings in February, is very beneficial; but throughout the management of purchased manures, experiments should be formed for a year or two, before the practice is extended, to see which, at a given price, will suit the land best.

*Vetches.*—Vetches for making hay, or green feeding, should be sown this month. Harrow in about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  bushels per acre; this is a very profitable crop; it loosens the soil, and kills weeds without exhausting the land, and there is a chance of being in time a crop of turnips in the same ground.

Towards the latter end of this month, barley, oats, and late wheat may be sown; the early sowing of oats is getting into repute.

Plant white Bangor potatoes; pink eyes may also soon go down.—Lay the set, with the cuts downwards.

Sow field crops of sanfoin, parsnips, cabbages, peas and beans.—Shake a little soot over the cabbage seed; Dutch and Drumheads are good kinds.

~\*~  
MISCELLANEA.

*To the Editor of the Dublin Magazine.*

SIR,

As the number of those writers are small, who have the power of constantly enchaining their readers' attention by beauty of style and propriety of thought—of always delighting by fertility of fancy, or improving by extent of information; so there are almost equally few, even among the lowest class of authors, who do not, *in some part* of their works, afford a degree of pleasure and instruction. And though the traveller, who commits himself to their guidance, is generally conducted through tangled forests, or plains sombre and undiversified; yet, does he sometimes meet a spot where the advantages of art and nature have been happily intermingled; where his eye is gladdened with a gleam of sunshine, his ear refreshed by a pleasant waterfall, or his attention attracted towards some novelty, which, while it gratifies curiosity, affords a recompence to toil.

Almost every man has, at some period of his life, uttered sayings which, either by reason of their wit or wisdom, were not unworthy of remembrance. But though many have elicited a few sparkles of intelligence, scarcely marked by a momentary brightness; few can continue the mental flame, always active and unobscured, through the course of a lengthened performance. It is, doubtless, owing to a want of duly considering this distinction, and to the self-complacence arising in the minds of vain men from the fortuitous happinesses already mentioned, that we are to attribute the great multitude of sorry writers who blot the page of literature; a multitude which “no man can number.” Such writers, forming a false and favourable estimate of their own talents, with a degree of confidence only equalled by their folly, launch their puny skiffs on the sea of public opinion: unprovided with fancy's sail, or reason's helm, they are soon picked up by some of the many critics that cruise that unpacific ocean; or (still more disastrous fate!) sink quietly unnoticed in the dark waters of oblivion. There are few evils irremediable by industry and perseverance; and I flatter myself that these literary nuisances (so justly complained of) may not only be abated, but the causes in which they originated rendered productive of beneficial effects, by the adoption of a system which I now hasten to explain. Union is



power; we know that a rope sufficient to suspend a thief, nay, to hold a first-rate man-of-war, is formed by the junction of fibres indescribably frail and minute. In like manner, Mr. Editor, were the vagrant and twinkling orbs of many authorlings collected and united: from such a combination would be produced a constellation of no inconsiderable brightness, however dim each individual star might separately appear;—for example, Sir, six or seven fair composers of riddles, anagrams, and acrostics, may, with united throes, bring forth a sonnet; some dozen song-writers, by dint of straining and standing tip-toe on each others shoulders, be erected into a very sober and goodly ode; and so of the rest. These fabrics would, like the buildings of the beavers, have a double claim on curiosity, both because of their intrinsic ingenuity, and the insignificant nature of the architects. That such a system of literary partnership would, if generally encouraged, soon banish the bankruptcy, pauperism, and (it grieves me to say it) robbery, that infest the world of letters, is sufficiently evident. Perhaps, indeed, an Act of the Legislature for the promotion of so desirable an union would not be misapplied; but this I only suggest as a hint to the patriotic statesmen of the present day, whose skill in such measures is so great, whose virtues and talents I dare not (through fear of offence) eulogise according to desert; whose care to keep the fountain of knowledge *unsullied* and well *inclosed*, has been of late so conspicuous; and who, as they have now no fear of literary enemies, need not the aid of their friends. True it is, Mr. Editor, objections have been raised against my project; objections in general too trifling to deserve a reply: the most material I shall here subjoin and endeavour to refute. It has been said that the suppression of paltry publications contemplated by this system, and the consequent scarcity of waste paper, will occasion incalculable injury to divers honest manufacturers of sallylun and band-boxes, and to their numerous families: nay, that in time of war, the glory and safety of the state itself might be thereby endangered, through the want of a competent supply of said article for the formation of ball-cartridge and wadding for our fleets and armies. This, indeed, Sir, seems a serious difficulty, but is in reality an imaginary one; as it must be admitted that, while the laudable custom of hanging malefactors, and editing their farewell harangues; of printing prayer books, acts of parliament, and modern tragedies, continue, there can be no lack of materials for such purposes. For the critics, the doers and compilers of periodical reviews, I am sorely distressed: that these executioners and hangmen of literature, who have so long earned a comfortable livelihood by torturing and scourging naughty authors, should, by means of my system, be deprived of employment and subsistence, is to me a melancholy consideration. But the calamity of a few must be disregarded when made subservient to the good of many. I have now, Mr. Editor, established my plans on firm foundations; it but remains (according to established usage) to pull down those of others, that my own may appear more conspicuous and beautiful among the surrounding ruins; but I shall spare the vanquished the shame of appearing in my triumph; and only add, that having communicated my scheme to some of my friends, infected with the *cocoethes scribendi*, a club was in consequence formed towards the close of the last year. Our weekly meetings were (for reasons best known to authors) to be held on Sundays; and the time spent at them, we proposed to devote to the composition and correction of our joint productions in various branches of literature. And though aware that singly we were flowers which could boast but a small degree of beauty or of fragrance, yet were we vain enough to suppose that, united, we might form no indifferent bouquet. At our first meeting appeared Dick Dacktyl, R. A. (reviewed

author), holding in one hand a Poem in praise of our Institution, and in the other, a Prospectus of the *Dublin Magazine*. After Dick (in a style well known to frequenters of public meetings) had congratulated the country, and the year 1820, on the simultaneous appearance of two such luminaries in the literary horizon, as your Magazine and our Society, he concluded by comparing the latter to Milton's "cloudy tabernacle, where light sojourned," and your publication to the sun

"made porous to receive

"And drink *our* liquid light, firm to retain

"The gathered beams, great palace now of light."

In plain terms, Mr. Editor, Dick proposed, and it was unanimously agreed, "that the publication of the *Dublin Magazine* deserves and receives our sincere approbation, and that our Secretary present an offer of the cordial co-operation of this Society to the Editor of that work." It is, Sir, in compliance with this resolution, that I have addressed you; it was likewise my intention to have sent you a particular character and history of each of our members, had not this explanation of our objects, by its unexpected length, precluded the execution of that design, at least for the present. It shall, however, be transmitted, together with the future proceedings of our club, should you express your approbation of our purpose, by the publication of this letter.

Signed by Order,

SIMON WHIMSEY, Secretary.

P. S. Annexed is the introductory paragraph of my friend Dacktyl's poem, eulogising our club: having in this essay emancipated himself from the fetters of rhyme, (which he can clank very melodiously) he had contrived to swell his performance to twenty-four close written pages, and was anxious that your readers should be indulged with the whole. But "Dis aliter visum:" Oh, Mr. Editor. "Animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit:" my heart bleeds at the recollection: alas, Sir, my cook maid—a Goth, a very Vandal, could not have done more—yes, Sir, my cook maid singed a goose with Dick's warm and glowing lines—like a painter of antiquity, I draw a veil over the feelings of Dacktyl.—Ex pede Herculem—alas! alas!

Friendship! it is a gush of gen'rous feeling,  
That at th' immediate touch of Heaven doth spring  
From out self-love's obduracy; as melted,  
From Horeb's stubborn rock, the living wave  
Obsequious to the Prophets rod. 'Tis this  
That in life's painful pilgrimage can cheer  
The wearied traveller, and make him happier  
Than is the prince, who may not taste the draught  
By flatt'ry unempoisoned. Med'cine of woe!  
Thy hand can smooth the sleepless pillow, where  
Lies tossing anguish: and thy eye, suffus'd  
With pity's tear, can cast a beam of light  
On death's pale countenance. Friendship! thou art  
The sacrament of feeling; and possessest  
Love's sterling metal with its dross unmingled.

DICK DACKTYL.

F.

It is a matter of great doubt whether the figure in the nave of Christ Church, commonly reported to represent Strongbow, be actually an effigy of that chieftain. Sir Richard Hoare remarks that, the armorial bearings on the shield of the Knight

represented in the monument, are very different from those of Strongbow, as given by Enderbic and Owen, R.

From the earliest account of the ancient Irish costume, as described in *The Islandic Chronicle* of A. D. 1129, it appears that linen made part of the dress; and so great was their predilection for this fabric, that sumptuary laws were enacted by Henry VIII. to restrain its use. By these laws, a shirt or *smock*, was ordered to contain no more than *seven yards* of linen cloth: prior thereto, the shirt ordinarily contained *thirty yards*.—*Whitelaw and Walsh's Hist. of Dub.*

In the reign of Edward IV. the nobility had their shoes tied up by strings to their knees, and an act was passed to shorten them. At that time the men wore dresses the same as those now worn by the yeomen of the Guards.

In the registry of the Chamber of Accounts at Paris, is a charge of 20 sols, for two new sleeves put to the coat of Louis XIth, and 15 for greasing his boots!!

Guido Aretina, who flourished in 1028, greatly improved the scale of music, which had been handed down, and indeed did so much for the arrangement of the science, that he was generally supposed to have invented the scale which we now possess; he gave to each note, except the seventh, its name from the first syllable of the following lines, which are to be found in the Breviary, on St John the Baptist's day, and were transferred into it from Paulus Diaconus, being the first stanza of a hymn; the seventh note was named from the initials of the last two words

Ut queant laxis  
Resonare fibris  
Mira gestorum  
Famuli tuorum  
Solve Polluti,  
Labia reatum,  
Sancte Johannes.

#### FINE ARTS.

*Transferring Fresco Paintings.*—An Italian Journal states that Steffano Baretzzi, a native of Milan, has hit upon an effectual and expeditious method of transferring fresco paintings, of whatever size, from the wall, whether level or not, to pannels without doing the least damage to the original design. His method consists in laying a piece of prepared linen against the wall, which extracts the painting in such a manner that the artist, with a sure and uniform motion, can draw off the linen in a perfect state, with the painting, so that the wall itself remains quite white. The linen is then stretched upon a pannel, and again drawn from this, so that the painting itself remains fixed upon the pannel without sustaining the smallest injury. The Roman Government, in consideration of the importance of this discovery, has come forward to animate the efforts of this artist, by assigning him the church Della Pace, (now shut up), where he can apply his method to some valuable paintings of Marco d'Oggione.

*Account of a new style of engraving on Copper in Alto Relievo, invented by W. Lizars, communicated by the Inventor.* EDIN. PHIL. JOURN. No. 3.—In the operation of engraving, the desired effect is produced by making incisions upon the copper plate with a steel instrument of an angular shape, which incisions are filled with printing ink, and transferred to the paper by the pressure of a roller, which



passed over its surface. There is another mode of producing these lines, or incisions, by means of diluted nitrous acid, which is well known, and in which the impression is taken in the same way.—The new mode of engraving is done upon a principle exactly the reverse, for instead of the subject being cut into the copper, it is the interstice between these lines which is removed by diluted acid, (*Aquafortis*), and the lines are left at the surface, from which the impression is taken by means of a common type printing press, instead of a copper-plate press.—This is effected by drawing with turpentine varnish, coloured with lamp-black, whatever is required upon the plate, and when the varnish is thoroughly dry, the acid is poured upon it, and the interstice of course removed by its action upon the uncovered part of the copper. If the subject is very full of dark shading, this operation will be performed with little risk of accident, and with the removal of very little of the interstice between the lines; but if the distance between the lines is great, the risk and difficulty is very much increased, and it will be requisite to cut away the parts which surround the lines with a graver, in order to prevent the dabber with the printing-ink from reaching the bottom, and thus producing a blurred impression. It is obvious, therefore, that the more the plate is covered with work, the less risk will there be in the preparation of it with the acid, after the subject is drawn, and the less trouble will there be in removing the interstice (if any) from those places where there is little shading. A great degree of facility will be obtained by etching out the first line with the common etching needle, and afterwards putting on the cross line, with the varnish; and by this means there will be much more variety, regularity and beauty in the effect, than if the whole had been done with the varnish.

I have found, from experience, that the best mode of proceeding is to lay an etching ground upon the copper, as in the ordinary operation of etching; to remove the first lines, or rather *interstices*, with the needle, and then to put on the cross-lines with the varnish. Should this cramp the freedom of the artist in some parts, he can easily scrape off the etching ground, and draw those with the varnish.

\* \* \* I have used lead, pewter, type-metal, zinc, and brass, all with various success, but have still found copper superior to them all. Mr Siveright, of Meggetland, a gentleman well known in this city for his scientific acquirements, and to whom, during these experiments, I was much indebted, used, with very great success, the same kind of limestone which is employed in lithography. I have also tried various kinds of varnishes, viz. mastic varnish, Japan liquid, etching ground-copal varnish, and spirit varnish, but I have found the best to be common turpentine varnish, or rosin dissolved in turpentine.

EDINBURGH, Oct. 1819.

*Doctor Mac Culloch on colouring agates artificially.*—The Doctor finds the rationale of the process is, charring the oil imbibed during the action of the lapidary's wheel on the agate, which is effected by boiling it in sulphuric acid: The success of the process may, therefore, be always insured, by boiling the agates for a sufficient time in oil, and then in sulphuric acid: the most porous laminæ absorb the oil, and consequently are afterwards rendered black by the action of the acid, while others seem too dense for this property, and retain their original colour.—The external characters of the absorbing laminæ, he has not yet traced. The Indians also colour agates white; this is effected by applying carbonate of Soda, and by exposing them to the heat of a furnace or muffle, a refracting of white enamel is produced, which penetrates the stone some depth, and answers well for the purpose of engraving Cameos.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

The Royal Irish Academy has a volume of Transactions in the Press, which will shortly appear.

A book entitled *Maximes et Pensées du Prisonnier de St. Helene* is announced in Paris.

The Rev. Mr. Kennedy, F. T. C. D. has a new edition of Homer's *Illiad* in the Press.

The New Testament, translated from the original Greek, into Toloogoo, by Mr. Pritchett, has been just published at the Madras Commercial Press. Mr. Urquhart, the principal caster of the types, is also casting types for a Canarese translation.

A collection of near 500 Persian, Arabic, and Turkish MSS. has lately been added to the treasures already possessed by the Asiatic Museum of the Academy of St. Petersburg. They were collected in, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Persia, by a person versed in those languages, M. Rousseau, formerly the consul-general of France at Aleppo, and since at Bagdad, and taken to France, where they were immediately purchased for Russia; his Majesty the Emperor has now made a present of them to the Academy of Sciences.

Madame Murat possessed a fine collection of medals, among which were a great number of Greek pieces. She has, it is said, sold these to the Court of Vienna for 100,000 francs. Madame Murat has also other precious antiques; among them, one of the largest and most beautiful Etrurian vases, and a collection of pictures, of the first Italian schools.

## Poetry.

## ODE TO FANCY.

BY JOHN BERTRIDGE CLARKE, SCH. T. C. D.

Come, goddess of the beaming eye,  
Rob'd in the livery of the sky;  
Come on your flying sapphire throne,  
With floating hair and loosen'd zone.—  
Sweet Fancy! bright, romantic maid,  
In all thy heav'n of charms array'd:  
Thou whom 'tis said Mnemosyne,  
Conceiv'd of Phæbus, God of Day,  
As once he met her in a grove,  
And loos'd her virgin zone in love,  
Ere yet she bore the Nine to Jove. }  
Sweet Fancy! thou who lov'st to dwell  
Now in the Eremite's moss'd cell,  
In heav'nly contemplation drown'd,  
While Peace breathes hallowed stillness  
round;  
And now in gilded rooms of state,  
Amid the gorgeous and the great,  
Delightest in Levity and Folly,  
Most mirthful when most melancholy.

What mortal grasps the white wing'd  
ray,

That lightens from the spring of day,

In which are blent the thousand dyes,  
That paint the earth, and seas, and  
skies?

O who can grasp thy colour'd flight,  
Thou loveliest ray of living light!  
Then come, and for one tranced hour,  
We'll view this flitting, charming power;  
Let boasted Reason not intrude,  
I like her in her wildest mood.  
Now in bright palanquin she flies  
To India's sun-illumin'd skies,  
And loves to fire an am'rous maid  
Beneath the bow'r-tree's bloomy shade;  
Or shuns the day-star's dazzling tide,  
Where od'rous arbours wave their pride;  
And a sweet strain of rapture waves,  
While sun-beams gild the twinkling leaves,  
Or far from all the haunts of men,  
In some wild-wooded shadowy glen,  
Beneath that tree of pensive mood,  
Sweet tree! the pride of Solitude,  
That blooms and blossoms to the moon,  
She loves to spend the silent noon,

And sing a wild and love-lorn song,  
 In concert to her silver gong;  
 Or sweeps her sweet Syrinda's strings,  
 While the bow'r'd Bulbull answering  
   sings;  
 Till 'mid the eastern clouds afar,  
 She sees the rising morning star  
 His fire-bright eye in heav'n display,  
 And look the humid shades away;  
 While silence answers to the strain,  
 I Echo's voice, and charms the plain;  
 And the lorn wanderer on the hill  
 Might think the Angel Israfil  
 Had wander'd down, on snowy wing,  
 Amid those fairy groves to sing;  
 And while the dapp'l'd, dewy dawn,  
 Spreads her pale mantle o'er the lawn,  
 The unambitious blooms of Night,  
 Sicken and wither at the sight:  
 Sweet emblems of that loveliness  
 In woman, that delights to bless  
 The soft domestic scene: nor flies  
 T' unveil its charms to vulgar eyes.  
 And now, on northern mountains hoar,  
 She hunts the rein-deer or the boar,  
 And bounds o'er precipices wide,  
 With shadowy pole and giant stride,  
 And holds her breath in, lest from high,  
 The thundering avalanche might fly;  
 Or, hurried on the flying sledge,  
 Shoots down the mountain's glassy ledge,  
 And while the trembling moon-beams  
   glow,  
 Reflected from the drifted snow,  
 Sweeps with a courier-angel's haste,  
 Across th' interminable waste.  
   Come, sweet, enthusiastic fair,  
   Drawn by your griffins thro' the air;  
   Come like the star that gems the even',  
   Come loveliest progeny of heaven;  
   Leave thy bright dome of emerald  
   green,  
   Built in the rain-bow's arched sheen,  
   And with thy kindling power again  
   Illumine the dark haunts of men.  
 Yes—led by thee, I'd love to wander  
 Thro' these bright worlds that sparkle  
   yonder,  
 And charm my fond delighted ears,  
 With listening to the turning spheres;  
 And see the powers of Providence,  
 In wonders of the blue immense;  
 And thence I'd bend my headlong flight,  
 And view the spectral realms of night—  
 With thee, I'd mount the lightning's  
   wing:  
 With thee in thunder-clouds I'd sing:  
 With thee upon the rifted rock  
 I'd smile at the dread earthquake's shock;

Or swept on the tornado's blast,  
 Scatter destruction as I pass'd;  
 Then walk, fill'd with thy sacred pow'r,  
 The mountain-wave at midnight hour;  
 Converse with genii of the deep,  
 Or on its foamy summit sleep  
 As sweetly, if thou wert not flown,  
 As slumber out in silk and down.

Or, Sylph of heav'n! with thee I'll  
   rove

In converse through the shady grove,  
 And while you teach my lips to sing,  
 We'll drink of the untasted spring,  
 And listen to its murmuring—  
 Or at the close of even we'll bend  
 (When Vesper's silver dew descends)

Our steps to amarantine bow'rs,  
 And frolic count th' Idalian hours—  
 Or when, in the clear midnight sky,  
 The moon's bright car is mounting high,  
 And from her trembling silver beams,  
 The Gothic arch round-ivied gleams,  
 We'll view the monumental caves  
 Of death, where kings are mix'd with  
   slaves;

And, lost in contemplation, hear  
 Angelic sounds strike the rapt ear,  
 While seraphs to our eyes are giv'n,  
 Glancing on moon-beams down from  
   heav'n.—

Sister of Genius! come, illumine  
 This darksome waste, this mental gloom;  
 Teach me thy lovely power to tell,  
 Without thy aid—ineffable.

She comes! she comes! I feel her pow'r  
 Swell my rapt soul, a kindling show'r  
 Of bright ideas fires my mind,  
 She comes! I leave the clouds behind;  
 With her I fly a rapid race,  
 Unfetter'd or by time and space,  
 And swift as whirlwinds sweep the main,  
 I feel myself at home again.

And lo! now marshal'd by her wand,  
 The passions own her sov'reign hand:  
 Behold Ambition's figure gaunt,  
 Lead on the van with crimson front;  
 See his gold crown all dim appears,  
 With widows' sighs and orphans'  
   tears.

See now she gives the start to Fear,  
 And frights him, tho' no danger near;  
 And maddening Anger wildly flies,  
 His lightnings borrow'd from her eyes;  
 See how fair Hope, her dearest child,  
 Deck'd in the flowrets of the wild,  
 Her shadowy forms with rapture sees,  
 And dreams of pleasure till it flees—  
 And lo! in fields of Asphodel,  
 Where blooming Love delights to dwell,



The wishful maid in vacant air,  
Pictured by Fancy's pencil fair  
Beside her on the flowery plain,  
Plays with her visionary swain ;  
See where she smiles and shuns the kiss;  
She loves——'tis Fancy forms the  
bliss,

Which sometimes too is fond to wear  
The amber gem of Pity's tear.

But chief when Liberty inspires,  
The Goddess owns her heav'n-born fires.  
She sees proud Cæsar veil his face,  
And fall before great Pompey's base,  
While o'er him Freedom's genius stands,  
With crimson steel and reeking hands,  
And with the lightnings of her eye,  
Blasts the steel heart of Tyranny—  
With her, at suffering Freedom's word,  
When man must wield th' avenging sword,  
Each breast's a Bruce, each heart's a Tell,  
And Hampden heaves each high-born  
swell—

And Sidney's spirit from the skies  
Prompts to the deed that never dies.  
By her the thunder-bolts are hurl'd  
'Gainst the proud Nimrod's of the world,  
Who rule their realms with iron rod,  
And think men worthless as the sod,  
Which they defil'd when it they trod.

Yes, Fancy ! still in thy keen glance  
Reeks the red dagger, burns the lance  
That quiver'd in a tyrant's breast,  
And made an harass'd people blest—  
Aye ! in the sun-like beam I ween,  
Still blooms the wreath, an ever-green,  
That twin'd the bright Athenian steel,  
Which tyrants felt and fear to feel.

She sees, too, Congo's quiver'd chief  
From his palmetto torn, in grief,  
While roaring oceans wildly sever  
Him from the friends he lov'd, for ever,  
Till welcome Death shall set him free ;  
Then, unconfin'd by chains or sea,  
He'll meet them, where of yore they  
play'd,

Beneath the palm or citron glade :  
She sees him view the dewless sky,  
With burning lid, yet tearless eye :  
And writhing with the scourge's pain,  
His high soul scorning to complain  
And when she sees him thus endued  
With constancy and Fortitude,  
And seems his sufferings to scan,  
She's half afraid to visit man.  
But, on our green, our ocean Isles,  
No Lybian pines—here Freedom smiles.  
See at the word from yonder height,  
The Goddess bends her airy flight,

Enshrin'd in clouds of roseate hue,  
Rob'd in her vest of Heav'n-wov'n  
blue.

What ! changed so soon ! a crimson  
crest

Nods from her head—on her mail'd  
breast

A twisted Hauberk burns—her hand  
In circles waves a glittering brand.  
And lo ! she mounts her fiery car,  
And, like Bellona, sweeps the war,  
And (as tho' each fine feeling fled)  
The living gores insults the dead ;  
And now she spins the snowy fleece,  
And twines the olive wreath of peace.

Come, lovely Sorcerers ! whose wand,  
As pow'rful as the Prophet's hand,  
Can make the purple wine distil  
In streamlets from the frozen hill ;  
And plant an eastern paradise,  
On mountain rocks of azure ice ;  
And make Sabean spices bloom  
'Mid Night's domain and Winter's gloom,  
Or ev'n th' Arabian Phoenix glow,  
And burn in bed of Lapland snow ;  
And would with equal pleasure hear,  
And list to with delightful ear,  
The wolf's wild howl from icy vale,  
As the melodious nightingale,  
When she her unplum'd innocents,  
tol'n from their downy nest, laments ;  
While tuneful melancholy floats  
In softly-wild depending notes,  
And rarest luxuries of sound,  
Transport the raptur'd region round.  
O come, sweet maid ! around my head,  
Thy sun-bright halo deign to shed —  
O come—as thou wert wont to glide  
A silver swan on Avon's tide,  
When Shakspeare lov'd with thee to sing,  
And stroke thy snowy-plumag'd wing ;  
Or, bring the lyre, with lily hand,  
That Spencer kiss'd in Fairy Land ;  
Or that which nervous Dryden strung,  
While every Muse in concert sung,  
And thy fine visions bright and strong,  
Burn'd in magnificence of song.  
Or snatch the trump from heav'n's high  
arch,

That peal'd the great Messiah's March,  
When, like the Palmian Seer, 'twas giv'n  
To Milton to be spher'd in Heav'n.  
Or teach me sweetly how to swell  
The notes of Collins' magic spell ;  
Or with majestic sweep to sway  
The Gothic harp erst strung by Gray.  
Upon whose Teelin, in wild slumbers  
The Genius of the Northern Numbers

Repos'd, till touch'd by his rapt hand,  
It woke in music bold and grand.  
Or, if each charm of thought and mea-  
sure,

If the soft lute's most flowery treasure,  
If Passion's sweets and Pleasure's lure  
Delight: oh, let me copy Moore.  
Or to thy votary dispense  
Thy Southey's wild magnificence,  
Or classic Campbell's golden line,  
Where taste and truth and beauty shine,  
Or Anster's sweetly solemn trance,  
Or Croke's wit and elegance.  
Or deign to fling from your bright urns,  
Such thoughts as erst you flung to Burns,  
Who, in his wizard wood-notes wild,  
Approv'd him yon's and Nature's child.  
Sweet Burns! whose simple Doric reed,  
With softer thrill and swifter speed  
Than all the poor designs of art,  
Could touch the string that tunes the  
heart—

Yes! Nature—Heavenly Nature stole  
To every line of his a soul—  
Or grant, Imperial Maid, to me,  
The charms of Scott's sweet minstrelsy,  
Sublime as his own northern hills,  
Melodious as their murmuring rills;  
Bright as Ben-Lomond's morning spire  
Ting'd by the Sun—a hill of fire;  
Wild as the Highland Harp of old,  
When Minstrels charm'd each rock & wold  
Smooth as fair Katrine's Lake of blue,  
When ev'n'ing sun-beams change its hue,  
And dying swans upon it sing,  
Unruffled e'en by Zephyr's wing.  
Sweet Minstrel! to the ravish'd sight,  
By thy soft colouring of light,  
Nature appears more fair and strong—  
Thou Titian of descriptive song!

Or Byron's strength and soul infuse,  
Byron, the Rosa of the Muse;  
The gloomy grandeur of whose page,  
Flashes the Bard's enthusiast rage;  
Whose splendors burst from their black  
shroud

Like lightnings from a thunder-cloud;  
Where dark misanthropy aspires,  
And grasps at Heav'n's divinest fires;  
Where Passions heave and burst and burn,  
And Genius weeps o'er Virtue's urn.  
Or, Charmer! grant me but to win  
The fire of thy own Maturin,  
Whose spirit caught thy wildest form,  
The Poet that can wing the storm.  
But if my soul cannot aspire  
To such pure unexhausted fire,  
Lend but one ray, and we'll rehearse  
Some wild romantic tale in verse—  
Come gild this academic grove,  
Where Science Sage delights to rove.  
O! Bless us with these radiant smiles,  
Which bless'd of yore th' Ægean Isles.  
Such smiles as on Hymettus beam'd,  
And streak'd Ilyssus as it stream'd,  
Come, wild Enthusiast! let me rest  
Beneath thy fostering rain-bow wing.  
With thy fine visions fire my breast,  
O'er all my cares thy mantle fling—  
O! let me cull thy flowery treasures,  
O! lend me all thy tuneful measures,  
O! give me all thy visioned pleasures:  
Calm into peace earth's thorny strife,  
Shed roses o'er the path of life;  
For thou'rt in every thing so fair,  
Ev'n building castles in the air;  
If one kind glance to me thou'lt give,  
With thee I'll ever love to live.

—◆—  
\* A LETTER.

(TO THE EDITOR.)

To the high and most mighty, renown'd, and puissant  
Of Editors, who with complacence e'er listen'd  
To pilgrims poetic—by some 'yclep'd asses,  
Who plod their dull rounds at the foot of Parnassus,

\* These lines, purporting to be from a tourist in the wilds of Parnassus, requesting information as to our rates of payment for literary contributions, we lately received from a source *not altogether unknown to us*.

We can now positively promise our readers a poem (from the same hand), to be continued through five or six succeeding numbers. The first canto will appear next month.—Ed.

From one of the tribe, (your assistance entreating  
With respectful devotion) these come to you, greeting!

But let me proceed with poetic precision,  
And preface my pray'r, with a tale of a vision.

Not many nights since, when, fatigued with dull plodding,  
And my poor batter'd noddle inclined to be nodding;  
I conceived it no harm, a nap to be taking,  
So I settled to rest—when, 'twixt sleeping and waking,  
A form of more exquisite beauty appear'd,  
Than was e'er to the soul of a poet endear'd;  
Her tresses of gold on her white neck were flowing,  
Her cheek with the soft blush of exercise glowing;  
And the brightest of tints, from a midsummer sky,  
Were combined in the magical blue of her eye;  
While a fresh laurel wreath graced her forehead of snow,  
And a ray of past glory beam'd bright o'er her brow;  
The balm-breathing zephyrs flung odours around her,  
And, spangled with stars, was the green robe that bound her;  
As the ocean that steals (in the stillness of night,  
To illumine her course—) from the heaven its light;  
Or the lone vale, whose bosom bright verdure adorning,  
Seems studded with gems—by the dew's of the morning.

Light o'er a new-strung harp her tuneful fingers flow'd;  
Its golden chords with more than vivid brightness glow'd;  
And as she touch'd the strings—the hills with echo rung,  
When thus in melting strains, the Muse of Erin sung;

“ Dear em'rald isle—to thee my song I'll raise,

Thy native harp shall swell in sweet accord,  
To paint the faded joys of other days,

When syren strains, o'er hill and valley pour'd;

Long have our bards forgot their soul-taught lays,

Save *one*,—whose airy flights to heav'n have soar'd;

When the bright beam that round his temple plays

Shall fade—oh! ever be that loss deplor'd!

His magic power, each willing Muse has bound

In chains of gossamer—by Fancy framed;

And as he wanton wos the tuneful round,

“ Light of the Haram”—is his fav'rite named.

Let not the captive train take airy flight,

And with Anacreon soar—to realms of light.”—

She ceased!—But while Echo the fading sounds mutter'd,  
Her robe swell'd by zephyrs in playful folds flutter'd;  
Then borne by the breeze o'er the wide-spreading scene,  
It fell soft to the ground, like a carpet of green;  
While the “ stars” took their flight, as it sunk to the earth;  
And resumed in the heavens—the seat of their birth;  
With the “ laurel” was mix'd a fresh chaplet of bays,  
And the faint “ ray of glory” was swell'd to a blaze!



And it beam'd on my eyes, with a radiance so bright,  
That I fancied the vision dissolv'd into light!—

Sly Vanity whispers—the nymph came to woo me;  
But Prudence declares—the rash thought will undo me;  
And further she adds, in a tone quite emphatic,  
“ Will your rhyming remove all the duns from your attic?  
“ Or procure the poor poet a coat to his back;  
“ Or replenish the knap, on your thread-bare old black?”  
“ Yes, good dame,” I replied, “ as will shortly be seen,  
“ When my verses appear in the new Magazine;”  
“ Go, fool!”— she rejoined, “ remain wrapt in deceit,  
“ For tho’ verses have often been *measur’d* by feet,  
“ The poet more joy would have felt in the sound,  
“ That M<sup>r</sup> Arthur and Hodges would *pay* by the *pound*!  
“ But send them your rhymes—and if *nought* they produce,  
“ Then acknowledge your crow-quill—belong’d to  
“ A GOOSE!”



#### AN ADDRESS TO ERIN.

Oh! Erin, once fam'd in the annals of story  
For the lays of the bard, or the deeds of the brave;  
How dark is the cloud that eclipses thy glory!  
Of genius what art thou?—The cradle or grave.

In the hearts of thy sons, tho’ the embers may smoulder  
Of that heav’n-born fire that once glow’d in their breast,  
The chill blast of oppression blows over them colder  
Than the wintry wind sweeps o’er their ancestors’ rest.

Tho’ the blossoms of genius spring wild in thy fields,  
Yet in exile the fruits must be nurtur’d, and grow,  
No fostering sun-beams thy hemisphere yields—  
Far distant from thee all its energies glow.

For how can a bard of thy country awaken  
A strain, like the strain of her earlier days?  
Oh! ’tis not in hearts that are sad and forsaken  
To strike the bold anthem the favour’d can raise.

To thee never more those bright days shall return;  
From thy ill-fated island Hope’s sun-beams have fled:  
To thee, or to me, will arise no new morn,  
Till the one that shall break on the sleep of the dead.

For if, with fond love to the land of their birth,  
Thy sons seek in Erin the laurel to find,  
Like the canker that strews the nipt rose buds on earth,  
So wither their hopes in Neglect’s blighting wind.

Oh would but the spirit of Concord awaken,  
And thy sons, like brave Scotia’s, yet rally round home,  
Then no longer should Genius droop sad and forsaken,  
Or be doom’d in lone exile from Erin to roam.

A. M.

The mournful list of mortality, overcharged, as it is, with all its funeral honors, records no death more regretted than that of her Excellency, the late Countess Talbot: deeply indeed is it felt, and justly lamented, whether we are to consider it as premature, at a time when all her bright prospects began to be realized, and had as yet lost nothing of their earliest brilliancy; or as it is a privation, to ourselves, of an example so distinguished for the more domestic virtues. With a natural suavity of disposition, she combined qualities the most engaging, and she was at once charitable without ostentation, and pious without austerity: while she reposed all her happiness in the bosom of her family, yet ceased she not to shine forth the satellite of our sphere, dispelling its darkness, by cheerfulness and light. Her death was as tranquil as her life; and, with the Christian's firmest hope in the glorious resurrection to eternal life, she yielded up her spirit to God, who gave it on the 30th Dec. 1819, in the 37th year of her age.

#### STANZAS ON HER DEATH.

What bark from the east thro' the billows of blue  
Cuts its way, like a bird of the ocean  
Which skims o'er the surface, and breaks on the view,  
Tho' nor feather nor foot seems in motion?

And what are the strangers that wistfully gaze  
From the deck, on the hills just appearing,  
Whose swellings reflecting the Emerald's blaze  
Shed a light, which the waters are wearing?

And what are the joy-telling shouts that resound  
From the beech, where such numbers are standing?—  
'Tis the welcome of Erin our Viceroy hath found  
The TALBOT—on Erin's coast landing.

But oh! there's a form, whose high beating breast  
That welcome hath ill'd with emotion:  
Whose tear-streaming eye on yon mountain's green vest  
Hath gaz'd, with a native's devotion:

These mountains, at distance, the mansions surround,  
Where her fathers have liv'd in their glory:  
And there were the days of her infancy crown'd  
With a bliss, scarcely equall'd in story.

Then hallow'd the tear be that flows from her eye,  
Where pleasure with sorrow is blended;  
The pleasure—that points to that scenery nigh—  
The sorrow—those days ever ended!

And long to that Island which boasts of her birth  
May the fruits of her feelings be given!  
Ah hush the bold pray'r!—'tis a creature of earth—  
And she is the daughter of—heaven.

Yes, bright tho' the prospects that bound her had been,  
 Yet weak was their splendor and wasting :  
 The pleasure she left was but fading and vain,  
 The bliss she receives—everlasting.

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We insert the following Greek lines, as they seem not inapplicable to the present occasion : they were composed for the monument of Mrs. STRITCH, late of the County Clare, who died at an early age.

Τὴν μὲν ἐγὼ καταδύσαν ἐπὶβλεπον, ἥλιον ᾧς,  
 Εμβάπτοντα ποτ' εἰς ἐσπέριον πέλαγ'·  
 Ἀκτίνες οὔτ' οἱ εἴσι μάστιγα καλ', ἀμφιλύκαι πῆρ,  
 Ἐντὺθεν τὲ μολᾷς, ἀλλόθι φῶς ἐδόςαν·  
 Ὡς παράκοιτις ἐμὸι βραχίως τέρψιν γέ πορῶσα  
 Χῆρεν ἐνὶ σκοτιᾷ δύσμορον ἐξελίπει.

"C."

#### DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF KENT.

With deep concern we record the death of this Prince. Few days have elapsed since the tidings arrived in town, that his Royal Highness expired at 10 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 25d of January. He was the 4th Son of his Majesty, and was born the 2d of November, 1767.

We insert (as a better account of his Royal Highness's last illness and character than we could possibly procure at such a distance from London,) the following extract from an excellent biographical sketch in the *Times* of Tuesday, the 25th :

"His complaint was inflammation of the lungs, so violent as to baffle the utmost efforts of medical skill. The bleeding and other remedies unavoidably resorted to on such occasions, are calculated to reduce the strength of the patient, if they do not remove the disorder. In the present instance, unfortunately, they failed of giving relief; and the robust frame of his Royal Highness sunk into complete exhaustion, from which the resources of art, and the powers of a naturally fine constitution, were alike unable to restore him.

His Royal Highness was tall in stature; of a manly and noble presence. His manners were affable, condescending, dignified and engaging; his conversation animated; his information varied and copious; his memory exact and retentive; his intellectual power quick, strong, and masculine; he resembled the King in many of his propensities; he was an early riser; a close economist of his time; temperate in eating; indifferent to wine, though a lover of society; and heedless of slight indisposition, from confidence in the general strength of his constitution; a kind master; a punctual and courteous correspondent, a steady friend, and an affectionate brother."

Our classical readers may not be displeased at our inserting the following Latin lines upon the melancholy loss of this truly amiable Prince.—The Gentleman who has communicated them to us, has requested us



to plead in palliation of their faults, the very short time since the account of his Royal Highness's death.

Cœtibus in mediis, mortis versatur arundo  
 Nescia fallendi, prærapida usque scopo;  
 Lethiferos vastare palam nos vidimus ipsi  
 Morbos: febris adhuc incubat—ardet hians;  
 Heu miseros, miserâque piandos morte Britannos!  
 O tonitru iratum, missaque tela Dei,  
 Quàm multis temerè incautis, ægreque paratis  
 Pestem immisistis!—lævus at est animus.  
 Quàm multos pietate graves, virtutis et ipsos  
 Flores fata metunt! Non vigilare decet?  
 An nobis semper dormire impune licebit?  
 Heu quàm de miseris plurima tempus iens  
 Prædatur! Fundit vires immensa procella,  
 Et secum rapuit omnia nostra bona;  
 Amplius haud nobis Carlotta; exemit acerba  
 Sedibus e nostris—cordibus haud potuit  
 Sors immaturam. Quianam liquisse videris  
 Terrarum filios, solaque celsa petis,  
 Orce vorax ninium? modò tu quoque, Talbot, abisti  
 Moerenti sponso, O candida, rapta cito!—  
 Nec satis: ardet adhuc inimicè, urgetque tyrannus:  
 Occidis et populo, Cantice, amate tuo:  
 Princeps qui verbis solitus suadere senatu;  
 Præsens in melius cuncta referre mala  
 Consilia plebis vesanæ: fræna tenere  
 Is recte didicit: parcuit haud stimulis.  
 Et martem quando peteres tu magnus in armis,  
 Cui non cernere erat fortia facta tua?  
 Gallia te vidit dirum, Gallique cadentes  
 Quum capiti nudo vulnera pro patriâ  
 Multa accepisti pugnans, victorque fuisti:  
 Quando cruor, gladius, cristaque signat iter.  
 Te fortem videre acies, Hispanus, et Indus,  
 Cum sedes patrias constabilis, et opes.  
 At secura quies devinxerat, ac literarum  
 Se dederat studiis: usus et ille suo  
 Ingenio: sibi nec placuit, temereve superbit  
 Inferiora colens, dummodò justa, proba.  
 Heu nimium breviter fatis terræ datus esset  
 .Evo si posset continuare dies!

“C.”

#### ORDER FOR MOURNING.

*Office of Arms, January 28th, 1820.*

It is ordered by their Excellencies the Lords Justices, that all persons who appear at the Castle of Dublin, do go into mourning on Sunday next, for his late Highness, Edward Duke of Kent and Strathern, fourth son of his Majesty. Pursuant to the commands of their Excellencies, notice is given that it is expected on the present melancholy occasion all persons do put themselves into decent mourning, the said mourning to commence on Sunday, the 30th instant.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The following protest appeared in the public prints, and seems to be the first incitement to a serious investigation into the powers and qualifications of a set of men calling themselves the Venezuelan Board, and acting under the superintendence of a Mr. D'Evereux, a man who, till very lately, supported a respectable mercantile character only, but never was supposed to know any thing of military tactics, till, under the title of General, we find him raising troops for the purpose of assisting in the liberation of South America. A noble cause, no doubt; but the question is, are our services desired?

"We, the President and Members of the Medical Board of the Venezuelan Government, think it our duty thus publicly to state, that, however anxiously we may wish for the independence of South America, we cannot in future sanction, by our names and characters, the system pursued in this country, which appears to us to be highly objectionable.

"LUKE WALL, M D.  
 "OLIVER DEASE,  
 "THOMAS RUMLEY, } Members R. C. S."  
 "FRANCIS WHITE,

Jan. 3, 1820.

Jan. 6.—The Corporation met for the first time since the new Commons were sworn; it was a Post Assembly, called by the Lord Mayor, and occasioned by the melancholy death of her Excellency the Countess Talbot: at three o'clock the High Sheriff took the chair.

A message from the Lord Mayor and Board of Aldermen was read, the substance of which was, that as the Corporation were fully sensible of, and deeply lamented the death of her Excellency the Countess Talbot, they should take the most effectual mode of testifying the same, and that as many of the Corporation as could conveniently, should attend her remains to the water side. An objection was made to the words, *as many as could*; several gentlemen delivered their sentiments; but one feeling pervaded the Assembly, which was, to testify their sorrow and respect on this melancholy occasion in the most earnest manner. The message was returned to the Board, with a request, that the words, *as many as could*, be withdrawn.

Mr. George, who was elected to the office of Alderman of this city, refused to accept of the honor!—After some hesitation, the Corporation, at a future Assembly, accepted his resignation, and elected Mr. Nugent.

Jan. 8.—The remains of her much lamented Excellency, the Countess Talbot, were conveyed to the Pigeon-house, to be embarked on board the Uxbridge packet. The carriages assembled to accompany the procession, extended to an immense distance. At eleven o'clock, the procession moved off; when it had reached a certain point of the road, the carriages not immediately belonging to the household, or to the nobility, drew off, and the hearse, attended only by those which had preceded it through the city, and the carriages alluded to, moved on to the Pigeon-house. From this period the procession was closed by a party of dragoons. When the body had arrived near the packet, Mr. LAMBERT, Lord INGESTRIE, and the other chief mourners, alighted, and ranged themselves on either side of the space through which the body was carried from the hearse to the water side. The coffin was slid down an inclined plane to the deck, thence lowered into the cabin, which had been hung with black—all the vessels in the river and bay had their flags flying, half mast high. Minute

guns continued to fire during the entire ceremony, until the packet got under weigh, which was soon after two o'clock. On the arrival of the remains at Liverpool, the Mayor and Corporation requested permission to attend the removal of the body. This offer, though received with every grateful feeling, was, from particular circumstances, declined—a guard of honor was, however, accepted from the officer commanding the garrison. On the 15th, the remains were committed, in a private manner, to the family vault, at Ingestrie.

Jan. 12.—At one o'clock, his Grace the LORD PRIMATE, the LORD CHANCELLOR, and the COMMANDER of the FORCES, were sworn in as as Lords Justices, during the temporary absence of his Excellency Earl Talbot.

Jan. 19.—We are sorry to say that outrages have been perpetrated in the country, particularly in the north-western and western districts;—we trust, however, that they are only of a local nature, and that their object extends no further than plunder.

Jan. 21.—This was the first day regularly appointed for the meeting of the Corporation since the election of the new Commons. Mr. L. Morgan was appointed to the office of Trustee for the City Estates, vacant by the elevation of Mr. Nugent to the dignity of Alderman. Mr. J. H. Moore, to prevent disappointment, at that early period, took the opportunity of proposing Alderman Bradley King, as a fit and proper person to serve the office of Lord Mayor for the ensuing year. After some discussion and opposition, Mr. Moore's motion was agreed to, sent up to the Board, and approved of.

A message came from the UPPER HOUSE, to request the concurrence of the LOWER HOUSE, in a vote of thanks to the Persian Ambassador, for visiting Ireland, and particularly this city; and that he should be presented with the freedom of the Corporation for his *condescension*! After a hearty laugh, the motion was negatived. An attempt was made to form a committee to frame a petition to Parliament for extending the limits of the city to those of the Police Act; this however was not quite so easily done, and the motion was amended by confining its scope within the jurisdiction of the Recorder. Upon being sent to the Board of Aldermen for their concurrence, it was detained, as a clause embracing the object was about to be introduced into a local bill by Mr. Leslie Foster!!

Jan. 22.—A meeting of the subscribers and friends of the Mendicity Association took place at the Rotunda. It was gratifying to find a large portion of whatever is most respectable of rank and talents and professional eminence in this city, there assembled, to give their countenance and support to an Institution which has done more good, compared with its means, than any other that ever was established in the country—which, viewed in a true light, is an actual saving, instead of an expense to the citizens; and which, for no other reason but its affording a proof of what *may be done* by the beneficent exertions and voluntary contributions of individuals, without imposing any burden upon the public, should be encouraged and cherished by all who wish well to the country.



#### FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

Vienna, Dec. 17.—The English Ambassadors, Lady Vane Stewart, was presented to their Imperial Majesties on the 12th. Her Excellency was received with marked



distinction by the Emperor and Empress. The interest which this lovely young Lady excited, was increased by the splendor and good taste displayed in her dress and appearance. Her equipages and horses were the handsomest ever seen at Vienna.

We are sorry to learn, by a private letter recently received from Vienna, that Lady Stewart does not appear to be in a good state of health.

*Monaghan, Jan. 18.*—On the arrival of Lord and Lady Rossmore, at Rossmore Park, there was a general illumination in the town of Monaghan; and about eight o'clock in the evening, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, an immense multitude of the town's people marched with a band of music to the Park, a distance of two miles, to welcome him and his Lady, it being their first visit to this country since their marriage.

### FINANCIAL, &c.

From the accounts printed by order of the House of Commons, shewing the amount of the total capital of the funded debt of Great Britain, including the Austrian and Portuguese Loans, it appears that the unredeemed debt has rapidly and constantly increased since the year 1793—in that year it amounted to 227,988,148*l.* and on the 5th of January, 1819, stood at 791,867,313*l.* for Great Britain and Ireland.

It appears from an official return of the produce of the Excise Duties, that the Malt Tax produced 119,000*l.* less in the quarter just ended the 5th January, 1820, than in the corresponding quarter of the year which expired on the 5th January, 1819—that Beer produced 64,000*l.* less, and British Spirits, notwithstanding the new duties, 81,000*l.* less. The duty on printed goods, however, increased nearly 10,000*l.* The duties on Coffee and Tobacco also increased about 280,000*l.* but in this the imports were included.

*Revenue for the Quarter ending 5th January, 1820.*

Customs, Excise, Stamps, Post Office, Assessed Taxes, Land Taxes, Miscellaneous and unappropriated War Duties.	}	CONSOLIDATED FUND, £12,514,513
Customs, Excise, Pensions, &c. — ANNUAL DUTIES		
Excise. — WAR TAX		345,097
		620,805
		13,480,415
Deduct unappropriated War Duties,		11,491
		£13,468,924

The cultivation of the Forest of Dartmoor has been again proposed, as affording means of employing the distressed poor. This tract makes part of the Duchy of Cornwall, settled by Edward I. on the Prince of Wales, and on all future eldest sons of the King, who were to have the title of Dukes of Cornwall.

For the cultivation of Dartmoor, a Society is to be instituted for the permanent employment of the pauper poor, which will commence with 2000 children. His

Royal Highness the Prince Regent has consented to become patron of the Society; the Archbishop of Canterbury, President; 50 Vice-Presidents, to be chosen from the Merchants of the city of London.

*January. 10*.—The number of persons who have already sailed from the port of London for the Cape of Good Hope, under the new arrangement of Government, amounts to about 5000.

### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

*St. Helena, 2d Sept.*—A letter from a naval officer, on the *St. Helena* station, states, that the Island was then perfectly healthy.—Bonaparte was in good health; he sometimes rides out, but seems extremely desirous to shun observation, as, upon the sight of any one, he instantly returns home. Madame Montholon had quitted the Island, and it was thought Bonaparte would ultimately be left alone. The restrictions are unrepealed, and escape is considered impossible, every avenue being guarded, and the heights crowned with guns; numbers of boats are patrolling the whole extent of the lee side of the island all night. One ship cruises to windward, to board the vessels approaching the island; another to leeward, to pick up any boats that might venture to leave the Island. The *Tees* frigate was stationed off Lemon Valley, about a mile and a half from James's Town, to watch that pass, and to overhall all fishing boats, which were not permitted to go out without being first examined. No vessel was allowed to anchor after sun-set, or before sun-rise. No persons can land without the Governor's permission, which, being obtained, they are required to sign their names, with their ranks, &c. in a register kept for that purpose. All packages must be delivered to an officer appointed to receive them, and no letters sent, but through the medium of the Post-Office. Every article of provision is exorbitantly dear. The new habitation erecting for Bonaparte was in a state of forwardness, and expected to be completed at the end of the present year; it is pleasantly situated, and perfectly convenient in every respect. In the interior of the Island are many pleasant spots, producing pumpkins, potatoes, and other vegetable roots; but no such thing as fruit to be had.

*Demarara.*—Advices to the 1st December state, that the colony still continues very sickly, and that the mortality, not only among the whites, but the coloured and black population, had been very considerable.—The weather at the above period was, however, getting cooler, and great hopes were entertained, that in a few weeks the sickness would cease.

*India.*—The Marquis of Hastings has removed the censorship from the press.

Accounts have been received at Calcutta from Malacca, which state, that a fever, nearly as destructive as the Cholera Morbus, had broken out in that settlement.

*Batavia.*—Accounts of the 28th August, state, that between 5 and 600 men had been dispatched from thence, to quell the insurrection which had broken out at Palambang.

*America.*—The yellow fever has lately made great ravages in some of the towns of the United States.

Letters of the 30th November state, that a meeting was to take place at Philadelphia to memorial Congress against the toleration of slavery in the United States.

A letter from Washington says, orders have been given for the concentration of troops at St. Mary's on the one side, and Mobile on the other, of the Floridas, so that the Congress, when they meet, may point out their future line of march.

A military expedition has been sent to the Upper Missouri—their object is, to endeavour to establish villages, and an intercourse with the natives, so as, if possible, to divert the great fur trade from the English.

*Hamburg.*—Two propositions have been suggested to the Senate, and are likely to be adopted, which are highly important to the inhabitants of that city. Not those of the Lutheran persuasion only, but the citizens of every religious profession are in future to be rendered equally eligible to the honours of the Senate.—An Income Tax, to the amount of 800,000 marcs banco, is to be levied on the inhabitants, and the sum to be employed in defraying the expense of entirely demolishing the remainder of the fortifications of the city.

*Prussia.*—The following interesting extract of a letter from Berlin appeared in *The Paris Constitutionnel*; it marks a stride of despotism.—“The Minister at War, M. Von Boyen, one of those who contributed most to the establishment of the Landwehr, decidedly quits the ministry; his place is to be supplied by General Haake, who commands the troops of the line. The Manifesto which M. Von Boyen refused to sign, will appear in a few days. Thus, the whole of our military organization is destroyed; we owe to it the greatest part of our successes from 1813 to 1815; and the men who powerfully contributed to establish it, are now retiring.

“You may consider the dismissal of M. Von Humboldt and of M. Von Beyme, as certain; the latter, to whom the Rhenish provinces are indebted for the preservation of Trial by Jury, and the French forms of law proceedings, will be generally regretted.

“The consternation which these events produce on the public is extreme; the press is mute, and thus the King will not be informed of the dangers to which his ministry are exposing the monarchy, till it is *too late* for a remedy.”

*Russia.*—Troops have been lately embarked at Cronstadt, who are destined to occupy the Russian possessions in Asia and the islands situated on the coast of Kamschatka; the Russians are continually augmenting their establishments in North America; they have a deep design upon the traffic of the north-western coast.

The Cabinet is making use of every means for the purpose of augmenting its influence in Asia; an Ambassador from the Court of Petersburg is permanently to reside in Persia.

*SWEDEN, December.*—The sequestration which has long been in force against the public and private property of Prince Paul of Wirtemburgh, the King's brother, has been reversed; he has received a letter of convocation to attend the opening of the States on the 15th January, 1820, in his quality of heir presumptive to the crown.

*Saxony.*—The government has published its convention with Prussia. A few points are undecided. Saxony has lost all her salt mines.



*Spain.*—A Royal Order has been issued to the Council of Castile, directing the members to proceed to the formation of a new penal code for the kingdom of Spain; in which they are carefully to define and class criminal actions, and apportion the various kinds and degrees of punishment.

The terrific proceedings of the Inquisition are still going on. Count de Montijo, a Grandee, and late Captain General of Granada, has been sent from his military prison to confinement in the Inquisition of Santiago de Galicia, one of the worst in Spain; and his brother, the Count de Teva, has also been conveyed away, it is supposed for a similar purpose.

*25th Dec.*—Advices from Madrid state, that FERDINAND had issued a decree, publicly acknowledging the embarrassed state of his treasury. Serious political dissensions exist, and the police has received orders to use every exertion. The horrors of the Inquisition appear to secure an outward respect to the constituted authorities. Extraordinary contributions are levied on the mercantile interest at Cadiz.

*Constantinople, Nov. 10.*—There is at present an uncommon scarcity of water here, and loud complaints and disturbances have already several times broken out among the common people on this account. All the wells in Pisa and Jophane are dried up; the Grand Vizier lately went in person to the aqueducts in the neighbourhood, in order to take such measures as were necessary; to this evil is added the plague, which continues to spread more and more. Yesterday, after the Divan, an Envoy from Bucharia had an audience of the Sultan, (this is a tribe governed by a Chan, and wholly independent of the Persians); the mission of this Envoy was only to pay a tribute of respect to the Sultan. The inhabitants of that country are true Senniles, and highly esteemed by the Mussulmen, because they follow their sect, and not that of the Persians: both their theological and law books are according to the strict principles of Islamism, and are always sent them as presents by the Sublime Porte. Considerable disturbances have again broken out in Syria; Batram, Pacha of Drarbekin, has been compelled to seek safety in flight.

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APPOINTMENTS, CIVIL, &c.

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General Barnes has succeeded to the Governorship of Ceylon.—The Honourable Berkely Paget, brother of the Marquis of Anglesea, and one of the Lords of the Treasury, is appointed to the Collectorship of the Customs at Demarara, valued at 4000*l.* per annum.—John Fendal, Esq. is appointed a Provisional Member of Council at Fort William, in Bengal.—Captain Samuel Lyde, to the command of the ship *Dorsetshire*, consigned to St. Helena and China.—Anthony Barclay, Esq. has been appointed his Majesty's Commissioner, for carrying into effect the 6th and 7th articles of the treaty of Ghent, in the room of John Ogilby, Esq. deceased.—Sir Benjamin Urban has been appointed to the Government of two of the West India Isles.

The following gentlemen have been appointed Justices of the Peace:—Thomas Baldwin, Esq. of Skibbereen, for the County of Cork.—Kingsmill Pennefather, Esq. for the County of Tipperary.—William Scott, Esq. of Knoppogue Castle, for the County of Clare.—Rev. Cuthbert Fetherstone, for the County Westmeath and King's County.—Pierce G. Barron, Esq. of Carrickbarron, for the County of Waterford.

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ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

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Rev. John Fitzgibbon, to the Vicarage of St. John, in Limerick, and Rectorage of Donoughmore.—Rev. Mr. Lewis to the living of Meelick.—Rev. Mich. Keating to the Curacy of Cahernarry.—Rev. John Morgan to the Curacy of Kilquane.

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COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

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20th January.—About a week ago trade was very dull, from the intensity of the frost, which almost cut off communication with the interior; but, during the last week, it has revived, and the manufacturers seem to be again active.

After the 5th of Jan. 1820, by the 24th sect. of 49th Geo. III. cap. 52, a duty of 6s. per cent. *ad valorem*, was laid on cotton wool, instead of the former of 8s. 7d. per cwt.

The consumption of cotton in Glasgow last year, was greater than in the preceding, by nearly one part in twenty one of the whole consumption of 1818.

The Spanish Government has laid a duty of 23*l.* per ton on Cork, exported in sheets in national ships; and 23*l.* 18s. for the same in foreign vessels: but 2s. per ton, on cut corks, exported in Spanish ships, and 6s. per ton, in foreign.

It is in contemplation to endeavour to arrange a new commercial treaty with France.

Some specimens of wool have been brought from New South Wales, which are said to be superior to the Spanish.

A Corn Market has lately been established at Coleraine.

It seems to be the wish of the people that the American Congress should make some alterations in their commercial laws; the state of trade in the principal American ports is very bad.

A new Custom House, Stores, and Docks, are to be erected at Belfast, and a Canal is spoken of, to be formed from Mr. Ritchie's dock, in a straight line down the harbour, till it reaches deep water.

It is said that Government, at the representation of the Commissioners of Howth harbour, has determined to build a break-water from Ireland's Eye, upon the Ruan Rocks, so dangerous to strangers, or even persons acquainted with them, in thick or snowy weather, when the land-marks cannot be seen.

## DUBLIN PORT.

IMPORTS—*From 30th Dec. 1819, to the 20th Jan. 1820, inclusive.*

Almonds, 10 boxes, 4 barrels  
 Apples and Pears, 90 casks, 50 boxes,  
     20 bushels  
 Barley, 24 bags  
 Beef (Irish) 50 tierces  
 Brandy, 24 hhds.  
 Primstone, rough, 50 tons  
 Cement, 50 casks  
 Champagne, 6 cases  
 Cheeses, 95,507 baskets  
 Chesnuts, 27 boxes, 25 bags  
 Claret, 18 hhds.  
 Cloverseed, 46 cwt. 2 qrs. 20 lbs. 66 bags  
     44 sacks  
 Drugs, 1 box, 193 packages  
 Earthenware, 17 crates  
 Figs, 100 boxes  
 Fish, ling, 4 tons  
 Flaxseed, 220 hhds. 2 casks, 52 bushels  
 Fuller's earth, 20 tons  
 Geneva, 10 hhds.  
 Hemp, 142 bales  
 Herrings, 1575 barrels  
 Indigo, E. I. 59 chests  
 Lemons and Oranges, 1435 half chests  
     20 boxes  
 Linseed, 77 hhds.  
 Logwood, 51 tons 16 cwt.  
 Maddar, 50 butts, 50 casks  
 Molasses, 55 puncheons  
 Mustard, 15 hhds. 80 kegs 5 firkins  
 Oak bark, 50 tons  
 Oil, Chesnut, 10 pipes  
 — Cod, 20 casks

Oil, Linseed, 50 pipes  
 — Olive, 6 tons 1 barrel 9 gallons  
 — Train, 124 casks  
 — Whale, 20 barrels  
 Pepper, black, 48 bags  
 Plants, 13 packages  
 Porter, 2 hhds.  
 Potatoes, 806 tons, 15 lasts, 347 boles,  
     120 sacks, 4 hampers  
 Pot Ashes, 91 barrels  
 Raisins, 105 cwt. 51 boxes  
 Rice, E. I. 50 bags  
 Rosin, 25 barrels  
 Salt, bay, 70 tons 15 cwt. 3 qrs. 17 lbs.  
 — rock, 78 tons 186 baskets  
 Saltpetre, 186 bags  
 Sugar, Mus 546 hhds. 20 casks  
 — loaf, 259 hhds.  
 — raw, 3 hhds.  
 Sumach, 96 bags  
 Tallow, 19 casks  
 Tea, 3055 chests  
 Tobacco, 115 hhds.  
 Vitriol, 5 casks  
 Wax, bees', white, 4 hhds.  
 Walnuts, 15 bags  
 Whiting, 33 tierces  
 Wine, Cape, 4 pipes  
 — French, 29 hhds. 2 cases  
 — Madeira, 3 pipes, 152 gallons  
 — Port, 21 pipes  
 — Sherry, 10 butts  
 Yeast, 100 puncheons.

EXPORTS—*From the 30th Dec. 1819, to the 20th Jan. 1820, inclusive.*

Barley, 500 barrels  
 Beef, 4908 tierces, 2050 barrels  
 Bacon, 5 tons, 150 bales  
 Biscuit, 150 casks  
 Brandy, 5 hhds.  
 Butter, 2280  
 Bread, 10 tons  
 Candles, 1100 boxes  
 Champagne, 11 cases  
 Cheeses, 2 baskets  
 Cider, 10 casks  
 Cod fish, 10 tons  
 Flour, 1400 bags, 200 barrels  
 Ham, 2 tons, 20 barrels  
 Molasses, 6 puncheons  
 Oats, 80 hhds. 6500 barrels, 500 sacks,  
     20 puncheons  
 Oatmeal, 25 tons 30 barrels

Oil, linseed, 20 pipes  
 — rape, 5 pipes  
 — cod, 30 tons  
 Oilcake, 40 tons  
 Pork, 1725 barrels  
 Pot Ashes, 40 tons  
 Rapeseed, 900 barrels 200 bags  
 Rapecake, 150 tons  
 Raisins, 2000 boxes  
 Veal skins, 50 bundles  
 Vinegar, 2 tierces  
 Wheat, 1250 barrels  
 — Foreign, 50 casks  
 Wine, Rhenish, 1 case  
 — Teneriffe, 3 hhds. 9 pipes  
 — Port, 35 casks  
 — Spanish Red, 2 pipes  
 — Madeira, 2 hhds.



THE  
**Dublin Magazine ;**

OR,

**GENERAL REPERTORY**

OF

**PHILOSOPHY, BELLES-LETTRES,**

AND

**MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION.**

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**VOL. I.]**

**FEBRUARY, 1820.**

**[No. II.]**

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Εἰς τὰ τετράδια καὶ κηρύματα.

LUCI.

—————  
(To the Editor of *The Dublin Magazine*.)  
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SIR—On a subject of such vital importance as the present state of literature in this country, scarcely too much can be said. If the enclosed essay can tend in any degree to call the attention of my countrymen to a subject in which they are all alike interested, the highest reward that could be given will be bestowed on the author.

*Dublin, February 13th, 1820.*

Acute inquirers into the rise, progress, and decline of empires, have asserted, that literary productions are a certain criterion, by which to judge of the improvement and prosperity of a state ; and that as those are perverted by false taste, the nation sinks into profligacy, contempt, and ruin : the works of the Roman authors, written at the different periods of that once flourishing empire, have been quoted and compared in support of the truth of this assertion.

Such an inference naturally leads to an investigation of the powerful influence literature must have on the manners, morals, and prosperity of every nation. Belles-lettres, and works of imagination, possess the most decided. Learned, and scientific performances, tend to the improvement of arts and manufactures, and redound to the honour of a state,

Ephemeral productions, (as they are styled) guide the passions, the feelings, the taste, and consequently the happiness and prosperity of mankind, more truly exemplifying national character, and elucidating the springs of human revolutions, than even historical records.

To apply these observations to the present state of this kingdom, cannot be deemed an invidious, though, it is earnestly hoped, it may prove an useful attempt. Previous to the year 1800, printing flourished in Ireland, if not in any degree equal to England, yet sufficiently to afford us native productions; to bequeath to us such works as Drapier's letters, and Baratariana—writings, whose merits have never yet been disputed, little, alas! as their precepts have been followed. During that period, also, the houses of our nobility were occupied by their possessors; we were granted a free trade; theatres, and various other places of public amusement, enlivened the capital, affording rational entertainment to the higher, and pleasing relaxation to the lower classes of society.—An order of knighthood was instituted; public buildings were erected; and societies incorporated for the purposes of national improvement, and the cultivation of the fine arts.

To the citizens of Dublin, it is superfluous to point out the melancholy change that has since occurred: national improvement has been abandoned; the houses of our nobility are deserted; the last solitary place of public amusement has been closed; our working population, reduced to actual pauperism, must depend on a Mendicity Association, formed as the last resource for distresses beyond the reach of existing public charitable asylums or the ever ready zeal of private bounty to relieve. When to this very far from exaggerated statement, we add, that printing presses are no longer used in Ireland, except for the publication of newspapers, or parish and county documents; we come to the point of establishing the truth of the observation, that literature and national prosperity must date their rise and fall from the same periods, and the same causes.

The short-lived period of Irish independence formed an era in Irish eloquence. Its extinction has formed another of mental imbecility.—One of our most eloquent patriots, one among the very few active friends Ireland has ever possessed, it is said, declared, that his till then unrivalled powers of oratory deserted him in the British Senate, that absence from his native soil had quelled that ardour flanger never yet appalled. It would seem that this mental depression is universal. Irish eloquence is no longer heard—Irish productions are no longer printed.

Connected as this country has been with England for above seven centuries, we are still as distinct in feelings, character, and views, as if no

such connexion had ever existed. Nature has impressed on us indelible marks of a different ancestry; and whatever may be the peculiar virtues of each nation, their characters are so widely dissimilar, that scarcely a point of union subsists between them: how singular, then, how truly astonishing to the reflecting mind must be the circumstance of our having relinquished, or having been forced to relinquish, the privilege, which even savage nations retain, of soothing our ears and delighting our fancy with our own compositions!

It may, perhaps, be asked, what restriction is laid on Irish genius? None nominally, though in reality it is not alone restricted, but proscribed. Literary talents are rarely found associated with great wealth; on patronage, therefore, they must depend for protection and support. Through what channel is Irish genius to obtain that patronage? Our local feelings and national taste can excite no interest in England—they must be regarded with indifference, and are too often treated with derision. Englishmen of rank cannot be expected to patronise Irish authors in preference to native talent. Irish absentees perhaps dare not, and most certainly will not. Patriotism has never ranked highest in the list of Irish virtues; its utter extinction has proved a misfortune more pernicious in its effects than any vice with which we have ever been charged even by our most ignorant and prejudiced accusers.

To print at their own expense in London, even if possessed of the means, Irish authors would find a ruinous expedient; and on no other terms will unpatronised productions be published there. The conclusion is obvious; Irish Literature must sink into oblivion—the nation into utter insignificance in the scale of polished society: nor will England escape her share of injury from our degradation; ignorance is equally the parent of credulity and of vice. Wit, a quality with which we are eminently gifted, cannot be eradicated, though it may be perverted. Minerva Presses, vending every species of pernicious production, will rise on the ruins of the honourable and independent publishers, disseminating principles subversive of the very power that has deprived them of the means of encouraging the efforts of the liberal-minded, the enlightened, and the talented.

One solitary effort has at length been made to arrest the progress of degradation. *The Dublin Magazine* has opened the way to the restoration of native efforts of genius. Who that feels interested in national honour or prosperity, but ought to second the exertion by their patronage, or their talents? Overwhelming are the difficulties under which it has to labour, to contend against prejudice, apathy, and the despair that has seized on every mind endowed with that fine susceptibility of feeling which genius naturally bestows; yet heavy as these disadvantages are,



they can be overcome by a slight, though cordial exertion of the citizens of Dublin; encouragement will excite industry, and stimulate genius; native eloquence, wit, and pathos, will again charm us; and the long silent Harp of Erin will once more breathe forth its strains of native melody.

A. M.

## GEOGNOSCY.

*Subterranean Glacier.*—At Fondeurle, in the South of France, department of the Drome, is a cavern near 200 feet deep, of very irregular width, the roof of which is formed by a rock 66 feet thick—in the interior are beautiful calcareous stalactites, in some places descending from the roof to the floor, which is studded with cones of calcareous alabaster, often shooting out from a sheet of ice of the most perfect transparency—the stalactitical pillars of ice are insulated in the middle of the cavern, and when cut through are found to be hollow within, studded with small triangular or hexahedral prisms of ice, sometimes striated.—The icy pavement seems to be composed entirely of transparent crystals, generally hexahedral prisms, the terminal surface being covered with striæ parallel to the faces of the prisms; some crystals were found presenting facets, which replaced the terminal edges that formed the junction of the prism with its base. This glacier, and those of Beaume and Iselitz, are the only ones at present known to exist in temperate regions.

*Waterfall in Lapland.*—In the Mineralogical Report of Lapland presented to the Swedish Government, the discovery of a great waterfall on the river Lulea is particularly mentioned. It is stated to be  $\frac{1}{3}$  of a mile broad, and its greatest fall 400 feet perpendicular. If this measure be Swedish, the  $\frac{1}{3}$  of a mile equals .83 (about  $\frac{4}{5}$ ) of a mile, English, and 400 feet equals 410.6 feet English measure.

*Moving Mountain.*—Accounts from Namur say, that the moving mountain has made terrible progress during the night from the 30th to the 31st of January. It has advanced more than 6 feet; the communication between that city and Dinant, which is the great road to Paris, is shut up: people must now go by way of La Plante, along the Meuse; and in case the waters should rise as they did last month, the passage would be impossible. The house of Mr. Stapleaux is cracked by the pressure of the earth, and that of M. Dutilleux is threatened by the neighbourhood of a mass, which is 60 feet higher than the roof.

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 MINERALOGY.
 

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*Mineral Turquoise.*—Dr. Gottholf Fischer has termed this substance Calaité, and divides it into three species; Calaité, properly so called; Agaphite, or Conchoidal Calaité; and Johnite, Quartzzy, Vitreous, or Scaly Calaité. These three differ from each other in *fracture, colour, specific gravity, constituents, and position*. The Calaité is a true stone, belonging to the argillaceous order, coloured by oxide of copper, or, rarely, by arseniate of iron; its colour is a peculiar blue, between sky-blue and pale verdigris green. Yellowish and celadon green are the colours of pieces altered by the atmosphere without being decomposed. It occurs *massive, in layers, and disseminated*.

Its lustre is internally dull; of a waxy lustre in some sky-blue coloured pieces; *splendent* in those intimately combined with quartz.

The fracture is *compact* or *subconchoidal* in the mamellated pieces; *conchoidal* in the blue layers; *uneven* and *rough*, particularly in some green varieties; *fine scaly* in the quartzzy Calaité.

The fragments are indeterminate, often triangular with sharp edges.

*Hard*, but not so much as to scratch quartz; yields with difficulty to the knife, leaving a *white* powder which distinguishes it from the ores of copper.

The specific gravity of the grass-green Calaité was found to be 2.7568

Apple green.....	2.6296
Mamellated.....	2.1600
— — — — —.....	3.0000
Slaty.....	3.2500

None of these varieties acquire electricity by friction. They all remain unaltered when exposed to the action of muriatic acid.

*Sp. 1. Calaité, proper.*

Is mostly of a fine blue, occurring in reniform and botryoidal pieces, opaque edges, not translucent:—Sp. gr. 2.86, Fischer.

Professor John analysed this species, and found it composed in 100 parts, of Alumina.. .. 73.0

Oxide of copper... 4.5

Water.. .. 18.0

Oxide of iron..... 4.0

Lead and loss .... 5

it occurs in alluvial ground, in the neighbourhood of Nichabour, in the Khorasan, in Persia.

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*Sp. 2. Agaphite.*

Varies most in colour; it occurs of the palest and of the deepest sky blue: its external figure is constant, as it occurs always in layers in an argillaceous oxide of iron, more or less hard; it is opaque, but the darkest coloured, which are the smallest specimens, have the edges translucent. Sp. gr. 3.25 Fischer. 3.00 John.

According to Dr. Macmichael, Gahn found this species coloured by arseniate of iron, but no accurate analysis has yet appeared.

It is found in beds accompanied by a very indurated argillaceous iron-stone.

It occurs in Asia, in the Khorasan, not far from Nichabour.

*Sp. 3. Johnite.*

Has a light blue colour, passing into green—occurs in thin layers, in a black siliceous slate; harder than the two former species; scratches glass, but does not give sparks with steel—fracture scaly.

This species being unfit for polishing, is not often met with; sp. gr. and composition unknown.



## CHEMISTRY.

*On Gluten and its action on Guaiacum.*—Dr. Brugnatelli, in a letter to the Marquis Ridolfi, mentions that his friend, Dr. Taddei, has discovered that Gluten is composed of two substances perfectly distinct from each other, to one of which he gave the name of *Gloiodyna*, and to the other, *Zimoma*. The first imparts to Gluten its elasticity; and the second is the cause of fermentation when Gluten is mixed with other vegetable substances. Powder of guaiacum and wheat flour when kneaded together in water with contact of air, produce a fine blue colour, the shade being proportionate to the quantity of *Zimoma* contained in the flour. Brugnatelli, informed of these facts, observed that Guaiacum did not give a blue colour with fœcula, or any other vegetable substance not containing *Zimoma*; the contact of the oxygen in the air is always necessary to the effect; the application of this discovery to the testing of flour, starch, guaiacum, &c. makes it exceedingly valuable.

*Decomposition of Chloride of Silver, by Hydrogen, and by Zinc.*—Mr. Faraday, Chemical Assistant at the Royal Institution, from recent experiments, has found reason to conclude, that when the decomposition of chloride of silver is seemingly effected by nascent hydrogen, the hydrogen has not, in reality, any part in causing the disengagement of the



chlorine from the silver. If a little fused chloride of silver, and a small portion of zinc, be heated together in a glass tube, a violent action takes place; chloride of zinc is formed, and silver liberated; and the heat rises so high as generally to fuse the silver: or if dry chloride of silver in powder be triturated in a mortar with zinc filings, the two bodies immediately act on each other, and a heat above that of boiling water is produced.—Tin, copper, and iron, produce this latter effect.

*Artificial Ulmin, &c.*—Braconnot, in his interesting and useful researches on the conversion of ligneous matter into gum, sugar, &c. *Ann. de Chem.* xii. p 127, shews, that by abstracting the elements of water from wood, it is converted into artificial *ulmin*. If equal weights of caustic, potassa, and saw-dust, moistened with a little water, be heated in a platinum, or iron crucible, and continually agitated at a certain point, the wood will soften, and instantly dissolve in the alkali, with much swelling—on withdrawing the crucible and putting it in water, most of its contents will be found soluble, and the solution will contain ulmate of potassa, the ulmin separable by an acid. The acid liquor, saturated with lime and digested with alcohol, yields acetate of potassa; in this way, a fourth of its weight of ulmin may be obtained from wood. It is a jet black substance, very brittle, fracture vitreous, nearly insipid and inodorous. When dried, insoluble in water: water poured on recently precipitated ulmin dissolves 1-2500, frothing on agitation: when dissolved in alcohol and slowly evaporated, it has a tendency to crystallize; it may become useful as a pigment.

*Anhydrous Carbonate of Copper.*—M. M. Colin and Tallefort find, that when the blue or green carbonates of copper are rendered anhydrous by desiccation at  $212^{\circ}$ , they assume a fine brown colour, which promises to be of utility in the arts.

*Arsenic and its Acids.*—Dr. Thompson, in the *Annals of Phil.* for December, 1819, from the late experiments of Berzelius on arseniate and arsenite of lead, infers the accuracy of the numbers by which he has represented the weights of the atoms of arsenic, arsenious and arsenic acids in his last edition of Chemistry—there still, however, remained an anomaly in supposing an half atom of oxygen entering into their compositions—to do away this, it was only necessary to double the weight of the atom of arsenic, considering it 9.5 instead of 4.75—the analyses of the arseniates were so few and inaccurate, that it was impossible to say whether this expedient was admissible or not. Dr. Thompson, therefore, undertook an analysis of the arseniates of soda and potassa,

salts which are easily obtainable in regular crystals, (the only method of guarding against mechanical admixture). The results he has given in the *Annals for February*, are as follow:

<i>Arseniate of Soda.</i>	<i>Arseniate of Potassa</i>
Acid.....34,00	Acid.....65,426
Soda.....9,38	Potassa.....27,074
Water.....56,62	Water.....7,500
<hr/> 100,00	<hr/> 100,000

Both these salts appear to warrant the idea, that the weight of the atom of arsenic should be stated at 9.5.—The analysis of arseniates of copper, made by Mr. Chenevix at a time when accuracy was not so closely attended to, contains nothing irreconcilable to this opinion.

*Cadmium in England.*—Professor E. D. Clarke, of the Cambridge University, has discovered Cadmium in the Derbyshire Calamine; it has hitherto been found only in foreign ores of zinc. Dr. Thomson has confirmed the discovery.

#### ZOOGNOSCY.

*Colour of the Greenland Sea, caused by Medusæ.*—Mr. Scoresby, in his valuable *Account of the Arctic Regions*, mentions, that having observed, that the colour of the Greenland Sea varies very much in different places, (being met with of nearly a grass-green, with a shade of black; pale green; olive green, and transparent blue; and among other circumstances, that the ice floating in the olive-green sea, was often marked about the edges with an orange-yellow stain,) was convinced that it must be occasioned by some yellow substance held in suspension by the water, capable of discolouring the ice, and of so combining with the natural blue of the sea, as to produce the peculiar tinge observed. He procured a quantity of snow from a piece of ice that had been washed by the sea, and it was greatly discoloured by the deposition of some peculiar substance upon it—having dissolved some of this snow, it appeared to contain a number of semi-transparent spherical substances, with others resembling small portions of fine hair—on examination under a compound microscope, the semi-transparent globules appeared to consist of an animal of the medusa kind, from 1-20th to 1-30th of an inch in diameter. Its surface was marked with twelve distinct patches or nebulae, of dots of a brownish colour; these dots were disposed in pairs,

four pairs or sixteen pairs alternately, composing one nebula. The body of the medusæ was transparent.—When the water containing these animals was heated, it emitted a very strong odour, in some respects resembling the smell of oysters when thrown on hot coals, but much more offensive. The fibrous or hair-like substances were more easily examined, being of a darker colour. They varied in length from a point to 1-10th of an inch; and when highly magnified, were found to be beautifully moniliform. In the longest specimens, the number of bead-like articulations was about 30; hence their diameter appeared to be about the 1-300th part of an inch. Some of those substances seemed to vary their appearance; but whether they were living animals, and possessed of locomotion, he could not ascertain. From one of the larger specimens some fine collateral fibres were observable. They possessed the property of decomposing light; and in some cases, showed all the colours of the spectrum very distinctly. The size of the articulations seemed equal in all, the difference in length being occasioned by a difference in the number of articulations. The whole substance had an appearance very similar to the horns or antennæ shrimps, fragments of which they might possibly be, as the squillæ are very abundant in the Greenland Sea. Besides the minute medusæ and moniliform substances, the water of the Spitzbergen Sea, taken up in latitude  $77^{\circ} 30'$ , was found to contain several species of animalcules. Of these, Mr. Scoresby discovered three kinds, full of animal life, but invisible to the naked eye. He is of opinion that the medusæ above described, are the true cause of the varieties of colour and want of transparency observable in many parts of this sea, which in all probability would appear luminous in the dark. He has not, however, had an opportunity of verifying this latter supposition.

*Turquoise odontolite*.—Dr. Fisher, in examining the different varieties of turquoises, has definitively arranged one set under this head, by the name of odontolite or occidental turquoise. These, the species so much prized in France, appear to be the fossil teeth of certain animals, chiefly unknown, coloured by a metallic phosphate, generally phosphate of copper. The turquoise of the French jewellers is often coloured by means of fire—it always exhibits a radiated appearance, depending on its bony structure.

In this number we expected to have laid before our readers a paper which had been promised us from an intelligent and able hand, on a branch of Zoology; it relates principally to the County of Dublin, and will be found to contain much original information. The copy arrived too late for publication.—ED.



## THERAPEUTICS.

*Successful action of an emetic ejected into a vein.*—A middle-aged man swallowed a large bone, which stuck fast low down in the œsophagus, from having assumed a transverse direction; and notwithstanding innumerable attempts were made by different surgeons during three days, both to extract it, and push it down into the stomach, it remained fixed in its place. At the end of the time mentioned, the man came into the hospital, his strength greatly exhausted, his breathing laborious, the face and extremities livid and cold; the bone continued immovable, as the patient was unable to swallow a single drop, which rendered the exhibition of an emetic, in the usual way, impossible. An incision into the œsophagus was impracticable, from the low situation of the foreign body; and as the symptoms became every moment more urgent, it was determined to inject a solution of tartar-emetic into a vein. For this purpose two grains of that substance were dissolved in half an ounce of luke-warm water, and the whole injected into the median vein. At the expiration of fifteen minutes, which the patient passed under some feelings of anxiety, severe retching and free vomiting suddenly took place, during which the bone was ejected quickly and forcibly from the mouth: with this the whole of the patient's distressing symptoms ceased, and the slight contraction which remained at the place where the bone had struck, shortly disappeared.—*Ber. iib. das klin. &c. &c.*

*Vaccination in Denmark.*—Vaccination was introduced into Denmark in the year 1800. In that year, a society was formed at Copenhagen for vaccination; and a few days after, a commission was appointed by the King, which is still in activity. In a circular of the 13th July, 1816, addressed to all Magistrates and Bishops, it was ordered, that every one who had not the natural small pox should be vaccinated; in default of which, the individuals would not be received at confirmation, admitted into any school or institution, nor received as apprentices to trades, or as members of any public institution or government office. Moreover, no priest was permitted to join in marriage those who had not been vaccinated, or had the small pox.

The number of persons vaccinated in Denmark (without including the two duchies of Holstein and Sleswick,) at the end of 1817, was 343,167. Since 1808, when the small-pox was epidemic, it no longer exists, and is totally unknown. The same regulations apply to the duchies of Holstein and Sleswick, where, in a population of 600,000, the number vaccinated amounted, in 1814, to 75,110.

*Acute Rheumatism.*—At the hospital Val de Grace, acute rheuma-

tism is successfully treated by the sole application of leeches to the affected joints, which, in the course of a day, removes the pain and inflammation. Gout is also treated in the same manner.

## METAPHYSICS.\*

(To the Editor.)

SIR—The gentleman who furnished the second article in the first number of your Magazine, has involved in great difficulty a matter which appears as plain as any other that can become the subject of human consideration. It seems to me quite evident that every idea, which the mind perceives, is accompanied by a consciousness of our own existence. We cannot consider this consciousness as the necessary result of pleasure and pain alone, unless we break through all those distinctions recognized in the common use of language, and assert, that all our sensations are either pleasing or painful; which would in effect be to acknowledge as true the position I have laid down: for I would ask, what great difference is there between these two assertions, *the knowledge of our existence is the result of the feeling of pleasure and pain*; and, *all our ideas are accompanied by such a consciousness*?

Impressions from external objects, when they excite corresponding ideas in the mind, are capable of reminding us of our existence, and this without producing any feeling of either pleasure or pain; certain sounds, for instance, become so familiar to us, that they are heard with perfect indifference, and yet do not allow us to forget that we exist—the same may be said of numerous other perceptions; of this, every one, that has paid any attention to what passes in his own mind, must, I think, be certain.

When the mind compares two ideas, and intuitively discovers them to be like or unlike—this new idea of similitude or dissimilitude, the moment it is perceived, tells us we exist. The same may be said, when a similar conclusion is deduced by a longer mental process—here, at every step, a new idea is suggested; and as often as this happens, so often do we feel a consciousness of our existence. In answer to this last assertion, it may, perhaps, be said, that oftentimes, during a long demonstration, we have little recollection of our existence—to which I reply, that this happens only when we review demonstrations which we have gone through before; and then it is certain we take notice of but a very few steps of the process, and perhaps sometimes we do little more than take notice of the conclusion.

\* This article was received too late for insertion in its proper place.

I grant that certain actions of the body may be continued when we cease to be conscious of our existence—but this proves nothing against the doctrine advanced—for, during such a continuation of this bodily action, no new idea is excited; and we know, as soon as the action ceases, and a new idea is excited, we are that instant reminded of our existence—we know also that the same effect is produced by the slightest interruption of the action—because, such interruption excites a new idea. I speak not here of actions which are carried on in a diseased state, and are neither voluntary, nor taken notice of by the mind; but of actions which produce corresponding ideas, both when they commence, and when they end.

The same may be said of mental actions—they may, I think, be continued for some time without informing us of our existence—but if we have been long employed in study, and cannot recollect that we have had quickly repeated perceptions of our own existence, we have, I fear, studied to little purpose; our meditations are but reveries. Unhappily for us, we have great reason to be of this opinion—for do we not often, almost instantaneously, by a vigorous exertion, correct a false conclusion, to arrive at which, has cost us much time, and, as we thought, much labour?

I have thus simply stated what I consider to be the source from which we derive a knowledge of our existence; but as these thoughts have been suggested by the article alluded to, I cannot refrain from offering a few remarks on the manner in which he has thought proper to treat the subject—and I must say, with all due deference, he has taken great pains to puzzle us; and I am inclined to believe that, though he has recommended this study to his learned readers, he thinks the science of metaphysics too uninteresting to claim much attention from himself.

He says, “we may consider the knowledge of our existence as either sensitive or intellectual, or as derived from the joint operation of our senses and intellects.” “It is not sensitive,” he says; that is, “it is not derived from the operation of our senses alone.” These are terms used by the metaphysicians of both the ancient and modern schools; and a person in any degree acquainted with their writings, would be supposed to mean by these words, that our organs of sense cannot be so acted on, as to convey to the mind a perception of our own existence. If he meant this, we may, perhaps, say he was right—though for my own part I must acknowledge, I think it would be as correct to say, that the organs of sense can be, and are, so acted on as to convey to the mind a perception of our own existence; because, in each case the expression is purely metaphorical—and, as I use it, can mean no more than this, that when a sufficient impulse is made on a sound organ, the mind also being attentive, we are immediately made conscious of our existence—



nor do I think it necessary to suppose that, during this progress, the mind exercises any faculty, except that which enables us to perceive the idea with which the consciousness of our existence appears so intimately connected. But in truth, our author did not mean to say, that our organs of sense cannot be so acted on, as to produce in our mind a perception of our existence; for in a few lines farther on, he illustrates his meaning thus: "how frequently will the eye be fixed on an object, without any corresponding idea being carried to the intellectual region—how often may we be surrounded by talkers, without knowing the subject of conversation, if the mind be otherwise engaged?" So that from this it is evident he intended to say no more than, that the mere circumstance of possessing the organs of vision, of hearing, &c. &c. is not sufficient to furnish us with any knowledge, and consequently not with that of our own existence—a truth to which no rational creature would refuse assent.

In the second part he gravely asks, would a man, deprived of his senses, have a knowledge of his existence? and he *seems* to think not—and he is certainly right—for such a man is, to all intents and purposes, a dead man. If, then, there be any sense at all in this question, it must mean—can the soul, separate from the body, (or if the author pleases, joined to a body whose organs are totally incapable of conveying any idea to the mind), can the soul in such a state have any knowledge of its own existence? It would be the height of absurdity and impiety to assert, it could not be conscious of its existence: but no matter what the answer to this last question is, it does not lead us one step to the knowledge after which we are inquiring. Next, he confounds intuitive with what Locke calls innate knowledge; this is evident from the following explanations:—"that this knowledge was implanted in his immortal nature;" again, "if the knowledge of our existence was purely intuitive, it would pervade us as long as we did exist," &c. &c.; and he so proceeds, enumerating some of Locke's arguments against innate ideas. He then concludes, that "this knowledge must be sought for in that union which exists between the sensual and intellectual formation, because neither the intellectual faculties of themselves, nor the sensual faculties of themselves, are capable of giving us a knowledge of our existence;" these are of course the intellectual faculties he spoke of before. Now what he can mean by the intellectual faculties of a man, who is deprived of all his senses, is not easy to conjecture; he appears to me to confound the intellectual faculties of a human being with those we may conceive the soul to possess in its separate state; and where such a confusion as this prevails, every sentence must necessarily be unintelligible. These faculties are so distinct, that I think it impossible for any one that has at all reflected on the subject, to consider

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them the same. That the soul, after it has left the body, is capable of retaining the ideas with which the mind had furnished it during the union of the body and spirit, will be perhaps doubted. Reason does not require our assent to this proposition. The Revelation is quite clear on the doctrine of rewards and punishments after the second union of the soul with the body; yet, I do not think it bears us out in asserting, that before this re-union, the soul feels either bliss or pain, in consequence of the actions performed in the body. However this may be determined, it seems quite plain, that we have no knowledge whatever of any intellectual faculties, except those we ordinarily perceive exercised within us; and to assert, that these faculties are the same as those with which the soul is endowed in its separate state, and that man, considered as a compound being, possesses none, would be fully as unreasonable as to say, that matter possesses all the powers of which we are conscious.

The last section is written very clearly, and, for the most part, correctly. One sentence, however, is not quite accurate: "from these sources pleasure or pain are derived, which are probably the first sensations from which we derive a knowledge of our existence."

A consciousness of our existence accompanies all the ideas which the mind perceives.—Pleasure and pain enter into the mind, with some only of our ideas; therefore I think it wrong to say, in any instance, that the knowledge of our existence is derived from pleasure or pain.

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## ASTRONOMY.

*Dr. Olbers on the measurement of an Arc of the Meridian, in Denmark.*

Bremen, December, 1819.

The operations for measuring an arc of the meridian, which the King of Denmark has ordered to be carried on in his dominions, between Lunenburg and Skagen, were, on account of the gloomy weather, closed for this year about the end of October, at Lyssabbel, in the island of Alsen. The lovers of science in all Europe are justly attentive to the progress of this operation; which, being carried on according to the enlightened orders, and with the liberal support of his Danish Majesty, under the direction of a most able astronomer, Professor Schumacher, promises to throw light on many important subjects, both in the French and English measurements of the meridian. There always appeared certain anomalies between the several parts of the arcs measured, and it

remained doubtful whether they were to be ascribed to the irregular curvature of the terrestrial meridian ; or to a local attraction occurring in some places, which diverted the plumb-line from its vertical direction ; or to small faults, remaining constant for a time, in the astronomical instruments employed. Experience has proved, that in all such instruments, however ingenious the contrivance, and however excellent the workmanship, such slight permanent faults may occur, and that they are as difficult to discover as to avoid. The only means to be fully secure from them, appear to be to repeat the observations with different instruments. The judicious liberality of the King has enabled Professor Schumacher to do this. The astronomical part of the English measurement was executed with the admirable Zenith Sector of Ramsden ; and that of the French with the repeating circles of Borda. The King has borrowed the first from the English Government, for the Danish measurement ; the place of the latter has been more than supplied by a most excellent eighteen-inch repeating circle, by Reichenbach, with an improvement in the mechanism. Here, therefore, the two kinds of instruments were first used together, which in preceding measurements had been employed singly ; and between which, a comparison was first made last year, on the journey of the French astronomers to England, and by the conveyance of the Zenith Sector of Ramsden to Dunkirk. But Professor Schumacher has also obtained another Zenith Sector, by Troughton, an artist noways inferior to Ramsden ; and possesses also what is called the universal measuring instrument by Reichenbach. Thus, richly furnished, and seconded by most able assistants, this celebrated astronomer and distinguished observer will probably solve all doubts. Next year (1820) the Professor will go with all his instruments to Skagen, the most northerly station ; then repeat his observations at Lunenburg, with the instruments not yet employed there ; and lastly, in autumn, measure the first basis in the neighbourhood of Hamburgh. It is much to be wished that the government of Germany may be induced to follow the laudable example of Denmark, and, by joining the measurement there, continue the arc of the meridian to be measured (which, from Skagen to Lunenburg, will be about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  degrees) to the frontiers of Italy, when it would be easy to prolong it still farther. A great deal has already been done in Germany and Italy, which perhaps only wants to be connected together, and with the Danish measurement. It were also to be wished that some triangles might be measured from Bremen to those in Holstein ; thus fully to rectify the geographical position of our city, as hitherto determined by astronomical observations, by means of a comparison with the perfect data which will be furnished by the measurement in Denmark.

W. OLBERS.



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 CELESTIAL PHENOMENA, FOR MARCH.
 

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† The Sun's apparent diameter, on the first, is  $32^{\circ} 19''$ , continually decreasing; and on the 24th it is  $52^{\circ} 6''$ \*. He enters Aries at 18m. after 4h. on the afternoon of the 20th, and will be eclipsed on the 14th; but the eclipse will not be *visible* in this country, as he will appear in conjunction at 20m. 40s. past 1h. in the afternoon, in  $11^{\circ} 25' 55''$  S. The Moon's lat. being  $43^{\circ} .9$  S. The Sun will be centrally eclipsed on the meridian, at 0h. 46m. 50s. in longitude  $11^{\circ} 42\frac{3}{4}'$  W. and lat.  $56^{\circ} 32\frac{3}{4}'$  S.

On the 1st the Sun rises at 6h. 37m. and sets at 5h. 24m. To reduce the solar to mean time on this day, add 12m. 36s.—his declination on the 1st is  $7^{\circ} 30'$  S.

On the 1st, the Moon passes the ecliptic in her descending node at between 10h. and 11h. at night, in the  $3^{\circ}$  of Libra—her S. lat. increases to the 8th, when it is  $5^{\circ} 16'$  in  $3^{\circ}$  of Aries; and it decreases to the 15th, when she passes the ecliptic in her ascending node, between 2h. and 3h. in the morning, in  $2^{\circ}$  of Aries. On the 21st, her N. latitude is at noon  $5^{\circ} 17''$  in  $30^{\circ}$  of Gemini; on the 29th she passes the ecliptic in her descending node, between 4h. and 5h. in the morning, in  $7^{\circ}$  of Libra. On the 31st, at midnight S. latitude, nearly  $3^{\circ}$  in  $7^{\circ}$  of Scorpio.—On the 29th she rises, eclipsed at 6h. 30m. The eclipse is therefore only partly visible to the inhabitants of Dublin, as it commences at 4h.  $56\frac{1}{4}$ m. P. M. middle, 6h.  $17\frac{1}{2}$ m. P. M. end, 7h. 38m. 24s. Digits eclipsed,  $6^{\circ} 12'$  from S. side of Sun's shadow, or on Moon's N. limb.

\* The Moon will be in conjunction with  $\alpha$  Virgo on the 3d at 0h. 12m., with  $\alpha$  Scorpio, on the 7th at 4h. 3m. A. M. with  $\beta$  Taurus on the 20th at 5h. 20m. P. M. with Pollux on the 25d at 5h. A. M.—with  $\alpha$  Leo on the 26th at 6h. 59m. A. M. and with  $\alpha$  Virgo on the 30th at 6h. 58m. P. M. She will be in perigee on the 13th, and in apogee on the 26th.

Her Phases for the month are as follow :

Last quarter, 7th, 9h. 56m. P. M.

New moon, 14th, 1h. 5m. P. M.

First quarter, 21st, 1h. 43m. P. M.

Full moon, 29th 6h. 26m. P. M.

Spring quarter begins 20th, 4h. P. M.

† Mercury is an evening star, at his greatest elongation on the 26th. His latitude on the 1st, is  $1^{\circ} 46'$  S. in  $13^{\circ}$  of Pisces—on the 12th, he passes the ecliptic in his ascending node, in  $5^{\circ}$  of Aries. On the 31st, his latitude is  $5^{\circ} 10'$  in  $28^{\circ}$  of Aries. The Moon passes him on the 15th, at 1h. 43m. P. M. At his greatest elongation, he is above an hour and three quarters above the horizon, after sun-set.

† Venus is an evening star. On the 1st, she does not set for above 3 hours after the Sun; and on the 31st, her duration above the horizon, after sun-set, is above three hours and a half. On the 1st, her latitude is  $21'$  S. in  $15^{\circ}$  of Aries, and decreases to the 7th, when she passes the ecliptic in her ascending node, in  $23^{\circ}$  of this sign, and her latitude increases to above  $1^{\circ} 15'$  in  $2^{\circ}$  of Taurus.

\* The Moon is in conjunction with her on the 17th, at 6h. 11m. A. M. On the 1st enlightened part 9.8727. Dark part 2.1273

† Mars is on the meridian on the 1st, at 8h. 24m. P. M. and on the 19th at 7h. 30m. His latitude on the 1st, is  $3^{\circ} 50'$  in  $17^{\circ}$  of Cancer, and  $3^{\circ}$  on the 19th, in  $20^{\circ}$  of this sign, his motion being direct through about  $6^{\circ} 50'$ . The Moon is in conjunction with him on the 25d.

† Ceres is on the meridian at about 9h. 30' P. M. on the 1st, and at about 8h. on the 27th. Her latitude on the 1st is  $12^{\circ} 33'$  N. in  $29^{\circ}$  of Cancer, and it decreases during the whole month, being, on the 25th,  $11^{\circ} 47'$ , still in  $29^{\circ}$ , as she is stationary on the 10th, and her motion consequently very slow. The Moon is in conjunction with her on the 22d.

† Jupiter is a morning star. His latitude on the 1st, is  $52'$  S. in  $3^{\circ}$  of Pisces, and it increases about  $4'$ , his motion being direct through somewhat more than 7 degrees. He is too near the Sun to be at all visible till the end of the month; the Moon passes him on the 13th. There will be five eclipses of Jupiter's first, and three of his second satellite this month; but none of them are visible at Greenwich.

† Saturn is an evening star till the 24th, on which day, at 5h. 45m. A. M. he is in conjunction with the Sun; and from his favourable position, visible, for the first week, after sun-set near the horizon in W. by S. His latitude on the 1st is  $2^{\circ} 9'$  S. in  $1^{\circ}$  of Aries, and it continues nearly the same during his direct motion through nearly 4 degrees. The Moon passes him on the 15th, at 2h. 57m. A. M.

† Herschel is a morning star, being on the meridian about sun-rise, at the end of this month. His latitude on the 1st, is  $10'$  S. in  $29^{\circ}$  of Sagitarius, and it remains nearly the same during his slow but direct motion, through not half a degree. The Moon passes him on the 8th.

\* The Georgium Sidus will be in quadrature at  $\frac{1}{4}$  past 9h. A. M. on the 19th.

## MUSIC.

### ON INSTRUMENTAL ACCOMPANIMENTS, &c.

Piccini, a celebrated composer of the last century, has given his disapproval of ultra-florid harmony, and crowded modulation, in terms so just, that we are inclined to transcribe them for the benefit of the young musical student.—“One has soon learned all that can enter into harmony: the difficulty lies not in learning what may be admitted, but what ought to be omitted. The four kinds of stringed instruments which form the basis of an orchestra, lend themselves equally to all sorts of expression. This is not the case with wind instruments and those of percussion. The Oboe has an expression not belonging to the Clarinet, which in its turn differs totally from that of the Flute. The Horns change according to the key in which they are employed. The Bassoon, when not confounded with the Bass, becomes sad and melancholy. The Trombones have only a mournful expression; the Trumpets a warlike

and brilliant ; the deafning Cymbal is entirely military, and the moment I hear it, I expect to see cavalry defile. If the employment which nature herself assigns these instruments, was preserved to them, various effects would be produced ; they would succeed in painting every thing, and the pictures would be unceasingly diversified ; but all are thrown in at once, and always used. They overpower, they indurate the ear, and no longer picture either to the heart or mind, to which the ear is the passage. I should be glad to know how they will rouse it, when it is accustomed to this uproar, which will soon happen, and of what new witchcraft they will avail themselves. Perhaps they will then return to nature, and the true means which the art acknowledges. What happens to palates dulled by the use of spirituous liquors, is well known ;—moreover, in a few months may be learned, all that is necessary thus to exaggerate effects, but it requires much time and study to produce genuine emotions. How can we hesitate in the choice ?”

“To modulate, is to take a route the ear will follow willingly ; it even asks to be led—but it is only on condition, that when arrived at the point to which you have conducted it, it may then find something which repays it for its journey, and where it may for some time repose. If you always wish to make it continue to proceed without granting what it demands, it becomes weary, no longer follows you, but leaves you to journey alone, and all the trouble you take is thrown away.”

“Modulation is not in itself difficult : there is a routine for that, as for all other trades. The proof of this, are those enharmonic modulations which appear to the ignorant as the height of science, and which are the sport of scholars. To create melody from a given modulation, to quit it only by the given means, to return to it without harshness or insipidity, to make the change of modulation, as of all other instruments of the art, a just means of expression, and of judicious variety—this is the difficulty. But to quit a key before one has hardly entered it, to become extravagant without either reason or end, to proceed by jumps and skips, merely for the sake of proceeding and changing one’s place, because ignorant of how to remain in it ; in short, to move for the mere sake of modulating, is to prove that the artist is as unaware of the end of his art, as of its principles, and affects a superabundance of imagination and of learning, in order to conceal the total want of both.”

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#### ON HIGHLAND MUSIC.

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(Continued from page 27.)

Whatever may be judged the truth on this subject, it appears a remarkable circumstance that the harp should have entirely disappeared



from the Highlands for so long a period, when, among the Welch and Irish, it has continued in use to this day. It is still more singular that no marks of its existence as the national instrument, more decided and stronger, should remain; when the constant communication between the Irish and the Highlanders at one period is considered, and when even a certain degree of community among the two nations undoubtedly existed.

With respect to the internal evidence on the subject, it appears to militate against this supposition. There is, undoubtedly, in many instances, a community of character between the airs of the Irish and the Highlanders; while there are numerous melodies equally claimed by both. Such a joint claim must be expected; yet, in Ireland, airs of a character derived from the harp, predominate; while, in the Highlands, they are rare: among the most ancient they seem altogether wanting. Between the latter and the Welch, the distance in point of style is much more complete. It is apparent, that in Ireland, and in Wales more particularly, a complete diatonic scale must have been known when the Highlands were still ignorant of it; while it is also evident that these nations possessed a far greater range of scale. Their knowledge of music is thus proved to have been greater; while, by means of chromatic notes, they had also the power of modulating into keys impracticable to the Highlanders. Another character, yet, distinguishes these national compositions. In the Highland airs, the *adagio* movement is common, and the *sostenuto* occurs every where. In the music of the harp, a *sostenuto* is impossible; and thus the melodies assume a more *allegro* character, or the want of a sustained sound is remedied in the composition, by the substitution of a more florid style of descant on the fundamental notes of the melody. Admitting the general existence of the harp at a remote period, it would still appear from these circumstances, that a more ancient and imperfect instrument had laid the foundation of the style, and that the harp, like the voice, and like the violin in later times, had followed. Exceptions to a certain extent may easily be admitted even on this supposition; and thus may have originated in the Highlands, those airs which are more particularly characteristic of the harp, and which have been referred to Ireland. Even if the true origin of the scale of five notes has not thus been traced to its source in this country; even if it should be conceived, like the scale of the Chinese and the Javanese, to be derived from some more distant fountain, or to be founded in nature, and thus to have been the cause, not the consequence, of mechanical construction in the instruments, it will not affect the following reasoning, which attempts to derive from the Highland music the whole system of the melodies of Scotland.

To the peculiar limited powers of the bagpipe, therefore, must probably be referred the singularities which characterize the national melodies of the Highlands. On that instrument they appear to have been first composed, and by that has been formed the peculiar style which the voice has imitated, and which the additional powers of more improved and perfect instruments have altered without obliterating. In no instance, indeed, has the human voice appeared to lead the way in uttering a melody, or the ear in conceiving one. They follow, at a distance, that which was originally dictated by the mechanical powers and construction of the instruments which have been successively invented. Hence, also, an additional proof of the artificial nature of music. The foundation having once been given, endless combinations have doubtless resulted from a delicate sensibility, and from the powers of a creative imagination; but the habits of association, with respect to sounds, and the pleasures arising from the consonance or succession of notes, appear to have been derived from habits originally founded on mathematical division, and on mechanical construction. There is no period in the progress of musical composition in which evidences of this are not to be observed. The notes of the New Zealander's voice are as limited as those of the drum or nasal flute from which they are borrowed. The enharmonic ears of the Greeks appear to have been formed by the peculiar structure of their lyres and flutes; and thus their music acquired a character, in which ears, accustomed to a diatonic scale, can discover no relation of sounds; while even those who, in more recent times, have wandered through all the range of the chromatic scale, are still compelled to limit within very narrow bounds their enharmonic chords. As the original organ gave rise to the plain chaunt of the early ecclesiastical melodies, so the modern introductions of the violin, and other instruments of more accurate intonation, and of greater volubility and range, have taught the voice powers, of which it was not before conscious. The same reasoning may be applied to instrumental composition; as the ear does not even appear to have conceived any system of harmony or melody which was not previously suggested, at least in its general principles, by the capacity and powers of the instruments in use, or by the greater acquisitions of experience, respecting their capabilities. Even in the most recent times, the fuller introduction of wind instruments, and the additional powers and effects thence gained, have produced, in the hands of the German school, a revolution in music, undreamt-of by their preceptors of the Italian.

It is a much less easy task to deduce from this Highland source, the system of the national melody of Scotland, and to trace the progress of musical refinement downwards to a later period, namely, that of the pastoral, pathetic, or cheerful style of the more modern Scottish airs;

while it is also a more delicate subject, as it is in danger of clashing with long established opinions, and with the prejudices of those who confound the pleasures derived from early habit, from association, and from the ideas excited by the poetry, with those which are proper to the melodies only, considered as musical compositions, and independently of the exquisite poetry so often attached to them. Yet, on tracing from the rudest to the most refined specimens of real Scottish melodies, freed from the innumerable recent specimens which have been interpolated in the list, it does not appear difficult to observe the gradual progress of refinement from the simplest Gaelic air to the most perfect compositions of genuine character. If this should be established, it is to the Highlanders, or to the most ancient Caledonians, that the foundation of Scottish melody must be attributed, however much improved by the ideas suggested from more recent and better schools of music; although it must still be admitted that this peculiarity of character is often lost, even in compositions of which the origin cannot be ascertained, and which may possibly be somewhat distant.

The pathetic and the lively, the pastoral airs of the Tweed, and even the melodies of the Border, would thus equally appear to have been originally founded on the bagpipe. The truth of that opinion will be confirmed by an analysis of these airs in which the same scale exists, and which consist of the same set of musical phrases, under slight modifications. It will often, indeed, be found, as already remarked respecting the ancient melodies themselves, that the same air which is now known as a Lowland pathetic composition, is also a Highland dancing tune; and so common is the diversity of application of any single melody, that it is now impossible to conjecture whether, in the hands of the original composer, such an air was intended to convey the idea of joy or sorrow; whether it was originally united to words of a pathetic or of a humorous cast; association is, in this case, every thing; musical expression, abstractedly considered, appearing to be often of so vague a character, as to be readily convertible by mere alteration in the rapidity of the performance; and still more readily, like the sense-echoing sounds of verse, capable of adapting itself to the meaning of the associated words.

From the same cause to which is owing the peculiar expression of the Scottish airs, arise also their defects; the imperfect nature of their scale rendering them incapable of receiving a regular harmony, or of admitting any variety of accompaniment consistently with the rules of good composition. At the same time, they frequently offend a modern ear by their unwarrantable transitions, by the imperfection of their closes,



and by the illegitimate succession of implied chords which occasionally occur in their melodies.

In attempting to apply these general principles to the present extensive catalogue of airs ranked in the national list, numerous exceptions unavoidably arise. But an air is not proved to be national by being placed in a national list; nor is it now possible, amid the innumerable compositions of a mixed, or of no character, which have been ranked among the melodies of Scotland, to purify that list in such a manner, or so to class the several airs, as to render the subject clear. To a great extent it may, however, be done; and in executing that task, it is neither difficult to trace the genuine character in the far greater number of those of acknowledged antiquity, nor to perceive the progress by which they have been gradually refined and altered from the simple Gaelic melodies. The causes already mentioned, namely, the introduction of the violin, and the acquisition of ideas introduced from a more refined cast of music, together with the increased use of keyed instruments, have all contributed to modify their character; often indeed nearly to its extinction. Thus a more florid melody has sometimes been engrafted on the original phrases, occasional passing notes have been introduced, illegitimate transitions have been suppressed or modified, and additional parts have been supplied: even the system of the air has sometimes been totally changed; and, on the foundation of a few of the most characteristic passages, a new one of a more refined character has been constructed. In the hands of taste and education, they have often thus been improved, even when their character has been in a great measure lost. In other cases, illegitimate and incongruous compounds have been formed between them and those melodies of a more modern school, which have long been the common property of all musicians; while, in a hundred other instances, the flimsy compositions, of no style, which have been generated in the English theatre and in Vauxhall, (fertile sources of bad taste,) have been introduced among them, to the confusion of all character, and the reproach of the catalogue. Unfortunately, musical knowledge and taste is not widely diffused through Scotland; and thus, while innumerable worthless compositions have been adopted, simply from being introduced under the name of a Scottish air, many of the ancient and characteristic melodies have fallen into oblivion. It is difficult for those who are not in the habit of analyzing their sensations, to discriminate between the effects of a simple impression, and those arising from association.

*(To be continued.)*

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NEW INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

We have seen a machine at Mr. Clarke's, Optician, Lower Sackville-street, the invention of a gentleman of this country, admirably calculated to effect an object of great national importance—the prevention of smuggling by licensed distillers. The apparatus was tried at Mr. Power's distillery, in the presence of the Chief Commissioners and other gentlemen of the Excise, and found to ascertain, in the most satisfactory manner, the strength of the spirit coming from the still, without the distiller having access to it.

We understand a machine is also prepared to measure the spirit as discharged from the worm, and to register the quantity.

*New Stop Cock for Pneumatic Apparatus.*—In consequence of the frequent imperfection of the common stop-cock for the retention of condensed atmosphere, Sig. Crivelli, Professor of Natural Philosophy at Milan, has invented another, which is supposed to be free from the objections that may be made to the first.

It consists of a box (pl. 2, fig. 3.) *a*, and plug *b*, both of the usual form; also a conical valve *c*, and a spring tube *d*. The aperture in the end of the stop-cock, from *e* to *f*, is conical, and carefully ground. The other part inwards is cylindrical; the valve is a metal rod extending from *c* to *g*, and made conical in the part corresponding to the aperture just now described, so as to fit it with great accuracy. This valve is retained in its place in a shut position by a small spiral spring in the tube *d*, which tube screws on the worm *e*. The side of the box corresponding to the other aperture *h*, has no appendage, but is finished by having a groove cut in its inside, nearly half way round *i*, and level with the valve and the aperture. The plug of the cock is not bored, but has a groove cut in it, *k*, deepest in the middle of its length, and passing off gradually into the general surface of the plug, so as to form a kind of inclined plane on it. This groove extends half way round, and is so arranged, that when the plug is put into its place, it shall receive the end of the valve *e*, the length of the valve and the depth of the groove being such, that the former may perfectly enter into, and close the conical aperture *e*, when its extremity *g* is in the middle of the groove. Now, it is evident that whilst the cock remains in this state, it is shut against the passage of any gas through it, not only by the conical valve, but also by the disunion of the two grooves; when, however, the plug is turned, the plane, which the groove in it forms, presses on the end of the valve, and opens it either more or less, according as it is more or less turned round, and, at the same time, the end of the plug groove passing over the end of that in the box, opens a channel, by which the gas passes off,

which has already made its way by the valve. The emission of the gas may, in this way, be regulated with great nicety, and its retention, if required, secured in a very perfect manner. The plug is retained in its place by the screw *l*, or as in the usual manner; and, it is evident that the end *e* of the stop-cock is that which is to be inserted into the vessel intended to contain the gas. Signor Crivelli has particularly applied these stop-cocks to the condensed air blow-pipe.—*Giornale di Fisica*. T. 2, p. 99.

## METEOROLOGY.

### ABSTRACT OF A PAPER

*On a new Hygrometer, &c. &c. &c. by J. F. DANIELL, Esq. F.R.S and M.R.I., given in the QUARTERLY JOURNAL, No. 16.*

In this highly interesting paper, the author candidly acknowledges, that the *principle* of his Hygrometer is the same which occurred to, and was practised by, Mr. Dalton, in ascertaining the dew-point; however, he appears at first not to have been aware of the prior discovery. To Dr. Wollaston's Cryophorous, he says, he is indebted for the hint, which, after many trials, led to the completion of the Hygrometer. The principle is simply this: that any body brought into an atmosphere whose temperature is higher than its own, and in which aqueous vapour is diffused, will, by absorbing caloric to restore an equilibrium, cause a condensation of some of the vapour, and a consequent deposition of moisture. Knowing the precise degree of the thermometer at which the colder body commences, or ceases to cause this deposition; we know the difference between the constituent temperature of the vapour and of the air: consequently the elasticity of the former, and of course, the measure of its inclination to deposition. Hence, this Hygrometer is calculated, as well as the barometer, to indicate the changes of weather: experience has proved that its accuracy is, in this point, far superior to that of the latter instrument.

"Plate 2. fig. 1, represents the instrument very nearly in its full dimensions. *a* and *b*, are two glass balls of one and a quarter inch diameter, connected together by a tube, having a bore of about one-eighth of an inch; the tube is bent at right angles over the two balls, and the arm *b, c*, contains a small thermometer *d, e*, whose bulb, which should be of a lengthened form, descends into the ball *b*; this ball, having been about two-thirds filled with ether, is heated over a lamp till the fluid boils, and the vapour issues from the capillary tube *f*, which terminates the ball *a*. The vapour having expelled the air from both



balls, the capillary tube *f*, is closed hermetically by the flame of a lamp. This process is well known to those who are accustomed to blow glass, and may be known to have succeeded, after the tube has become cool, by reversing the instrument and taking one of the balls in the hand, the heat of which will drive all the ether into the other ball, and cause it to boil rapidly. The other ball *a*, is now to be covered with a piece of muslin. The stand *g*, *h*, is of brass, and the transverse socket *i*, is made to hold the glass tube in the manner of a spring, allowing it to turn and be taken out with little difficulty; a small thermometer *k*, *l*, is inserted into the pillar of the stand."

"The manner of using the instrument is this: after having driven all the ether into the ball *b*, by the heat of the hand, it is to be placed in an open window, or out of doors, with the ball *b*, so situated as that the surface of the liquid may be upon a level with the eye. A few drops of ether are then to be poured upon the covered ball. Evaporation immediately takes place, which, producing cold upon the ball *a*, causes a rapid and continuous condensation of the ethereal vapour in the interior of the instrument. The consequent evaporation from the included ether produces cold in the ball *b*, the degree of which is measured by the thermometer *d*, *e*,: this action is almost instantaneous. The thermometer begins to fall in two seconds after the ether has been dropped. A depression of 30° is easily produced, and I have seen the ether boil, and the thermometer driven down below 0° of Fahrenheit's scale. The artificial cold thus produced causes a condensation of the atmospheric vapour upon the ball *b*, which first makes its appearance in a thin ring of dew, coincident with the surface of the ether: the degree at which this takes place is to be carefully noted. A little practice may be necessary to seize the exact moment of the first deposition, but certainly it is very soon acquired. It is advisable to have some dark object behind the instrument, such as a house or a tree, as the cloud is not so soon perceived against an open horizon. The depression of temperature is first produced at the surface of the liquid, where evaporation takes place, and the currents which immediately ensue to restore the equilibrium, are very perceptible. The bulb of the thermometer *d*, *e*, is not quite immersed in the ether, that the line of greatest cold may pass through it. The greatest difference that I have observed in the course of four months' daily experiments between the external thermometer *k*, *l*, and the internal one *e*, *d*, at the moment of precipitation in the natural state of the atmosphere, was 20°. In very damp weather the ether should be slowly dropped upon the ball, otherwise the descent of the thermometer is so rapid as to render it impossible to be certain of the degree. In dry weather, on the contrary, the ball requires to be well wetted

more than once, to produce the requisite degree of cold. It is almost superfluous to observe, that care should be taken not to permit the breath to affect the glass. With these precautions the observation is simple, easy, and certain."

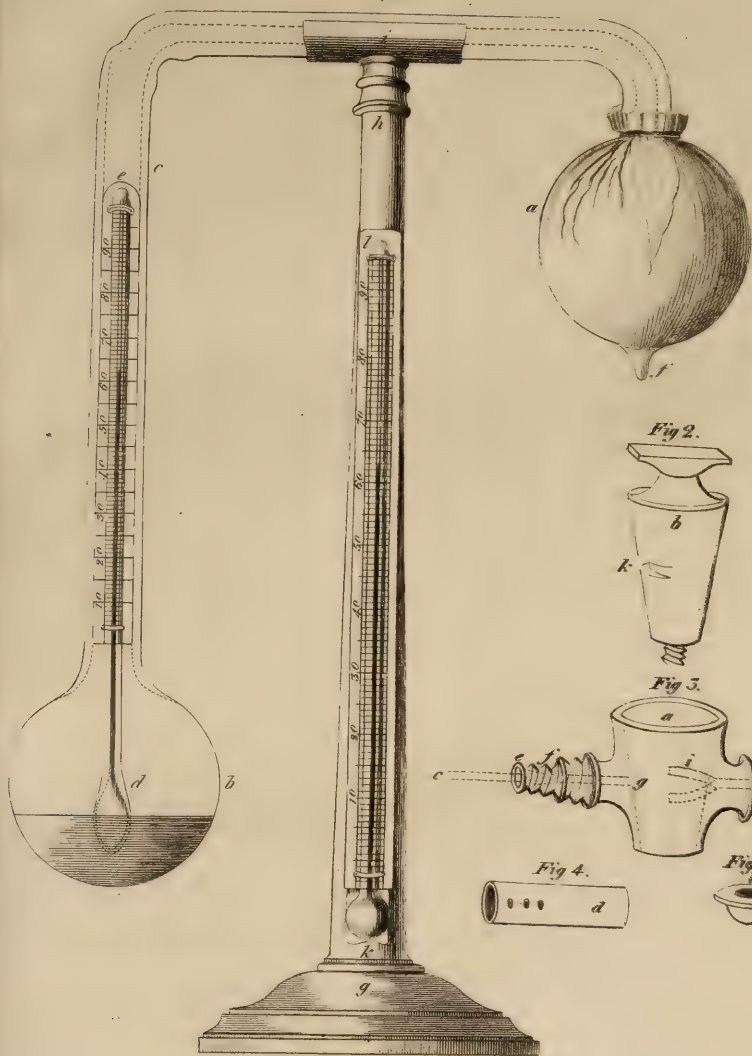
To use the Hygrometer as a weather-glass, all that is requisite is to know the difference between the temperature of the atmosphere and the constituent temperature of the aqueous vapour. The probability of rain or other precipitation of moisture from the atmosphere, is in inverse proportion to this difference. "However, the indications are to be corrected according to circumstances in the following manner:—In summer-time, when the diurnal variations of temperature are great, regard is to be had to the time of the day at which the experiment is made. In the morning, supposing the difference between the temperature of the air and the constituent temperature of the vapour to be small, it is to be recollected, that the accession of heat during the day is great, and that the difference will therefore probably increase. If the point of condensation should at the same time be lowered, it is an indication of very fine weather. If, on the contrary, the heat of both should increase with the day in nearly equal progression, rain will almost infallibly follow, as the heat of the air falls with the setting sun." The inventor gives some further directions for estimating the indications and corrections; but as he promises to render them more perfect and extensive in a future communication, we pass them over for the present. A great superiority of Mr. Daniell's Hygrometer is, its indicating the degree of humidity by the thermometric scale; it gives, with great precision, the positive weight of *aqueous vapour*, or, as the author, with Mr. Howard, terms it, *aqueous gas*, diffused through any determinate portion of space; and its force and elasticity, measured by the height of an equiponderating column of mercury. To assist and facilitate this calculation, a "Table of the Force, Density, and Expansion of Aqueous Vapour," at different degrees of temperature, from 0° to 92° of Fahr. is introduced.

The *method* used in calculating this table is correct, though the results do not exactly accord with our ideas, as the data on which they are founded, viz. the sp. gr. of steam at 212° F. and 30 in. Bar., and the absolute weight of water at the same temperature and pressure, appear to us to be given with less precision by the expressions there used, than by those which we adopt. We are obliged from want of space to defer our observations on this and the remainder of the paper (which contains many valuable particulars) to a future number.

E. R.

(To be continued.)

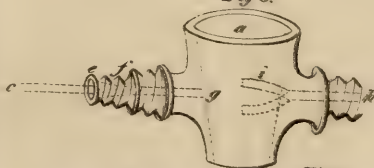
*Fig 1.*



*Fig 2.*



*Fig 3.*



*Fig 4.*

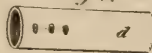


Fig 3.



*Mr Daniell's Hygrometer.*





TABLE

For correcting the height of the mercurial column for the expansion of mercury, and the mean dilatation of glass. Calculated from the experiments of Dulong and Petit.

Temperature of the Mercury.	Height of the mercurial column in inches.							
	28 .0	28 .5	29 .0	29 .5	30 .0	30 .5	31 .0	31 .5
25°	.017	.017	.017	.018	.018	.018	.019	.019
30°	.005	.005	.005	.005	.005	.005	.005	.005
35°	.007	.007	.007	.008	.008	.008	.008	.008
40°	.019	.020	.020	.020	.021	.021	.021	.022
45°	.031	.032	.032	.033	.033	.034	.035	.036
50°	.043	.044	.045	.046	.046	.047	.048	.049
55°	.055	.056	.057	.058	.059	.060	.061	.062
60°	.067	.068	.069	.071	.072	.074	.075	.076
65°	.079	.081	.082	.083	.085	.086	.088	.089
70°	.091	.093	.094	.096	.098	.100	.101	.103

RESULTS OF FIRST MONTH.

Barometer, greatest height 10 A. M. 9th day, wind E.	31 .02
..... least ..... 10 P. M. 18th .... N. E.	29 .60
..... mean ..... 10 A. M.	29 .99
..... ..... 10 P. M.	29 .97
..... of both,	29 .98
..... range	2 .02
..... greatest range in 24 hours, 28th day	.82
Thermometer, greatest heat 24th day, wind S. S. W.	53°
..... cold 19th ..... N. N. W.,	12°
..... mean of greatest daily heat	41°
..... cold	28°
..... both	34 .5°
..... range	41°
..... greatest range in 24 hours, 19th day	22°
Rain and melted snow, .964 inches.	

## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

DUBLIN.

Date.	Moon.	Barometer.		Thermometer.		Rain.	Wind.	Weather.
		10 A. M.	10 P. M.	Max.	Min.			
1st Mth								
Jan. 21	☾	29 .63	30 .00	57	15	...	NE.	Cloudy.
22		30 .15	29 .95	43	27	...	SSE.	Fine.
23		29 .84	.55	50	—	.134	SSE.	Cloudy.
24		.47	.70	53	59	—	S.W.	Fair.
25		.50	.54	47	59	.296	SE.	Cloudy.
26		.58	.43	51	43	.035	SW.SE.	Cloudy.
27		.43	.50	52	40	...	SW.NW.	Fair.
28		30 .12	30 .32	47	30	...	NW.W.	Fair.
29	☾	.22	.09	50	35	.162	W.SW.	Cloudy.
30		.09	29 .89	51	39	...	SE.	Hazy.
31		29 .76	.94	50	40	...	S.SE.SW.	Hazy.
2d M. 1		.80	.73	48	37	—	SSE.S.	Cloudy.
2		.92	30 .05	45	32	...	ESE.	Fair.
3		30 .14	.10	44	30	...	SE.	Hazy.
4		29 .98	.01	52	38	.199	SW.	Cloudy.
5		.93	29 .76	—	35	1.078	NE.	Cloudy.
6	☾	.84	.96	53	49	...	SW.	Fair.
7		30 .01	.99	54	46	...	SW.	Fine.
8		.00	30 .03	54	44	...	SSW.	Fine.
9		29 .90	29 .86	53	34	...	S.	Fine.
10		30 .14	30 .16	50	43	—	WSW.	Fine.
11		.02	.00	53	33	.042	SW.	Fine.
12		.25	.18	48	31	...	NW.	Fine.
13	☾	.06	.31	44	31	.226	NW.	Cloudy.
14		.45	.43	44	28	...	NNW.	Fine.
15		.41	.38	47	35	...	SW.	Fair.
16		.31	.22	47	36	...	SSE.	Fair.
17		.14	.14	46	32	...	SE.S.	Fair.
18		.16	.22	42	27	...	SE.	Fine.
19		.33	.33	41	34	...	ESE.	Fair.
20	☾	.50	.22	42	33	.050	NE.	Cloudy.

The above observations, excepting those of the Barometer, apply to a period of 24 hours, beginning at 10 A. M. on the day indicated in the first column. A dash in the



column for "Rain," denotes that the result is included in the next following observation; the gauge is elevated about 53 feet above the ground. The last column merely relates to that portion of the day included between sun-rise and sun-set.

#### REMARKS.

First Month, 21st, 8 P. M. Large lunar halo. 22d, Wind changed early this morning; the thermometer remained at about 32° till nearly 10 P. M. when it began to thaw very rapidly, but without rain, till the evening of the 23d, which was accompanied by high wind, atmosphere sultry and oppressive. 27th, Lunar halo. 28th, Fine evening. 29th, Morning foggy. 30th, Minimum of temperature at 10 A. M. lowest on the night of the 30th, 43°.

Second Month. 1st, 10 A. M. High wind from SSE., drizzling rain at intervals. 2d, Foggy evening (Cumulostratus). Moisture deposited on the night of the 3d on our windows, both within and without, and no appearance of frost on the morning of the 4th. 5th, Incessant rain from 10 A. M. till 11 P. M.; fine night. 6th, Fine evening, clouds beautifully tinged at sun-set; lightning at night. 7th, High wind. 9th, Evening overcast. 10th, A little rain at night, maximum of temperature at 10 A. M. of the 11th. 11th, 10 P. M. A steady bright light near the horizon, extending from NNE. to W. behind a range of heavy clouds; probably the reflection of a very bright Aurora Borealis at a considerable distance. 12th, 13th, and 14th, Hoar frost at night. 17th, Fine evening; the unenlightened part of the moon's disk visible. 18th, Hoar frost at night. 19th, Maximum of temperature at 10 A. M. of the 20th. J. P.

### ON THE WORD LIBERTY,

(To the Editor, &c.)

SIR—There is no word which has made a greater noise in the world than Liberty, and yet there is none which conveys a more indefinite idea to the mind. It at first appears strange that we should be ignorant of that which is the daily subject of our conversation; that, for which so much blood has been shed, and for which we are now ready to offer up our lives. Some there are who think that liberty can only be found in a democracy; others think it is only in a state of nature, which may be termed anarchy; in fact, there are scarcely two who affix the same sense to this important word. I think the difficulty might be wholly removed by a proper distinction in the term itself.

Liberty may be divided into legislative and civil. Legislative liberty is the share the people have in the enactment of the laws; civil liberty is the tendency of those laws to promote the happiness of the people.\*

\* Some philosophers have used the term, civil liberty, in a more general sense, embracing by it the whole system of social compact, in contra-distinction to natural liberty; and this use of it has been a great source of the ambiguity to which I allude.

From hence it follows, that legislative liberty does not always suppose civil liberty; nor is the one a necessary consequence of the other. No people ever enjoyed a greater share of legislative liberty than the Lacedæmonians, and no people ever groaned under more tyrannic laws; for the same reason, civil liberty does not necessarily imply legislative liberty, for a despotic government might, by the enactment of wise and judicious laws, or even by adopting a wise and judicious mode of government, without any other laws but those which arose immediately from the occasion, secure to the individuals of the state every necessary degree of civil liberty. This, however, is to be observed: that the greatest degree of civil liberty which a people can enjoy, must rest upon a precarious foundation, unless it be secured to them by a certain portion of legislative liberty; in this respect, then, the latter may be termed the guardian, but not the parent of civil rights.

It will not here be necessary to define legislative liberty; the term admits of no equivocation; the very words express what it really is: but civil liberty is a term of more arbitrary signification, because it is in a great measure the creature of the imagination; and what would be civil liberty to one people, might be slavery to another. "The Muscovites," says Montesquieu, "placed liberty in being permitted to wear long beards;" true it is, that what is termed the civil liberty of a people, being arbitrarily made by the mind, and not referable to any fixed standard, chiefly depends upon the taste and spirit of the age. I will not, therefore, attempt to define what it really is, but what, according to reason and nature, it ought to be. "Liberty," says Montesquieu, "is the right to do that which the laws permit; and if a citizen could do that which they prohibited, he could no longer possess his liberty, because the other citizens would have a like power." Notwithstanding the great deference I have for the opinions of this illustrious man, I must reject this definition, because a people may be as much enslaved by laws as by despotic power: I will even go further, and say, that it is chiefly by the enactment of oppressive laws, that a people are enslaved. Archdeacon Paley more properly observes, that "Civil Liberty is the not being restrained by any law but what conduces, in a greater degree, to the public welfare. To do what we will," he continues, "is natural liberty; to do what we will consistently with the interest of the community to which we belong, is civil liberty."\* I doubt whether it will admit of a better definition than what this author has given—it was, doubtless, the design of the Almighty, in creating us rational beings, and endowing us with reason, that we should live in a state of society,

\* Paley's Moral Philosophy.

and that society can only be maintained by securing to the individual his life, his property, and personal freedom, by wise and judicious laws. This ought to be the great object of every legislator ; and any law which does not tend to these points, or which is in no way calculated to promote the happiness and welfare of the society, is an unnecessary restriction on the natural liberty of the people. Thus when Peter the Great obliged the Muscovites to cut their beards and the tails of their coats, however trivial in itself, it was nevertheless an act of oppression, as it was in no way connected with the happiness, or even the civilization of his subjects, which latter was the great object of his reign.

As natural liberty places every man in a state of perfect freedom and independency of all laws ; it follows, that the fewer the laws in a state of society, the greater the liberty which the people enjoy in that society. From this I draw an important conclusion, namely, that as an increase of wealth in a state is always attended with an increased number of laws for the security of that wealth, a poor state will enjoy more civil liberty than a rich one. Every law enacted, is a restriction on the individual ; but we are told it is a restriction on the individual for the benefit of the community, nay, for the benefit of the very person who suffers by it. I grant it ; but I say, nevertheless, that the fewer the restrictions, the greater the liberty enjoyed by the citizen ; the less the necessity for laws, the greater the happiness of the people.\*

The laws of a country, then, at least those which affect the civil rights of the community, should be made conformable to the state of that country : in fact, we find that they generally are, for laws are seldom enacted until the necessity of them has become apparent. When a people complain of the severity of the law, they are seldom aware that this severity has become necessary by that national wealth of which they are so proud. The law by which an individual suffers, has been made to secure this wealth to the rightful owners, and by means of this wealth the individual has been enabled to partake of more comforts and enjoyments than he could otherwise have done ; from hence it will be seen, that when we expect a country to be rich, powerful, and luxurious, and at the same time to retain its pristine simplicity of judicature, we ask two things which are incompatible with each other. A certain portion of the civil liberty of the community must be given in exchange for their wealth and

\* I am not altogether singular in this opinion. In a conversation I had three or four years back with Mr. Say, the author of some works on political economy, he concurred in these sentiments. Mr. Say, though holding a situation in the Finance under Bonaparte, was a native of Switzerland, a poor, and, at one time, a very free and happy country ; and no man had a better opportunity of judging from experience than he had.



luxury. But it is very different with legislative liberty. The same wealth which abridges the civil, increases the legislative liberty of the people; for I lay it down as a fundamental principle, that property is power in every state: when the community of a country, therefore, become enriched, they naturally seek for that participation in its legislature, which their property entitles them to; hence the necessity of that distinction of liberty which I have made becomes apparent; and I think it will enable us to judge more accurately, and to speak more rationally upon the subject.

It might be objected to me that Sparta, which I have mentioned as groaning under oppressive laws, was one of the poorest states of Greece. To this I reply, that Sparta, amidst her poverty, had all the pride of wealth. As Plato said to Diogenes, that he saw his pride through the holes in his garment, it might in like manner be said of the Spartans, that their poverty proclaimed their pride. The poverty of the Spartans was an ostentatious poverty, which was the pride of the legislature; and when we consider the natural love of wealth which pervades mankind, we cannot wonder that those laws which could effectually prevent the Spartans from attaining it, should be extremely severe. It is pride, and not necessity, that stimulates every man to acquire wealth. The necessities of the body are so easily supplied, that little will suffice for them; but pride and luxury are insatiable.

I shall not now inquire whether wealth is conducive or not to the happiness of a nation, as the subject would lead me into too much abstract reasoning, although I am sometimes inclined to think with our philosophic bard,

————— “ That states, of native strength possest,  
“ Though very poor, may still be very blest.”

My object has been, to shew that civil liberty does not necessarily appertain to any particular form of government, and that the laws which affect the liberties of the people must depend upon the internal state of the country with regard to wealth, commerce, &c., and not upon the fantasies or chimerical reasonings of men; to which I will add, that the greatest perfection to which any political establishment can arrive, is that, where the executive is invested with just so much power as is necessary to secure the state from incursions of enemies without, and to protect the persons and property of individuals within it; more than this invades the natural liberty of the people; less than this is of no avail, and endangers their prosperity. It would be wholly impossible to define precisely what the limitation of power ought to be; for, as I have already observed, it must depend upon the state of the country to be governed, and therefore liable to continual variations.

R. N. K.

## ANTIQUITIES.

*An Account of the People anciently designated under the name of Seres.—*  
*By M. LATEREILLE, Member of the Institute of the Royal Academy*  
*of Science, &c.—1819.*

(Translated from the French, for *The Dublin Magazine*.)

Ctesias appears to me to be the first who expressly mentioned the Seres, a term which has for its root *Zar*, an ancient Persian word, signifying gold, or *Ser*, which has the same meaning among the inhabitants of Thibet.—This nation calls the Emperor of China, *Ser-kji*, King of Gold. *Kin*, in the Chinese tongue, is the name of this metal; and it is hence, or from the word *Tsin*, that *Sinæ*, by which ancient authors denominated the countries of Asia, situated immediately east or south-east of India, is derived.—The tribe of Mantcheoux Tartars\* make themselves be called *the Tribe of Gold*.—Ideas of greatness, such as those conveyed by the words, exaltation, authority, splendor, star of the day, attach themselves to this same word *Ser*, (considered with some slight modifications,) in the meaning which different oriental nations affix, or have affixed, to it. The ancients believed, and traces of this opinion are to be found as early as Herodotus, that there existed at the farthest extremities of Asia, a country highly favoured by nature, a sort of *ophr*, from which many authors have named it *Syria* or *Seria*.†

I distinguished three Sericas—the first is that of Upper Asia, the *Serica* proper of Ptolemy. Though it was but little known till after the time of that author, there is still reason to presume, that this was the place whence silk was first brought. The Assyrians, Persians and Parthians traded in it. With Ptolemy, that *Serica* embraces but the northern and western parts of Little Bucharia, and had for its capital *Turfan* (*Sera Metropolis*.) Three routes run along the chain of mountains called *Alak*, *Auzacû*; of which, two on the southern, and the other on the northern side, led, and yet lead from the adjacent western countries

\* The Mantcheoux, or Nyuches, are a people of Chinese Tartary, who conquered China in 1644, and whose territory at present forms a Chinese province, beyond the great wall.—(ED.)

† These different appellations originate—1st, From the sun and its properties, that body having been, in the primitive religion, the symbol of divinity.—2d, From the richness of the country, as the places where the Seres established themselves were called the *Countries of Gold*, or the *Mansions of the Fortunate*. *Zal* or *Zakzar*, son of Sam Nerimaa, was surnamed *Zer*, because he came into the world with light yellowish or golden coloured hair. *Taba*, in Pehlvi, signifies gold; thence perhaps the origin of the name *Tabin*, given by Pliny to the most eastern promontory of Asia.

to that city. One of these routes, the intermediate, comes from Sungary; the two others go from Great Bucharia, and one passes near the source of the Sir, (Jaxartus:) the northern route communicates with the middle one by a branch on which we meet Oramtchi.—The river named *Æchardys* by this geographer, appears to be but a junction of the Tekis or Tepas, and some other rivers of Sungary, westward of the preceding; that which he calls *Bautisus*, is the *Hajitou*, a branch of the river *Yarkand*, or *Yerghein*, which some others from Mount *Alak* there join. The northern Huns (*Essedones*), the *Ygours*, or *Ouigours* (*Ithaguri*), and other Tartar hordes, which then occupied the eastern and northern portion of Little Bucharia, as far as Lake *Lop* and the desert of *Cobi*, unknown to *Ptolemy*, compose his *Serica*. People of the Scythian race extend themselves on the north-west and west. *Solana*, *Ottorocora*, *Orosana*, lie on the southern route which leads from *Sera* in *Sogdiana*. *D'Anville's* general map of *Thibet* gives us, on a route which we take to be the same, *Soulona*, *Coucour*, *Acsou*, &c. The northern route, after its communication with the intermediate one, continues towards the east to *Actas*, inclining a little towards the south; and it is in this elliptic portion that I will place the *Regio Asmirea* of *Ptolemy*. The place which he notices under the name of *Throana*, seems to find its analogous position in the *Toboron* of our maps, situated on this route. We see that he had some marks on the country, between the mountains *Alak* and *Ulug-Tag*, which the *Kirgises* and *Kalmucks* now occupy—he there points out the first of them, the *Syziges*. We can never establish such a coincidence if we place *Serica* in *Thibet*. This central part of *Asia*, as well as the portion of Little Bucharia, situated on this side, were unknown to *Ptolemy*; since he has placed *Serica* immediately below the *Hymnala Mountains*, *Enodi Montes*, and those which bound on the south the kingdom of *Assam*, or the *Garrous*, (*Ottorocoras qui et sericus mons*). Some of the *Seres* emigrated to *America*, and form at present, in that province of the Spanish dominions, named the *Province of Sonora*, a particular people, very distinct from those who surround them, and who have preserved their ancient denomination, *Seri*. Thus the correspondence between the astronomical knowledge of the *Mexicans*, and that of the *Tartars* and *Persians*, observed by *Baron Humboldt*, is very naturally explained.

The second *Serica* is that of the North of *India*. *Ser-hend* or *Sirhind* (*Serinda*). The incursions which the different Tartar hordes of the north-east of *Asia*, particularly the Huns, successively made, in Upper *Serica*, obliged its inhabitants to expatriate themselves.

(To be continued.)



*Weisbaden.*—A letter from this city announces that there are in it, at present, two very remarkable objects, of the highest antiquity; namely, a cylinder of red jasper, with winged human figures, birds, and an inscription cut on it, apparently of exquisite workmanship. Learned antiquarians, who have seen it, are of opinion that it is of the time of the ancient Persian kings, from about five to six hundred years before the birth of Christ. The cylinder, which is hollow, measures one inch ten and a half lines in height, and ten lines in diameter; the characters of the writing are said to be what are called simple Babylonian cuneiform.

The second is a Thibetian MS. on a dark blue coloured silk paper, two feet in length. The characters are inscribed in gold, and the paper written upon on both sides. Though this MS. bears the traces of high antiquity in many places, it may be considered as in an excellent state of preservation. The characters seem to have much similarity with the Sanscrit, and may probably authorise us to infer a common origin. The possessor of the stone and MS., the Counsellor Dorow, has given permission to have it printed, with additions by Professors Heern, Grotefend, and others.

*Arabian Antique in Poland.*—Some months ago, there was found, in making a road near Brielany in Poland, a brass tablet, on which was delineated the celestial globe, with an Arabian inscription. The Society of the Lovers of the Sciences, begged from Mr. Chiarini, Professor of Oriental Languages to the University of Warsaw, an explanation of this antique. He was of opinion that the tablets formed a part of an astronomical instrument made by an Arabian. Soon after this, another such astronomical instrument, with similar tablets and inscriptions, was found in the convent of the Piarists at Warsaw. Mr. Chiarini read a treatise on this subject on the 24th of November, at the sitting of the society, and stated, that the brass tablet which had been found, constituted, as it appeared to him, part of an Arabian astrolabe. The instrument at present in the hands of the Piarists, came from Italy about two centuries ago with the first Piarists. The inscriptions on it mentioned the cities of Almeira, Toledo, Cordova and Seville in Spain. The inscription on the fragment, which was found near Brielany, mentions the cities of Cairo and Medina.

*Egypt.*—An Italian traveller, at present in Egypt, has discovered, at nine hours march from the Red Sea, an ancient city, built in the mountains, between the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth degrees of latitude.—There are about 800 houses yet standing. Among the ruins were found temples, dedicated to different divinities. Eleven statues remain and

various mutilated ones. They have also discovered the ancient halting-places on the route through the desert, leading from the Red Sea to the valley of the Nile. These halting-places are situated nine hours journey from each other. This route is, doubtless, one of those pursued in the Indian commerce, which was so flourishing at the time of the Lagides, and under the first Emperors; it is now known where the emerald mines are situated; on this point, there was, for many ages past, little certainty.

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#### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GENERAL MORILLO, &c. &c.

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(Translated for *The Dublin Magazine*, from *Rev. Encl. Aout*. 1819.)

The military and political events which have taken place in Southern America, having, undoubtedly, a very great influence on the civilization of the vast tracts of the continent: it is not foreign to the plan of the Encyclopedical Review, to bring under notice the leading characters of that bloody tragedy, the catastrophe of which, at once interests commerce and industry, arts and sciences, the rights of nations, as well as those of nature. General Morillo was formerly a serjeant of marine artillery; during the Spanish war, he appeared in his military career at the battle of Vigo. Placing himself at the head of some peasants, he formed a corps of Guerillas, and obliged the French officer who commanded the town to capitulate. As he had not at that time any rank in the Spanish army, he thought, that to sign the capitulation, he must, at least, use the title of Colonel, and with the consent of his companions in arms, he, in fact, assumed it.\*

The success which he had obtained, caused him to be elevated to that rank by the Government of Cadiz.—This partiality he justified by the courage and activity which he displayed on all occasions: still his military talents caused him to be far less dreaded by the French, than the savageness of his manners made him be feared by the Spaniards. He received the command of a division when General Wellington united all the peninsular forces under his own immediate orders. He continued to distinguish himself in the retreat of the French armies:—

\* All the other Guerilla Chiefs obtained their military ranks in the same manner. As soon as one of them had gained some advantage over the enemy, he addressed a letter to the Central Junta: he affixed to his signature the title of Colonel of the Legion of Volunteers, (of such or such a province). The Junta, who wished to encourage all the defenders of national independence, confirmed by its answer the title which had been assumed by the Guerilla Chief, who was thus recognized as Colonel, truly and legally appointed.—This promotion served as the first step for every other.

his character, his conduct, and mode of warfare, appeared to have nothing Spanish about it; and whether in praise or censure, his countrymen named him WELLINGTON'S COSSACK.

In 1815, the Cabinet of Madrid, having resolved to make the vast regions of South America re-enter under the yoke of their ancient capital, an army, amounting to 10,800 men, was made up of the choicest Spanish troops, and the command given to General Morillo.—Circumstances were favourable for the expedition, and every thing proclaimed that it wanted but a slight effort to insure its success.—A frightful catastrophe had deprived the Government of Venezuela of the greatest part of the bulk of its army, and of almost all its superior soldiers.—The earthquake of the 26th of March, 1812, buried 10,000 men under the ruins of the city of Caraccas, and flung terror and consternation over all the country.—The Spanish General Monteverda had taken advantage of these dreadful calamities to retake possession of Venezuela; but, the violation of the articles of capitulation which had taken place, and the avowed resolution of forgetting nothing of the past, soon re-armed the Venezuelans, who obliged the enemy to retire.—The advantages that, in 1813, the brave Bolivar and Marino had gained, appeared to have insured independence; when dissensions suddenly gave a turn to fortune.—Boves, a chief till then almost unknown, rallied the Spanish party, and the course of his success was such, that the Independents had but the isle of St. Margaretta remaining, when his successor, Morales, united his forces to those of Morillo's expedition.—This General, at the time he entered Venezuela, had no resistance to overcome; and when it is considered, that, by his junction with the old troops of Boves, he found himself at the head of an army of almost 25,000 men, there is not the least doubt but that it was then possible for him to keep New Granada quiet; assist Peru; subdue Chili; and advantageously attack Buenos Ayres, weakened by its intestine divisions.—But, for the execution of this plan of operations, and not to be under the immediate necessity of keeping down each province, he should have healed the wounds still bleeding afresh from civil war. Here is the plan by which Morillo tried to succeed. As soon as he had triumphantly entered Caraccas, he established a Board of Sequestration, which proclaimed the property of all those who had taken part in the insurrection, and of all those who, without taking part in it, did not oppose it, as escheated.—They comprised in one or the other class, those who quitted the country, even against their will, and those who remained in it: in fine, they obtained the properties which had escaped the confiscations, by obliging those whom they could not throw in under them, to come forward with *subscriptions*, a sort of forced loan, or rather military contribution, for it never admitted of reimburse-



ment. We may easily conceive, that this mode of administration did not calm the effervescence of the provinces they were endeavouring to bring under the Spanish authority ; and from this time, an army, which ought to have been sufficient to silence all South America, had not the power to retain merely a few parties under a detested yoke.—Events were not slow in proving that the system of oppression which they adopted, was not only unjust and cruel, but still further, that it was the result of false and dangerous politics.—In fact, Morillo was forced to convert the grand military operations which he had projected, into partial movements, slow and ineffectual. He sat down before Carthagena, to lay siege to it. This army was composed of 6000 European troops, 3000 Venezuelans commanded by Morales, the standing regiment of Porte Vico, and 2 or 3000 men from the troops of Santa Martha. The fleet which was to assist them, was formed of 3 frigates, 2 corvettes, many brigs and goelettas, 13 feluccas armed with 16 pounders and 8 inch howitzers, 11 bongos armed with 18 and 24 pounders, and 56 transports, whose seamen might reinforce the crews of the line of battle ships. Such considerable forces seemed as if they ought, at the first assault, to have swept away a town, whose fortifications were so extended, and whose garrison did not exceed 4000 men ; however, all these operations of Morillo terminated in a blockade, and in remaining 114 days before a place, the occupation of which could have no possible influence on the reduction of Spanish America.—The garrison, which had but 43 days provisions, gave not alone proofs of the most intrepid bravery, but even shewed the most heroic perseverance, when the miseries of famine, more formidable than the enemy, each day, caused its bravest soldiers and better officers to fall—all resources were exhausted—the cavalry were dismounted, and its horses distributed in rations, as well as all the asses and mules of the baggage train.—They were soon obliged to have recourse to other means of subsistence ; the most filthy animals, even to the very grass of the public squares, and the leathers which they used to cover saddles, trunks, and carriages, all were devoured.—Morillo, on the 12th November, 1815, having, with the pick of his troops, attacked the advanced positions of La Popa, the 97 men who defended the post, and who, although enfeebled by hunger, vigorously repulsed the enemy, received from the Government of Carthagena, as a proof of its satisfaction, a supplementary ration of 3 dozen ox-hides.—Five ships, which should have brought provisions, having perished, and every hope of procuring any being lost, the remnant of the garrison resolved to open itself a passage through the Spanish forces, which occupied the inner bay, and the cross batteries which defended the channel.—They embarked, with those of the inhabitants who wished to follow them, on board 9 vessels, three

of which only were armed with one 16 pounder each ; this brave flotilla set sail in presence of all the Spanish army, ran into the channel under the fire of the squadron and enemy's batteries, and put to flight the feluccas and bongos which were inclined to oppose its passage. Arrived at the mouth of the road, named Boca-Chica, it spiked the artillery of the forts, embarked the male population of the neighbouring towns, which served as their garrisons, and traversing the Spanish squadron, in spite of its puny efforts, withdrew ; not, however, without leaving an example of one of the most astonishing feats of arms presented by the history of the two worlds.

The town of Boca-Chica, or the women, children, and sick that remained, sent a deputation to General Morillo, who was at a short distance ; he entered it with his division, and, although he had made the officer who presented the keys of the place, breakfast with him ; in less than half an hour he beheaded the 500 whom he found in the town.— This massacre looked like the signal for the execution that to this period had been delayed. The most distinguished perished first ; obscurity, however, was not a sure guarantee for life. When Morillo marched from Carthagena on Santa Fe de Bagota, his route was marked in all the towns by gibbets, which, on the roads and thorough-fares, exhibited to the passenger, bloody heads and torn members. He entered the capital in consequence of a capitulation, of which a general amnesty was the principal article ; and it was in the midst of fetes given by the inhabitants, to celebrate the return of peace, sealed by the solemn promise of royal clemency, that Morillo drew up the lists of proscription, which left not a single family without having to deplore some of its relatives.— If we abstract the eternal rights of justice and humanity, and consider this method of governing as a political experiment, its results evidently prove, that tyranny is a bad speculation ; and that its cruellest and darkest excesses have not for their justification, even the merit of a criminal advantage. Morillo thought to have decided the lot of all America by the taking of Carthagena, and the punishment of those who relied on his faith. He was not long without being undeceived.— The hope of vengeance made those, who had laid down their arms, re-assume them. Troops of Guerillas came forward from all parts of Venezuela, lead by the noble Páez, Sarasa, Sidenô, Roxas, and many other equally distinguished chiefs. They everywhere gained the advantage over the Spanish forces. Arismendi put himself at the head of the Insurgents of Margaretta, destroyed the garrison which Morillo had left in the island, and successfully repulsed all the attacks directed against that important post. When, in 1817, the Spaniards received from Europe a reinforcement of troops, to the amount of 4000, to repair the

immense losses which the army had sustained, Morillo undertook to storm the garrison; but the massacre of the women and children who had fallen into his hands at the time of their landing, shewed the inhabitants what they might expect. United to the number of 4000, they attacked the Spaniards with such fury, that they put them to the route, and cut to pieces half those who set foot on their territory.

New enemies soon flocked in to add fresh dangers to the critical situation of General Morillo; the remainder of the garrison of Carthagena, which had rallied at Jamaica and St. Domingo, under the orders of General Bolivar, embarked in the fleet of Admiral Brion, and the cause of independence still lives in Venezuela, organized armies fighting under its banners. Morillo was obliged, in order to support his troops in that province, to withdraw them from New Granada—instantly Guerillas appeared from all sides; the want of arms was no bar to their efforts—they assailed the Spanish posts, kept them continually on the alert, and forced them to live in nothing better than a sort of blockhouses, (*casas fuertes*): The Partisans of the cause, commanded by the two brothers Neyras, have penetrated to the skirts of the town of Santa Fé, where the viceroy resides, and where almost all his remaining forces are concentrated. They have taken part of the supplies going thither, and are augmented by a number of detachments destined to oppose them. General Santander, assisted by the government of Venezuela, has re-assembled all the corps in the province of Casanares; he has defeated the troops sent against him, and every thing announces the success of his march on the capital.

General Morillo, after having lost all the troops which he had levied in the country, besides 2,000 European soldiers which he had either conducted to America, or received since, found himself reduced to the occupation of no more than part of the Caraccas, backed by the mountains and terminated by the sea. The Independents, who, at the time of his arrival in that country, possessed but the Isle of Santa Margaretta, are at this day masters of the provinces of Guiana, Cumana, Barcelone, Varinas, Casanares; and New Granada, covered with Guerillas, waiting but for arms and ammunition to totally deliver itself from the Spanish dominion. We cannot however deny, that had General Morillo appeared in the New World at the time of its discovery, he might, like Pizarro, by his bloody exploits, find a place among posterity; but we may justly doubt whether the opinion of his own age would be as favourable to him, as is the Inquisition of Spain, which has esteemed it its duty to elevate him to the highest dignity, that of ALGUAZIL MAJOR OF THE HOLY OFFICE.



The foregoing account of Morillo and the struggle for independence in South America, has been written by an eminent literary character, a native of a country, scarcely, if at all, interested in the issue of the contest: as such, we have reason to suppose it a faithful sketch, compiled, perhaps, chiefly from the public prints. In the narrative, we must remark that British assistance is never once mentioned; indeed we from the first had little hope that our countrymen would meet with that warmth of reception, which the seductive promises of interested persons led them to expect. The South Americans are not deficient in forces; it is in equipments, arms, ammunition, &c.—for supplies of these they pay, or are, at least, grateful. The regiments (provided with a double quota of inexperienced officers,) which have been raised in this country, and dispatched to their assistance, were, and are, viewed with a jealous eye. The Americans are sufficiently sharp-sighted to perceive, that, were the cause of independence established without a blow, those alien troops would think themselves entitled to the first offices of the state, to “the loaves and fishes” of the republic. There is, however, no excuse for those who allured from their too credulous countrymen the sums which, in many instances, constituted the all that a distressed family could scrape together,—the purchase money of commissions, which they assumed a right to dispose of. No punishment can be too heavy for those who exposed so many to all the miseries of sickness and starvation; to wretchedness, from which death was a frequent and happy release. An investigation is now going forward, which will, we trust, bring to light the real actors in this cruel fraud. Till terminated, we abstain from noticing its proceedings.

Ed.

#### A DESCRIPTION OF BUENOS AYRES.

This town was settled about 200 years ago, and has 100,000 inhabitants.—It is situated on the banks of the La Plata, 170 miles from the sea shore, on a spot considerably elevated above the adjacent country; thus it possesses a commanding prospect. On the opposite side of the river, which is here 30 miles broad, stands Monte Video, belonging to the Portuguese.

Buenos Ayres is handsomely laid out in squares, the streets crossing at angles; but they are generally narrow and filthy. The houses, which are of brick, and white-washed, are only one story in height, with flat roofs. Many are large and convenient, and have a magnificent appearance. This town might well be styled the Town of Forts, as every house can mount a cannon on its top, and in every other respect they are calculated to repel the attacks of the enemy. The houses have only one

door in front, which opens into a large square court yard, out of which you enter the different apartments, the floors of which are paved with brick, and are often elegantly furnished. On each side of the door there is a grated window like our jail windows, being the only apertures for admitting light in front. You will be surprised when I inform you that there is but *one* chimney in the whole town. The fact is, that the inhabitants have little use for fire, except in cooking, which is done in a corner of the court yard, by means of an oven. The climate is remarkably fine. Sickness, indeed, is rare here, and all classes are strangers to the fatal complaints, consumptions, dropsies, &c. &c. the rest of the world are subject to. They uniformly live to a great age. The sailors affirm that the *old women* never die, but are finally blown off by the Pomparos, a terrible wind that prevails here at certain seasons. The soil is so fertile that it produces in great abundance, with little labour. Peaches grow wild in large groves, and are the finest I ever saw. Strawberries are also superior here. Oranges, lemons, figs, melons, &c. grow in abundance, and in great perfection. The market-place is one of the most interesting objects in the town. It forms an oblong square, occupying two acres, with a row of handsome buildings extending through the centre, in the middle of which there is an archway to facilitate the communication with all parts of the town. There are many churches in Buenos Ayres; some are very old, and in a decayed state, resembling huge piles of bricks, with 10 or 12 bells suspended therefrom at different points. Those of latter erection are equally large, and display great taste. Some of their spires are gilt and decorated with images; but the interior is most interesting to strangers;—here, in an uninterrupted space of about 200 feet, you may see, at all times of the day, a number of persons, chiefly women, worshipping on their knees, before the altar and images. There are no seats or pews; a carpet is spread over the floor, on which the congregation kneel. The altar is at one end, surrounded by golden candlesticks; over the top are gilt images, profusely decorated with the most costly ornaments; around the interior stand the Twelve Apostles in rich embroidered dresses. Our Saviour's image is likewise presented on the cross, without any other covering than a sash. On entering one of the churches, the mind is struck with the awful solemnity which prevails in their worship. The apparent devotion of the kneeling assembly, with their hands folded over their breasts, and their eyes directed upwards in solemn prayer; the distant mutterings of the Monks at the altar; the regular chaunting of the deep-toned organ; all tend to render it truly sublime. This you would say must be the very school of piety.

From the church you must follow me to the circus. This is an inclosure of a circular form, containing nearly two acres. Boxes are placed

around it similar to our theatres: frequently they contain from 8 to 10,000 spectators. It is the property of the Government, and brings in a considerable revenue. Here is exhibited that cruel amusement of bull-beating, which they inherit from the old Spaniards. Ten or twelve of these unfortunate animals are generally killed at one of those barbarous amusements. They are fought by men who have forfeited their lives by the commission of some capital crimes, and are condemned to this employment. These wretched men are often killed in the contest, a circumstance which never fails to excite great applause among the spectators, particularly *the ladies*. The exhibition is always on Sundays.—The inhabitants consist of Whites, Quarteroons, Mulattos, Indians, and Negroes. The Whites intermarry very much with the Quarteroons and Indians. The Quarteroons are a mixed breed from the bulk of the inhabitants. There is as yet no regular code of laws; all disputes are settled by the Alcadi, (or Judge). Owing partly to this, but more to the propensities of the natives, the most enormous crimes are committed daily. Assassination is so frequent, that it is scarcely noticed. Two or three persons are often found dead in the market place, where it is the common custom to bring them to be recognized by their friends. The lower classes of the people are the most abject wretches in the creation: there is no crime that they are not base enough to commit; and although they possess so fine a soil, they are too lazy to cultivate it.

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#### THE BROCHEN.\*

*The Brochen Mountain.*—"We reached the Brochen, from whence nothing higher but the heavens can be seen. About noon, fortunately the weather was clear, and the view extensive and grand. There is nothing pretty, no beautiful little scene in the immediate neighbourhood of the Brochen; it is far too high above all the surrounding country; but there is nothing on any side to impede a most extensive view. The sight rather fails to distinguish objects, than is stopped. The horizon is every where lost in a light blue obscurity. The Brochen is said to be 3480, or 3500 Paris feet above the level of the sea. From its top, a circle of the earth is seen, the diameter of which is 140 geographical miles. This circle contains the 200th part of Europe, and is inhabited by 5,000,000 people. More than 300 towns and villages, and the territories of eleven different princes, lie within it. It may be doubted if there be such another view in Europe, or, indeed, in the world. When higher ones are accessible, some still higher ones in their neighbourhood ge-

\* From Hodgskin's Travels in the North of Germany.



nerally limit the view. Such prospects are, however, more astonishing than beautiful; they make a much more powerful impression, when the enumerations of the geographical arithmetician are read, than when they are beheld. A white cottage, at the foot of a steep crag, with meadows and corn fields, and a rivulet running past it, is much more beautiful than the eye-straining view from the summit of the earth. We toil, however, to the top, from the ambition of being equal or superior to our neighbours; and if shame would allow us, we should confess, when we had descended, that there was more enjoyment in remaining below. It is the ambition of seeing what has been pronounced beautiful by others, that often excites a degree of toil, of which the object itself is utterly unworthy. There is a single public-house on the top of the Brochen, the inhabitants of which are cut off from all communication with the rest of the world during the winter. Here accommodations of all kinds, and tolerably good ones, may be procured.

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#### POEMS:

*With some Translations from the German, by JOHN ANSTER, Esq.*  
Edin. 8vo. 1819.

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The volume under our consideration, is evidently the production of no ordinary mind. Mr. Anster is not one of those who, from the perusal of the great poets of ancient times, or the fashionable authors of the day, has acquired a facility in putting together pretty unmeaning couplets, or methodically-wild romances. He is one of those who feel, with exquisite sensibility, the charms of nature, and who can give utterance, in almost in voluntary song, to those deep and delicious feelings. This native capability for receiving poetic impressions, has been enlarged by the study of those great geniuses, who could pour in such rich streams of varied imagery; while a naturally-fine ear was improved by the melody of their numbers. Indeed it requires but a slight glance at Mr. Anster's poems, to be convinced both of his natural talent, and his good taste and judgment in discriminating between the real and apparent beauties of the numerous poets whose works he has studied to such advantage.—Our opinion of his poetry is, that it is almost always the pure ebullition of genuine and fervent feeling, sparkling in the light of fancy; and if there be traced a resemblance to others, it is owing to the absolute necessity of expressing ideas in some style or other; the water of the crystal spring is still the same, whatever be the ornaments on the vase which contains it.

To consider accurately the character of these poems, would require a very profound inquiry into the nature of poetry, and into the distinctions between the different classes of poets, besides an examination of their re-

lative merits, upon which scarce any two persons are agreed. Without entering into so dangerous a discussion, we will hazard a few remarks, which may help to give clearer notions concerning Mr. Anster's style of poetry.

Many poets present us with a profusion of rich and varied ornament, thickly spread over the subjects of their compositions; they appear to think that poetry consists totally in beaming forth all the brilliant lights of imagination, so as to delight the eye with the most attractive hues, sparkling and shifting in endless variety. This species of poetry, when overstrained, degenerates from metaphor and simile, into what we call conceits: this is quite evident in the poets of Cowley's day, who laboured so industriously to produce an abundant crop of ornaments, that they totally neglected to weed out the rank and glaring absurdities which of necessity luxuriated in such a hot-bed. Others again seem to have not only created the ornaments, but indulged themselves in dreaming of other worlds, and forming from such wild materials, the very ground-work of their poems. But as the elements of these fabrics must, after all, be drawn from the senses, there occurs in their writings, much faithful and vivid description, and even a great deal of true feeling. The last class which we shall notice, (and to which we conceive this young author belongs) consists of those who (occasionally pursuing the same course as the two preceding) rather describe the intimate and deep-seated feelings of their own minds, and the manner in which the external world affects them, than set their imaginations to work to find out the points of likeness between things, and to place them in such a light as to shew off the similarity to the best advantage.

The former kinds of poets, discovering and displaying these resemblances, had the advantage of being agreeable to all readers; for it only requires a slight exertion in the mind to perceive the force of the allusions; and even those to whom such combinations of ideas are by no means familiar, can yet acknowledge their elegance, when pleasingly set before them. But those with whom we are now engaged, occupy themselves chiefly with such feelings as *the multitude* are totally unacquainted with; feelings which are banished from the thoughtless levity of everyday society. The poet must look for kindred spirits with whom to communicate his thoughts. The subjects of his song are of a deep and home-felt nature; they cannot be described; they can only be alluded to in such a manner as to recal them to the mind of any one who has ever felt them: to all others the lines may fall sweetly on the ear; they may raise some inferior pleasure; but they can never conjure up those delicious sensations of which their minds appear to be incapable, and which constitute the true value of such poetry. To such our author addresses him-

self in the following lines, from an exquisite little poem in this collection, "*The Poet's Haunt*," page 111 :

" Thou do'st not rightly worship POETRY,  
To whom there is no music in the leaves,  
Rustling with ceaseless murmur, as the winds  
Play through their boughs, if, when the thunders roar,  
And the red light'nings roll in orbs of fire,  
Or glance in arrowy flight, thou can'st but feel  
The throb of selfish fear—then seek some fane  
More suited to such feelings, nor presume  
To bow before the shrine of POETRY!  
Does thy soul slumber when the rising lark  
Pours all his spirit in the full-voic'd song,  
A hymn of worship at the eastern shrine  
Of Day's ascending God? And in thy heart,  
Wakes there no answering music of sweet thoughts,  
Of such strong power to steal thee from thyself,  
That even the song of lark, the hum of bee,  
All nature's harmonies of morning joy,  
Seem, when thou wakest from the holy spell,  
But fragments of thy broken meditations,  
Or echoes to the minstrelsy within ?  
If, in the silence of the noon-day hour,  
Thou do'st not own serenity of soul,  
A spirit that can love the quietude,  
And brood in joy upon the thousand forms  
That float, unceasingly, before its ken ;  
If, when the robin warbles from her bough  
The latest accents of adoring love  
To yon fair star that gilds the twilight trees,  
Thou can'st not give a moral to her song ;  
If, when the moon sheds her still sober light  
Upon this water, and deludes the eye  
With show of motion, there is in thy heart  
No pulse of pleasure ;—hence, for ever hence,  
Oh, shun this bank ! it is the Poet's Haunt !"

This extract, which is nearly half of the little poem, we have made designedly long, to give a more complete specimen of his general manner. In this passage the diction is rich and delicate; the thunder-storm, the morning, the summer-noon, and the moonlight stream, are briefly and spiritedly described with some of their most interesting circumstances. But whoever perceives no other beauties in these lines, may, indeed, close the volume, and bow before some other shrine than that of poetry. Can any description recal such delightful recollections of a fine sun-rise, as the mention of that "answering music of sweet thoughts," with the lines immediately following. Parts of this extract may serve also to illustrate what we have said of feelings which, like the simple ideas of



the metaphysicians, cannot be defined, but can only be recalled to the memory of those who have themselves previously felt them. It may seem very strange to say, that "the song of lark, the hum of bee," &c. seem "but fragments of our broken meditations;" and yet words cannot express more fully the sensations of one, who interrupts himself in that delightful state of reverie which nature can produce, when, as it is expressed in a preceding part of the same poem,

"——— Thoughts that pass  
Across the moveless surface, leave no trace,  
When mem'ry sleeps, and feeling only wakes,  
And we but learn from interrupted thought,  
That we had thought at all."—p. 110.

In another short but truly valuable poem, called "*Home*," there are a few lines which admirably point out the indescribable sensations which fine scenery produces on those who can "hold deep intercourse" with nature.

"Oft have I thought some bond of mighty strength  
Had link'd me in a strange identity  
With outward accidents of nature.—Oft,  
Methought, some spell of more than human force  
Had lull'd to rest my individual self,  
And that one soul inspired the scenes around,  
The spacious sky—the universal air—  
And him, who gaz'd in rapture on the sight."—p. 118.

No elaborate description of the scene could produce the effect of these few lines. The only fault we find with them is, that the word *accidents* is used in too philosophical a sense. We will give but one instance more of this poetry of feeling :

"——— The sounds ceas'd,  
Or, tho' unnoted by the idle ear,  
Were mingling with my thoughts."—p. 122.

These lines occur in an elegy on the death of an amiable young lady, who, it appears, died of a lingering consumption. Elegies are not the most promising kind of compositions; they are generally mere commonplace catalogues of the good qualities, real or imaginary, of the deceased. Indeed we took up the present elegy quite unprepared, to find so much feeling, poetry, and originality, as it undoubtedly displays. It commences with a description of the music of a "wind harp," a description almost as thrillingly wild and plaintive as the instrument itself: Its sounds, he then says, *to him*, "*bear record of strange feelings*;" they remind him of an evening when the same instrument lay on his window, and while listening to its sounds, he says,

"——— I thought of one,  
And she was of the dead—she stood before me,

With sweet sad smile, like the wan moon at midnight,  
 Smiling in silence on a world at rest —  
 I rushed away—I mingled with the mirth  
 Of the noisy many—it is strange, that night,  
 With a light heart, with light and lively words,  
 I sported hours away, and yet there came,  
 At times, wild feelings—words will not express them—  
 But it seemed, that a chill eye gazed upon my heart,  
 That a wan cheek, with sad smile, upbraided me ;  
 I felt that mirth was but a mockery,  
 Yet I was mirthful.”—122.

He then mentions a wild and fanciful thought which possessed him while listening at night to the plaintive notes,

“ That the voice was her’s, whose early death I mourned,  
 And she it was who breath’d those solemn notes,  
 Which, like a spell, possess’d the soul.”—

We have already quoted too largely to give any extracts from the beautiful description of her lingering death; but we cannot forbear to quote the following beautiful and natural lines from the close of the elegy :

“ Thou do’st not know with what a soothing art,  
 Grief, that rejects man’s idle consolations,  
 Makes to itself companionable friends  
 Of all that charmed the dead !—her robin still  
 Seeks at the wonted pane his morning crumbs ;  
 And surely, not less dear for the low sigh  
 His visit wakes !—and the tame bird, who loved  
 To follow with gay wing her every step,  
 Who oft, in playful fits of mimicry,  
 Echoed her song, is dearer for her sake !—  
 The wind, that from the hawthorn’s dewy blossoms  
 Brings fragrance, breathes of her !—the moral lay  
 That last she loved to hear, with deeper charm  
 Speaks to the spirit now—even these low notes  
 Breath’d o’er her grave, will sink into the soul,  
 A pensive song that memory will love  
 In pensive moments.”—p. 127.

We have allowed ourselves to be drawn away too far by the minor poems of the collection, and it is now time to give some more orderly account of the volume. The poems from which we have hitherto quoted, besides some of the longest in the book, are in blank verse, which Mr. A. writes with a natural and flowing sweetness; but he has given abundant proof that all metres are equally easy to him. The first and longest poem is, “*THE TIMES, A REVERIE*.” It was written, as we are told in the advertisement, immediately after the battle of Waterloo, and refers to the events of that period. In considering the mighty events of that day,

it was almost impossible for the author to avoid expressing his own opinions on the politics of the Continent ; this Mr. Anster has done in a manly and spirited manner ; but we are now concerned only with his poetry. The poem commences with some very beautiful passages, in which he speaks of those "forms that hover o'er the poet's couch," and the enchanting inspirations of "the awful power, that wakes the slumbering spirit into song." He then, in a splendid apostrophe to Ruin, imagines that fiend to rise before him in the night, and conduct him to the field where the work of havoc had been so dreadfully performed. We would gladly give some of the characters which he has drawn with a masterly hand for the various warriors who lie confusedly together on the midnight plain ; but our limits will only allow us to give the concluding passage from a long description of a man of domestic habits, a character upon which Mr. Anster always dwells with peculiar satisfaction :

"Fallen warrior, there are those that weep for thee!  
Aye, there is one who, in her daily prayer,  
Leaves not the absent soldier's name forgot—  
There is an eye, that, as each passing cloud  
Obscures the air, will shape it to thy form ;  
And, when she thinks on thee, if the chill breeze  
Roll the dry vine-leaf in its hurrying whirl,  
Will start, as though it were thy courser's hoofs ;  
Oh ! she hath often from the cradle snatch'd  
Her dreaming child, and hush'd its little plaints,  
Soothing him with the tale of thy return,  
And rush'd to shew the infant to his sire ;  
Then laid it rudely by, and bitterly  
Wept when she saw another face than thine."—p. 13.

He shortly after pays a noble tribute to the steady conduct of England through those dreadful struggles when the great powers of the Continent left her to carry on the contest alone. Not far from the beginning of the second part, he exclaims,

—————"Oh ! what joy  
Is thine, green daughter of the western star,  
Ireland, my country. Oh ! what joy is thine !  
But little do I love the din of war ;  
I cannot tell what soldiers pant to hear,  
But many a bard shall chaunt of Wellington,  
And fondly hope thy hero's deathless name  
Shall give his numbers immortality."—p. 21.

That Mr. Anster is not, if he choose, incapable of telling "what soldiers pant to hear," will readily appear from the following passage :

"Look, look how rapidly yon coursers press  
Up through those shrouds of smoke :—at times you hear



The shouting riders, when the glancing hoof  
 Bounds light on softer earth—at times you see,  
 When the breeze wafts aside the battle cloud,  
 The dark brow guarded by the shadowy helm,  
 The cuirass sparkling on the warrior's breast,  
 The long lance levell'd in the steady hand—  
 And oft before the lancer's charging lines  
 The blue sword's momentary gleams are seen  
 In horizontal whirl of rapid light.  
 In downward ray direct—with thundering tramp  
 The courser presses on—"Revenge—Revenge!"  
 Is Brunswick's battle shout—"Revenge, Revenge!"  
 And well, stern mourners, worthily and well  
 Did ye avenge your lord—ye did not shrink,  
 Ye did not falter, when with tempest-force  
 France pour'd upon your squares her chivalry."—p. 25.

The third part is occupied with a violent attack upon the modern atheistical philosophy of France; in this he personifies Wisdom in the several forms in which she appeared in the world in different ages and countries. We will give one specimen in astronomy, which is beautifully and fancifully pictured.

—————"With pensive eye  
 And dim, as tho' 'twere wearied from its watch  
 Through the long night, what time to shepherd tribes  
 Of fair Chaldea, she had imaged forth  
 The host of Heav'n, and mapp'd their mazy march,  
 While the bright dew on her tiara'd brow,  
 And the cold moonlight on her pallid face,  
 And the loose wandering of her heavy hair,  
 (As the breeze lifted the restraining bands,)  
 And the slow motion of the graceful stole,  
 When with her jewell'd wand she trac'd the line  
 Of milky light—all gave a sober air  
 Of mild solemnity."—p. 40.

This is a truly beautiful personification, and would afford a subject worthy the pencil of any artist.

The fourth part contains an awful image of the fiend of Revolution, and concludes with some very fine passages on Poetry, whose proper office and excellence he beautifully shews.

"Spirit of Heav'n, thy first best song on earth  
 Was Gratitude! thy first best gift to man,  
 The Charities;—Love, in whose full eye gleams  
 The April-tear—all dear domestic joys,  
 That sweetly smile in the secluded bowers  
 Of Innocence; thy presence hath illum'd  
 The temple; with the prophets thou hast walk'd,  
 Inspiring!"—p. 54.

Well may he add,

“ Oh ! how seldom hast thou found a worthy residence.”

Few poets endeavour to make their talents serviceable to the cause of virtue. Oh ! that poets in general would hear the invocation to the spirit that they love.

———“ Oh ! breathe, as with thy Milton's voice,  
And testify against these evil times :  
Oh ! paint to nations, sunk in sloth and sleep,  
The virtues of their fathers—let thy song  
Come like the language of a better world,  
Like fancied tones, that soothe the musing bard  
When passions slumber, and serenity  
Breathes softly as the gale on summer's eye :  
Fling images of love, as fair as those  
That, from the bosom of the deep, allure  
The mariner, presenting to his eye  
The hills his little feet were taught to climb—  
The valley where he lived—the pillar'd smoke  
That shines in th' evening sun, from the low roof  
Where dwell his children and deserted wife.”—55.

With this beautiful picture, we conclude our notice of *THE TIMES*.

The lines on the death of the Princess Charlotte, we recollect to have seen in print by themselves, shortly after their being honoured with an University Prize, in Trinity College, of which the author is a member. These lines are not to be classed with the common-place ditties that have been usually chaunted over the biers of deceased mighty ones ; they completely agree with our general remark, that Mr. Anster felt what he wrote. There is no mock sensibility ; nothing assumed for effect ; all is the effusion of a heart that seriously felt for the loss which the nation sustained in the lamented death of that amiable young Princess, from whom we had every promise of a good and glorious reign, had she been left on earth. There are many passages in this poem, which appear to us of a very high class of poetry. In one part he imagines himself “ looking with a prophet's eye ” “ down the long depth of days to come,” upon the glories of her future reign ; Charlotte sitting on her throne, ring'd with the best of England's chivalry : and evermore “ Her full eye fixes on the lordly form ” “ Of him who shares her seat.” Then, amid all the pomp of British Majesty,

“ Envoys from distant lands approach, and bend  
Before the lofty throne———

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——— All join the shout

Of England's tribute to the righteous Queen.”

But he suddenly interrupts the vision with the following splendid passage:

"It was a dream :—its hues have pass'd away !  
 Thus where Vesuvio's streams of fire had roll'd  
 In savage triumph o'er some city's pride ;  
 When ages have pass'd on, the jealous mass  
 That closed abandon'd streets is hewn away,  
 And he, who gazes through some fractur'd roof,  
 Looks for a moment on the forms of men,  
 Standing erect in attitude of life—  
 Till the cold air of earth hath breathed on them,  
 And all is solitude and emptiness."—p. 66.

The description of the midnight funeral procession is admirable. He paints finely the feelings of Leopold. Leopold's dream too is nobly imagined ; and the passage in which our late revered King is spoken of, deserves great praise. The poems we have hitherto noticed, are of a solemn, melancholy cast ; but there are also in the volume, poems of a more lively nature, though all still bearing the shadowy softness which his delicate imagination throws upon every object. "*Zamri*," a *Fragment*, the "*Ode to Fancy*," with the Poem on Solitude, are of this class. There are besides some sonnets which are pleasing, and a few other light pieces. "*The Everlasting Rose*" is delicate and fanciful. The *Ballad* is a pretty illustration of a popular superstition ; perhaps it is even too simple ; "I sat alone in my cottage," is a childish line.

The same objection may be made to one or two lines in "*The Harp*," p. 164, though a very sweet little production. "*Matilda's Dream*" displays a great deal of fancy : it is a dialogue between two young inmates of a nunnery ; Matilda, a votary of fancy, possessed of all its joys, and subject to all its miseries ; and Bertha, her less fantastic companion,—Her dream begins fearfully and wildly.

" ——— Then chang'd the scene :  
 Not suddenly—the objects roll'd away ;  
 And yet it seem'd to me they were not gone.  
 Still did they vanish—still did they return,  
 Like shade and sunlight on an autumn-eve,  
 Chasing each other o'er a mountain-slope "  
 " Still seem I to behold, what then I saw,  
 The white walls of a cottage in the sunlight,  
 And o'er the roof, with green leaves fluttering,  
 A broad elm spread its boughs—and small birds there  
 Were singing pleasantly—up the white walls  
 The jasmine climb'd, and o'er the door-way's arch  
 Hung like a garland. —How the swallow's wing  
 Glanc'd sportively in never-ceasing flight !  
 And, oh! how pleasant to the heart the sound



Of the bee's murmuring winglets, like the voice  
 Of cheerful maiden on an April morn,  
 Humming beside her wheel a rustic song.  
 All, all was happy there—before the porch  
 Were children with their round and rosy faces,  
 All mirth—and they did run and call me mother;  
 And then—but Bertha then that dreary bell  
 Rung out, and broke the spell that held my spirit,  
 Scattering in air my dream of fairy land."

*Zamri* is the only narrative poem in the book, and we are sorry it is only a fragment: it is part of an eastern tale, written after the manner of Lord Byron. The author possesses all the strength and passion of his noble prototype; the same power in the delineation of mind when labouring under the maddest paroxysm of passion; the same minute and terrible description of the strange and indefinite sensations felt under such influences, when every fibre of the heart, torn and convulsed by the vipers of various passions, like Laocoon, strives to untwist the serpent-coil, and is strangled by its exertion;—he has much too of his strong diction; of that language of the impassioned heart,—that eloquence of despair, that speaks with something more than mortal voice, and often gives the feelings and sensations, the mental and bodily tortures of years of misery in one line, very often in one word. Mr. Anster is master too, in a high degree, of that dramatic effect, which we should call *point*,<sup>1</sup> that has been studied more than is imagined in Lord Byron's poetry; we know not whether we are intelligible, but any one acquainted with Mr. Kean's acting, will understand what we mean. Mr. Anster's fragment often reminds us of the impassioned tale of *Mazepa*, or of the more impassioned confession of the *Giaour*, but it is quite free from its sickly immorality,—from the disgusting sensuality that conjures up for the impure mind a spirit of consolation in the recollections of former pruriency and abomination,—that can brave the tortures of earth, and mock the terrors of Heaven in such lines as this:—

"Well! come what may—I have been bless'd."

In this Mr. Anster is the most *Un-Byron-like* writer we are acquainted with; and yet his lines seem to our palates pleasant enough, without being seasoned with a spice of incest or adultery; nay, we have not an allusion even to simple fornication, for *Zamri* is rather a loving husband, and a doating fond father, who revenges the death of his wife, and the murder of his son; and we think the author hints the ravishment of his daughter; and if ever revenge was just, it is so in this case; however, he seeks his vengeance in rather a wild and romantic manner; as he tells it—he trusts himself to the ocean alone in a small bark in hopes of meeting the pirate that murdered his son; this is rather wild, but it is

accounted for by the Mahommedan belief in predestination, as the following lines shew :—

“ It was no common breeze that sped  
My bark along the ocean's bed ;  
It was no dream, no erring thought  
A frantic father's anguish wrought ;  
'Twas Heav'n that led my course aright,  
And I was shadowed by its might ;  
And I was summoned to obey  
The guiding power that shaped my way.” —p. 96.

After tossing a long time on the ocean, at length he sees the pirate-bark of his son's murderer; the description is admirably fine; that also of the murder of the pirate has all the spirit of Lord Byron; it is the very eloquence of passion.

“ Dark fell the night, and fierce and fast  
Through riven sail and crashing mast  
The lightning's hurrying arrows past ;  
—Yes! Heav'n's own lightning was my guide,  
And Heav'n's own strength my arm supplied ;  
The wind was loud, the thunder peal'd,  
In pray'r the frightened pilot kneel'd ;  
—A sudden tide of passion gush'd  
Along my veins, and forth I rush'd, —  
Swift as the lightning's winged dart  
The sabre's point was in his heart.” —p. 106.

He then describes the anguish of his prison-house, and the cruelty of his torturers; and the calm pleasure with which he braves their worst vengeance, strengthened by the consolatory thought of his revenge.

So far Mr. Anster has told us; but how *Zamri* escaped to tell this story, we are quite in the dark; but we must be thankful for what we have got, and thankful we are; yet, we are sorry he did not think proper to give us more. We shall make one extract more from this poem, because it is extremely beautiful, and less in the Byron manner than any other part of the fragment: it is a most fanciful description of the Calenture; it has been often the theme of simile and description to poets, but we do not remember to have seen it so minutely, and yet so beautifully pictured as it is in the following lines :—

“ The evening hour was still and soft ;  
The moon, unclouded, shone aloft,  
And I was gazing on the deep, —  
I watch'd the billows slowly creep ;  
I mark'd the varying colours, cast  
O'er each, while mingling with the last,  
The purple tinge—the emerald gleam,  
Trembling and changing with the beam ;

The gleam of green more steady grew,  
 The noiseless wave was still  
 A deeper green ! a darker blue !  
 'Tis my native vale that meets my view,  
 And the flow of my own blue rill,  
 And the shadowy groves are peeping through  
 The morning mists of the hill.  
 The scene is bright in the glow of the year,  
 And all is vivid to eye and ear ;  
 I hear the stir of the breeze that heaves  
 On the water the lily's recumbent leaves ;  
 The sky-lark's song, and the swallow's *shriek*,  
 And the music of winds in the cavern'd peak ;  
 I see the swan sail calmly by,  
 And the ringlet formed by the falling fly ;  
 The woodbines wreathing the colour'd crag,  
 The lifted head of the antler'd stag ;  
 Light breezes wake the soft air, rife  
 With playful atoms of insect life ;  
 Light breezes bend the head of the rose,  
 And scatter on earth the cistus' snows ;  
 The clouds and the mists are sailing by,  
 And fading fast in the blue of the sky ;  
 The streaks of colour'd light, that shone  
 O'er the chambers of the east, are gone ;  
 The sun-beams fall like a silent show'r,  
 Through the stirring leaves of the budding bow'r ;  
 And MEINA, before my eye thou art,  
 As when first thy loveliness fir'd my heart ;  
 With the wreath of roses my fingers wound,  
 Thy sunny locks, dear girl, are bound ;  
 Thy hand moves swift o'er the harp I strung,  
 Thy voice is busy with lays I sung—  
 Look up, dear girl, thy wand'rer's at home—  
 I look'd for her glance, and I saw the sea foam ;  
 I saw once more that lovely scene,  
 But the cold blue water gushed between ;  
 I gaz'd again with a searching eye,  
 But the dream of delight had for ever gone bye :—  
 'Tis strange in those moments no sorrow woke,  
 No thought of my son the transport broke !"—p. 97, 98.

The description of the change from the ocean to the appearance of *Zamri's* domestic scenery is finely designed and coloured ; and the beautiful imagery crowded together in these few lines, we think, would furnish an unimaginative writer with materials enough for six cantos of a Romance. Some of it is conceived most delicately and tenderly, though, perhaps, some critics will think too minutely and particularly ; such as the " ringlets formed by the falling fly," and the rose-wreath bound in



Meina's hair. We think these things shew the softness and beauty of the poet's colouring, and the heart that has no pulse of pleasure for such fine though minute beauties, must be dead to all the perceptions of delicacy and nature.

Mr. Anster's odes are compositions perhaps of the highest order; they are more classical than any lyrical compositions we are acquainted with since the days of Gray, Collins, and Mason; for we own, we by no means admire the *Lake* or the *Laureate Odes*, nor do we think Lord Byron's ode (though indeed fine), a paragon of lyrical power. When Moore, too, dares upon the sublimer ode, he is absolutely ridiculous; though in the minor species of lyrical composition he is the most delicate and sweetest minstrel that ever swept the enchanting chords of the lyre. Mr. Anster's odes, we think, are peculiarly singular; they are rather soft and elegant, than glowing and sublime; they are like the sweet soft shadowy splendor of an April day, where the sun, though perhaps less bright, is more lovely, and inspires with more grateful sensations, than in the intense heat and fiery brilliancy of a summer-noon. His *Ode to Fancy* we think not inferior to Warton's, in sentiment, feeling, imagery, and picture; and it has much the odds of it in sweet cadences, fine and regular pauses, and in all the musical enchantment of rich and varied versification. We shall give a few extracts from these two beautiful odes.

His invocation to *Fancy* is finely conceived:—

Oh! *Fancy*, hither bend thy flight,  
 Hither steer thy car of light,  
 Though its rainbow-colours flee,  
 Ere they have shone a moment on my sight;  
 Come, *Fancy*, come, and bring with thee  
 The light-winged forms of air, that glance  
 Upon the poet's dizzy view,  
 Which, when he waketh from his rapturous trance,  
 No effort can renew,  
 No tongue their beauty can declare,  
 No thought conceive how wond'rous fair;  
 Like the thin clouds, whose folds are drest  
 With varying tints on summer eve,  
 Their hues are changed, before the breast  
 Distinctly can receive  
 A settled thought of what they were,—  
 She knows alone that they were fair!—p. 129.

The following passage, shewing the great influence of *Fancy*, possesses a high share of sublimity:—

Fancy, with thee I love to stray,  
 With thee would seek the dungeon's gloom,

Renounce for aye the visions gay  
 That Pleasure's tints illumine;  
 Would listen to the owl's cry,  
 Would hear the winds of winter sigh  
 Amid the leafless trees;  
 Would hark the spirit's shrilly scream,  
 Would view the meteor's boding beam,  
 Would court thy most terrific dream  
 Till my heart's blood did freeze:  
 Would lie the tremulous avalanche beneath,  
 Where the least pant is instant death,  
 If thy rich visions swam before my eye;  
 Would launch the light skiff, when the wild waves sweep  
 Down Niagara's dizzying steep,  
 If thy angelic form was nigh,  
 If with thy hues the mountain snows were bright  
 If thou didst tinge the wave with thy rich lines of light.—p. 131.

"*Solitude*" is, perhaps, a finer Poem, but not so good an Ode as "*Fancy*," not being so *unique*: *Solitude* being taken in three or more different senses, the mind is continually tossed and distracted from one to another. Our limits allow of but one short quotation, and we choose the following beautiful and (as far as is known to us) original simile:

"The breast that throbbed before too much  
 At sorrow's wound, at pleasure's touch,  
 Indulging here in calm repose,  
 No change of shifting passions knows;  
 Thus when the winds, with wanton play,  
 Among the alder's branches stray,  
 The twinkling leaves are seen  
 Give to the light their lively gray,  
 But when the breezes die away,  
 They smile in softest green:"—p. 144.

The German translations are executed with great fidelity and spirit. "*Eternity*," is a strange metaphysical poem, and must have been very hard on the translator—yet he has succeeded astonishingly, and his translation of it is, perhaps, the greatest proof we have in the volume, of Mr. Anster's great facility and power of versification;—" *Louisa*," from Schiller, is a very affecting sketch;—Klopstock's "*Ebert*," we presume, is known to many of our readers from the translation of that wonderful and divine young woman Elizabeth Smith, whose soul, in its unwearied search after truth, knowledge and purity, too sublimated for its earthly mould, burst the frail bonds of mortality, and flew to that fountain whence her thirsty spirit might be refreshed with perennial draughts—the "bosom of her God." In Miss Smith's translation, her long and short lines seem to be quite inharmonious, and indeed unreadable to some ears, that are

schooled in the ten-syllabled versification—but to us, we must confess, they present a great deal of strength and harmony; however, we think Mr. Anster's a better translation—because we think neither the strength nor energy of the original is lost in being “tortured into the dull tune of ten syllables,” as Miss Smith expresses herself, and as she thought they would. We think this translation is as spirited as Miss Smith's—we will not say more so, for she had a greater latitude. It is sometimes more correct, as in the following instance—Miss Smith makes the following passage a simple simile; it is in truth nothing but a comparison—but there is an apostrophe to the lightning in it, which makes it more grand and striking. Thus Miss Smith:

“As when a traveller—hastening to his home, his wife,  
His manly hopeful son,  
His blooming daughter—weeps ev'n now for their embrace,  
Him thunder overtakes,  
Striking, destroys, then turns his form to dust,  
And up in triumph seeks  
Again the lofty clouds of Heav'n—so struck the thought  
My agitated mind:”

We will now subjoin Mr. Anster's translation of the same passage—in which its fidelity, as every reader will see, adds much to its spirit:

————— “Red beam of Heav'n,  
That, when the wanderer on his homeward road  
Thinks of the joys that wait him,—of his son  
Elate in youthful strength, the blooming cheek  
Of his daughter, when already fancy gives  
His wife's embrace—red beam of heaven thou (*that*) comest  
In silence thou (*that*) dost smite, and slay and wither  
The wanderer's bones to dust, then triumphing  
Dost seek the heights of Heav'n—thus flash'd the thought  
Upon my shuddering spirit.”—p. 184.

As another specimen of these translations, we give the following spirited little war-song, which we select merely for its being the shortest:

#### THE BLACK JAGER'S SONG.

(From Korner.)

1.

To field!—to field!—in arms arise:  
Spirits of revenge incite us!  
To field!—to field! the banner flies!—  
War and victory invite us!

2.

And spare ye not! raise high the sword!  
Foes pray—but who will heed them?  
Shrink not, till life's best drop is pour'd—  
Death is the gate of freedom.



3.

Gaze, brethren, on our mourning weeds ;  
 Oh ! think on Brunswick's story,  
 And will ye shrink, till the tyrants sink,  
 And these black garbs drip gory ?

4.

When the foe is fallen, the star of peace  
 Shall glow bright on our hills for ever ;  
 And the white flag shall shine o'er the bold broad Rhine,  
 Our own majestic river.

The "*Bride of Corinth*," from *Goëthe*, is the only narrative poem among these translations.—We are sorry to see it here. Indeed we should not have marvelled to have met it elsewhere—but we wonder that Mr. Anster's mind, so devotedly given to the cause of morality, and which could not have conceived such a tale, could have even borne to translate it. It would answer well for one of Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*. It is a tale not only of terror, but of horror and disgust, and such impieties as this :

Our ancient Gods no longer deign  
 In this dull mansion to reside ;  
 But one who dwells in Heav'n unseen,  
 And one upon the Cross who died,  
 Are worshipp'd with sad rites severe.—p. 225.

Such, whether from the mouth of a Heathen Vampire, or scoffing Infidel, are equally disgusting. From *Goëthe* to *Polidori*, these Vampires are equally disagreeable personages. It must be remarked, that in general, every Vampire is an Infidel ; and the converse no one will deny, that every Infidel is a Vampire—the worst of Vampires—that would not only drain the stream of life, but would take from us the blood of our souls—that living and redeeming stream shed for us, and flowing from Heaven for the security and perfection of our eternal life. Now it becomes our painful duty to mention a few blemishes scattered over this excellent little volume. There are a few grammatical inaccuracies, such as

Hope and joy returns.

And also in the following lines there can be found no verb for the nominative case *he*.

If *he*, who by his daily labour earns  
 His children's daily food, who feels no thought,  
 Repine against his lot ; if such a man  
 Thou deem'st not happy, what is happiness ?

It should be read *him*, and even thus it would be harsh and, perhaps, too Miltonic an inversion. We sometimes meet too with inaccuracies of composition, such as shall be illustrated in the following lines :

—— Like some wretched carle  
 Muttering his magic to the glorious moon ;

And even more, soon that maniac's frantic words  
 Shall make her shine with less benignity  
*Upon the mourning sleeper's weary bed,*  
 Than thou shalt cease to shine above the states  
 Of earth, than thou shalt furl the lion-flag  
 That floats triumphantly in Ocean's breeze.

We feel a great want here, and we at first cannot find the reason; but when we consider it, we find no antithesis to the line in Italics—*Shining above the states of earth*, is by no means sufficient—there is nothing to answer “the mourning sleeper’s bed;” whereas he had a fine opportunity of introducing a glorious *contrast*, by making England not only shine above the other states, but make her watch with care and benignity over the mourning and desolated kingdoms of the earth. There is also a Scotticism to be found in the accentuation of Fanatic on the first syllable. There are some prosaic lines scattered through the volume, such as,

“Weep, for the wrath of God is over us.”

However such lines may be introduced for *effect*, we do not like them. We cannot allow prose to usurp any of the territories of poetry. The following line we think very inharmonious; and perhaps prosaic :

“Of his daughter, when already fancy gives.”

This pleonasm of a syllable in the first foot is particularly unmusical. Mr. Anster uses it elsewhere in the line very often, and we think, very judiciously; but in this line it entirely destroys the rhythm, and turns it into perfect prosing.

To such lines as the following we also object, ending with a weak monosyllable, for no other purpose but that of rhyme:

“And was a man—in strength, and weakness *quite*.”

But what are these few blemishes amidst such a profusion of beauties? Such blemishes must be incident to every human effort—no person can be perfectly free from slight errors.

——— “Maculis quas aut incuria fudit  
 Aut humana parum cavit natura.”

Before we have done with these poems we must repeat the pleasure we have received in their perusal. We have judged of them to the best of our power, candidly and impartially; and we own we close the volume in a proud spirit of patriotism, glad at the discovery of another star in the constellation of Irish genius.

—◆—  
 We have to apologize to Mr. Clarke for not inserting the elaborate critique on Barry Cornwall's last publication.—It came too late for insertion in its proper place, As also for some typographical errors in his *Ode to Fancy*, in our last number. The review shall appear in our next number.

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 REVIEW OF NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.
 

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 INSTRUMENTAL.
 

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*Melodia Sacra, Vol. II.*—By DAVID WEYMAN—published by G. ALLEN.  
Dublin.

We are happy to find that the publisher has met with sufficient encouragement to induce him to carry on this splendid and useful work. The number before us contains a choice collection of anthem services and chorusses, arranged with the original figured bass and an accompaniment for the Piano-forte; it commences with the celebrated *TE DEUM* and *JUBILATE* of Dr. Nares, a composition of great merit and simplicity. The first anthem, "I BEHELD," by Dr. Blow, a composer of the sixteenth century, exhibits in its arrangement a degree of musical talent not often met with: the disposition of the voices is counter-tenor, tenor, and two basses; this, which is out of the usual method, gives a turn to the style that in able hands, such as the present, is susceptible of great beauty; indeed we are astonished that it is not more used. The same subject is continued in a seven part chorus, followed by solos for the four parts, and concluding with a full hallelujah chorus.

"Handel's grand HALLELUJAH CHORUS" stands next in order. This composition is too well known to need comment; we only wish that the accompaniment had been less crowded and more in the tenor: this fault lies also, in our opinion, in Dr. Clarke's arrangement.

"I WAS GLAD." A verse anthem by the celebrated Purcell. This commences with a solo counter-tenor, followed by a trio, prepared by a short recitative for a bass voice. The recitative is rather strange, though not unpleasant; it evinces a sound knowledge of counterpoint. The various changes in the time give the air a novel cast.

"ASCRIIBE UNTO THE LORD." (TRAVERS.) Notwithstanding the excellence of the selection before us, we cannot but give a decided preference to this composition. The first movement is sufficient to impress it with the stamp of excellence.

"TELL IT OUT AMONG THE HEATHEN." The conception of the subject is here admirable, and the working it into a fugue in the chorus, exhibits masterly talents. We should be deficient in taste were we not to notice the bass solo, "LET THE HEAVENS REJOICE;" the florid accompaniments of which, add much to its magnificence and general effect. Our limits permit us to particularize but the above, out of the celebrated collection under notice, and to which Mr. Weyman has added, if we may use the expression, new life by his arrangement.

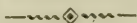


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*Two Grand Symphonies for a full Orchestra.—Composed and respectfully dedicated to the Anacreontic Society—by P. ALDAY.*

These symphonies, which are (we believe) the first that have ever been composed and published in this country, reflect great credit on the author, whose abilities as a leader are well known. To do Mr. Alday the justice he deserves, and to enable ourselves to give a correct analysis, we should arrange them in score; but as our time will not allow us that gratification, we must content ourselves with giving a feint outline. The first movement in C minor, from its grave character, adds much to the effect of the succeeding VIVACE in C major, the subject of which is chiefly confined to the stringed instruments, the Bassoon performing a graceful melody. The full band join on a new subject, which the author finds frequent occasion to introduce very happily in the ensuing pages. The ADAGIO, the subject of which is exceedingly chaste and elegant, possesses great originality—a pleasing conversation is kept up between the stringed instruments—as this subject appears to form a leading feature of the movement, we would have preferred the triplets having been given occasionally to the Oboes, Flutes and Bassoons, instead of being confined to the second Violin, Tenor and Violoncello. With the MINUET and TRIO we are not particularly enamoured; there is little novelty in them, and we almost wish that they occupied less space in works of this description. The Chromatic ascent commencing in the 4th bar, and followed by the second Violin ascending by thirds on the Dominant in the 5th bar, shews a familiar acquaintance with harmony. An unexpected transition of time throws a vivid boldness over the ensuing PRESTO movement (as a FINALE), which is very animated, and calculated to call into action all the character and effect which stringed instruments are capable of.

(The Second Symphony in our next.)



*A favourite Irish Air.—By F. HOFFMAN.*

The air chosen by Mr. Hoffman is one of those melodies which paints in lively colours the finest feelings of a nation: sweet, soft, pensive, yet not desponding—that air, which, in the hands of a Nicholson, could draw tears from an audience; but which lost every power in the exuberance of a Droüet—we mean *Gramachree*. The key, E flat, in which it is arranged, is admirably well calculated to give effect; (as it must be remembered, that from the imperfection of temperament arises a distinction in the quality of keys which they do not naturally possess.) We cannot but wish that a better bass had been assigned to the first bar, the subdominant being unpleasant to the ear, and producing consecutive

eights. The variations are masterly pieces of composition; but when we consider the air on which they are constructed, not sufficiently simple or progressive. We have a great objection against torturing such an air as this now before us, with a multiplicity of notes, which are seldom or never executed according to the author's intention; besides, the sensation excited by the original should never be lost sight of—the air should still flit about the ear.—We would have been less particular had Mr. Hoffman selected any other air on which to display those abilities we so much admire.

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VOCAL.  
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"*Anna Marie*," a Serenade, words from IVANHOE, Music by I. BLEWITT.

We have much pleasure in noticing this very beautiful and popular duet. The style of the music is truly in character with the words, and forms a most enchanting serenade. Mr. Blewitt has been most happy in surmounting the difficulty of combining simplicity with effect—we were so fortunate as to hear this composition sung at the last meeting of the Beef Steak Club, and never were we more highly gratified. The compass of this duet lying so completely within the power of the voices it is intended for, must ensure its being a lasting favourite. Some trifling inaccuracies in the composition might be pointed out, were we inclined to be fastidious; however, they are so few, that we do not deem them worthy of observation.

"*Mary Dear*,"—A Ballad, with Accompaniments for Flute and Piano-Forte—Inscribed to the Hon. Miss Lawless—Music and Words by MISS HUNTER.

This is an interesting production, exhibiting a taste for composition, which we hope the fair authoress will continue to cultivate, and which, if we may infer from the specimen before us, will rank her high in the list of amateur composers. Perhaps the name of Ballad is objectionable when the melody consists of two movements, one in six-eight, and the other in two-four time; however, the name of Canzonet, particularly in respect of the poetry, would be far worse suited; we must confess our ignorance of a correct term for this species of composition, which carries with it more Pathos than the Canzonet, and less simplicity than the Ballad. An intermediate term seems wanting. The title of *Song*, which we often see used, is, in our opinion, but a general name, applicable to various species of vocal solos. We hope the authors of the proposed new musical dictionary will fill up the voids, and give distinct definitions of the terms at present used. To return to our subject—The melodies and accompaniments of the first movement are "softly sweet," and well adapted to the poetry. We must, however, object to the pause

on the word *tho'*, at the commencement of the third bar, and the cadenza after the word *Henry*. The ALLEGRO MOD. is sprightly and pleasing, with an appropriate accompaniment containing very few grammatical errors. In consequence (we imagine) of the diversification of the harmony being above the melody, the consecutive 8ths were not observed.—The basses, in general, are well selected. The flute part produces a good effect, particularly in the first movement, where it is actually an *obligato*, and is well constructed. We however observed a few errors in the Engraver's work; for instance, the 2d bar in the concluding symphony should be marked *biss*. In the flute part, page 4, bar the first, the E should be F.

### GARDENER'S CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

Prepare ground and forward the general sowing and planting for principal crops.

Sow London leek, Strasburgh, long-keeping, and Spanish onion, in a rich mellow ground on a dry subsoil; choose an open quarter, and lay out in beds about five feet wide; rake in the seed.

*Carrots and Parsnips*—These require a light, mellow, well-trenched soil, divided into beds; the carrot seed should be rubbed between the hands, and mixed with fine sand to separate the seeds before sowing; the horn carrot is good for an early crop, but for the full, the orange carrot.

Sow red and white beets and mangel wurzel in drills about a foot asunder, in ground that has been previously enriched by mellow compost and sand: rank dung is not to be laid in, as it is apt to induce canker.

—Short top, Salmon, and Turnip Radishes—Round-leaved spinach, green and other cos, and cabbage lettuce; early Dutch, early stone, common and large round white turnips.

—Charlton, Hotspur, and Marrow-fat Peas for successions—a fresh sandy loam, or road stuff, with a little decomposed vegetable matter, makes the best manure for them; hoe earth to peas that are up one or three inches, and stake the very early crops.

Sow Mazagan, Long-pod, Windsor, Toker, White-blossomed and Sandwich beans.

Sow cauliflower seed and remove framed plants; transplant cabbages, and sow seed of the large York, Sugar-loaf, Battersea, Penton, and red Dutch.

Plant shallots in a light rich soil.

This month should finish planting and pruning: head down, and train young wall and espallier trees; grafting may now be performed.

Plant out anemones and ranunculuses, and the latter end of the month sow perennials, biennials, and hardy annuals: divide auriculas and polyanthus.

Plant forest trees and evergreens; occasionally stir and fresh-earth the pots in the green-house; clear off decayed leaves and shoots; head down, and shift those plants requiring it into larger pots, and plant cuttings and slips.



## Poetry.

## THE PEREGRINATIONS OF SHOLTO SHEELADA.

## CANTO THE FIRST.

Mild as the balmy breeze that blows,  
 In summer, sweetness o'er the rose;  
 From ev'ry flow'ring shrub it greets,  
 Inhaling, yet imparting sweets;  
 While to its thirsting course is giv'n  
 To drink the dews distill'd in Heav'n;  
 Is Fancy's form, when (unconfined)  
 She rambles o'er the human mind,  
 And joins, regardless of controul,  
 In Reason's converse with the soul:  
 But if, thro' Fate's opposing cloud,  
 She bursts in thunder long and loud,  
 Faint with the force, she feebly flies,  
 Then sinking, sickens, droops, and dies.  
 At times, within the Muse's breast,  
 Will playful Fancy flee to rest;  
 And the soft shelter will requite,  
 With tender tales of dear delight;  
 Till with the rich collection fraught,  
 By fairy Fancy freely taught,  
 In Heav'n the pregnant Muse gives birth  
 To offspring that she yields to earth,  
 And to her vot'ry gives the task,  
 ('Tis all his ardent pray'rs would ask,)  
 The tender blossom, mild and fair,  
 To nurse with more than fost'ring care;  
 Till clothed in Culture's classic garb,  
 It fears not Criticism's barb;  
 But shelters under Virtue's shield,  
 And boldly braves the fearful field,  
 Where Fame exalts it to the skies,  
 Or Fate condemns it ne'er to rise.  
 This task is mine, and (preface o'er)  
 I launch my vessel from the shore,  
 And, as I spread the snow-white sails  
 To catch the pure Parnassian gales;  
 Oh! gentle Mercy, rule the wave,  
 The untaught voyager to save;  
 Nor thy propitious aid refuse,  
 To shield the offspring of the muse.  
 Some fifty years ago, or more,  
 On Guadalquiver's verdant shore,  
 (Crowning a bold and rugged rock,  
 Whose craggy base had stood the shock  
 Of Time, in his most angry mood,)  
 Don Gaspar Mendez' mansion stood,  
 Erect in battlemented pride,  
 That oft opposing pow'rs defied;  
 Two towers of unequal height,  
 With moss o'ergrown, salute the sight;

The ivy, wand'ring o'er the walls,  
 In ev'ry opening crevice falls;  
 There firmly rooting, spreads around,  
 Till ev'ry tower and turret bound  
 Within its twining arms, is seen,  
 Its native grey o'erthrust with green:  
 Like the sage bard, whose magic song,  
 With mad'ning ardour fills the throng;  
 And while their shouts proclaim his praise,  
 His silver locks they bind with bays.

Behind the mould'ring mansion grew  
 An ancient wood of elm and yew;  
 The palm-tree rear'd its lofty head,  
 And cypress cast its sombre shade;  
 The dashing oar that cleav'd the flood  
 Reliev'd this dreary solitude;  
 But all within his walls partook  
 The gloom that mark'd Don Gaspar's look.  
 Last of a long and noble race,  
 Whose boasted pedigree he'd trace,  
 And prove his blood (still free from stain)  
 Sprung from the veins of Charlemagne;  
 Then to remotest ages back,  
 He'd tread the antiquarian track,  
 Till, in the winding mazes lost,  
 By crowding difficulties cros'd,  
 His wav'ring thoughts would homeward  
 turn,

To the sad monumental urn  
 That held the mould'ring mortal part  
 Of the lov'd idol of his heart;  
 Then flew the visions of his pride,  
 Or melted in the briny tide;  
 His farrow'd face the grief confess'd,  
 Which prey'd for ever on his breast;  
 He mourn'd no son had crown'd their  
 love,  
 Who might his house's champion prove;  
 Nobly perpetuate his name,  
 And emulate departed Fame:  
 And yet the ground, where grew the wood,  
 The rock on which the castle stood,  
 And its decaying tow'rs, were all  
 He might his patrimony call.  
 For gallant deeds in early life,  
 For prowess proved in martial strife,  
 He held (nor could the fact disown,)  
 A paltry pension from the crown;  
 So poor, indeed, he ill could spare  
 His pittance with the poor to share;

And thus the hall, whose festive board,  
In olden times, had well been stored ;  
No longer tenanted, per force  
Each changing year found worse and  
worse.

The windows, once with paintings dight,  
Admitted now, both *air* and light ;  
The mould'ring arch, without a door,  
Gave passage to the tempest's roar ;  
The marble floor, of motley stain,  
Was bleach'd by storms of wind and rain ;  
And nought was heard but screech-owls'  
moan,

Where Pride once bow'd at Beauty's  
throne.

Of former scenes of pomp and pride,  
One tower alone the storm defied ;  
There, Gaspar, with an only child,  
A daughter, young, and fair, and mild,  
Pass'd his dull days ; for pride of birth  
Still bound him to that spot of earth,  
Tho' bleak and barren it appear'd,  
By fond remembrances endear'd.  
An old domestic, grey and bent,  
Her voluntary service lent ;  
Tended the sire, the daughter taught,  
With merry tales oft banish'd thought ;  
And would the tedious hours beguile,  
And check the sigh or raise the smile :  
Old Agnes lov'd the blooming maid,  
Which she with gratitude repaid ;  
But round young Inis' heart there plays  
A holier flame, a brighter blaze :  
For she, to Redmond, in the grove,  
Had pledg'd her vows of lasting love.

Scarce twenty summer suns had smiled  
On Redmond, nature's fav'rite child ;  
His manly form, of perfect mould,  
His dark brown hair that, uncontroul'd,  
With sportive zephyrs fondly play'd,  
His lips, in robes of smiles array'd,  
His eye, that beam'd with brightest blue,  
Oh ! say, what maid could calmly view ?  
She had not told sixteen, and yet,  
Her graceful locks of glossy jet,  
Array'd in many a tasteful braid,  
Her forehead's snow-white form display'd ;  
The deep-drawn lash, that half concealed  
An eye, whose lustre (when revealed)  
Struck to the soul ; the glow that speaks  
Health's triumph in her roseate cheeks ;  
And all the little host of wiles,  
In melting sighs, or winning smiles,  
That round her lip of crimson play'd,  
Spoke the mature, tho' youthful maid.

Redmond Sheelada, too, could boast,  
That ne'er plebeian blood had cross'd

The stream that (warm'd with noble fire)  
For ages flowed to son from sire ;  
And tho' within the with'ring clasp  
Of proud Oppression's iron grasp,  
Their rich domains and fertile lands  
Were wrested from their owners' hands,  
Yet still fair Honour ne'er could be  
The slave of proud Authority,  
But burnt in poverty more bright  
Than 'mid a thousand tapers light ;  
This gem had Redmond's sire preserv'd,  
And never from its dictates swerv'd ;  
For when (expatriated) he  
To distant lands was forced to flee,  
To Erin's shore no wealth he brought,  
Yet gain'd the shelter that he sought ;  
Nor could he, when he reach'd its coast,  
Of ought but taintless honour boast ;  
Pure honour and a spotless name  
Had rais'd him since to wealth and fame.  
Grateful for former kindness shown,  
By Gaspar, and by him alone ;  
When fortune frown'd, and (fill'd with  
dread)

His boasted friends, Sheelada fled !  
Young Redmond was to Gaspar sent,  
With deep design, yet kind intent,  
To change his misanthropic mood,  
And lure him from his solitude ;  
T' entice the gloomy Gaspar o'er  
To Erin's hospitable shore.

Tho' with the sire his efforts fail'd,  
He soon o'er Inis' heart prevail'd ;  
Her sparkling eye had never seen  
So fine a form, so bold a mein ;  
When he his tender suit prefer'd,  
No sweeter sounds had Inis heard ;  
And, in the grove, when (side by side)  
He press'd her to become his bride ;  
No coy reserve the boon delay'd,  
But " Redmond, I am thine," she said.  
Now comes the lovers dreaded task,  
For neither dared Don Gaspar ask  
To bless an union, which must tear  
For ever from his tender care  
The only tie which, to his heart,  
Could still a ray of joy impart.  
Old Agnes knew her master's mood,  
And she alone could stem the flood  
Of Passion, whose o'erwhelming sway  
Too oft Don Gaspar would betray :  
To Agnes strait the lovers lied,  
Their ardent hopes on her relied ;  
The good old soul (who once had felt  
The fairy fires that fond hearts melt ;  
The starting tear, the trembling throb ;  
The sigh suppress'd, the smother'd sob ;

The soul dissolv'd in chaste desires,  
 Whatever holy love inspires;) }  
 Was pleased to see that Redmond's gaze  
 Beam'd with love's soul-subduing rays;  
 While Inis' glowing cheek betray'd  
 Their influence o'er the blooming maid;  
 Yet not without foreboding fear  
 She undertook that Gaspar's ear  
 Should learn the tale of mutual love,  
 Which (much she fear'd) he'd ne'er ap-  
 prove.

The tale was told, when (as she  
 guess'd,) }  
 The tide of passion, long suppress'd,  
 Now burst with fury from his breast:—  
 "Ungrateful girl," Don Gaspar cried,  
 "My only hope, my age's pride,  
 My last, my solitary boast,  
 By thee are all my visions cross'd:  
 For thee I've combated with grief;  
 Now Death alone can bring relief;  
 To distant climes will Inis roam,  
 And quit her father and her home?"  
 In incoherent strains, and wild,  
 Don Gaspar raved about his child;  
 Talk'd of the deference due to years,  
 Till passion melted into tears.  
 Old Agnes, pleased the change to see,  
 Miss'd not the opportunity;  
 With woman's wit her wily tongue  
 On Redmond's manly virtues hung;  
 She talk'd of rank, and pow'r, and wealth,  
 Then chang'd to Gaspar's fading health;  
 And deem'd it right he should provide  
 For Inis' welfare, ere he died;  
 Which might be done, she clearly proved,  
 By giving her to one she loved;  
 Besides, 'twas Redmond's fond desire  
 That Inis ne'er should quit her sire;  
 He hoped that Gaspar and his child  
 Would change those walls and forest wild,  
 For scenes, where love should grief be-  
 guile,

In Erin's fair and fertile isle.

"Well," he replied, "thy pray'r has  
 sped,  
 My Inis shall her lover wed;  
 She must be happy, if the youth  
 Possess but half his father's truth;  
 That object gain'd, my closing days  
 I'll gladly pass in prayer and praise  
 Of Him, whose eye of radiant light,  
 Beams brightly in the world's dark night,  
 Points out the Christian's surest goal,  
 And cheers with hope the sinner's soul."

Old Agnes caught the holy fire  
 That seem'd Don Gaspar to inspire;

To serve the lovers, kindly bent,  
 To famed St. Francis' shrine she went;  
 For there her brother was a friar,  
 And well she knew the grey-hair'd prior;  
 His aid she claim'd to join their hands,  
 In mild Religion's sacred bands;  
 And holy vows at altar giv'n  
 From purer lips ne'er pass'd to Heaven!

Don Gaspar saw his Inis bless'd,  
 And clasp'd her to his throbbing breast;  
 To Redmond's hand the treasure gave.  
 Behold the proud bark cut the wave!  
 Swiftly she vanish'd from his eyes,  
 And with her fled all human ties;  
 No more his ruin'd tow'rs he view'd,  
 Eut sought the holy solitude,  
 Where (far removed from worldly woes)  
 St. Francis' monks found calm repose;  
 Abjured all earth-born hopes and fears,  
 And gave to Heav'n his fading years;  
 Till with religious hope impress'd,  
 His soul took flight to realms of rest.

Old Agnes, in a convent's gloom,  
 Sped swiftly to the silent tomb,  
 But often breath'd a fervent pray'r  
 For blessings on the wedded pair.  
 The light bark floated o'er the tide,  
 While Inis, by her lover's side,  
 With face averted, shunn'd the gaze  
 That all the soul of love displays,  
 For playful Cupid fled the skies,  
 And fixed his throne in Redmond's eyes,  
 While faithful Hymen fill'd the sails  
 With gentle and with fragrant gales.  
 The bubbling wave of emerald hue,  
 The boundless sky of brightest blue,  
 Ne'er changed a tint; nor gloomy cloud,  
 Nor whirlwind's sweep, nor tempest loud,  
 Appear'd to break the holy spell,  
 Which o'er th' enraptured lovers fell.

The gallant crew the magic felt,  
 On home, and wedded joys, they dwelt;  
 And as they sung the lovers' praise,  
 Nature inspired their artless lays,  
 And gave to accents rough and rude,  
 The eloquence of gratitude!

Now had bright Phoebus, in his round,  
 Cast his first beam on Ocean's bound,  
 When Erin's high blue hills appear'd,  
 Their haughty heads to Heav'n uprear'd;  
 As o'er the view each glad eye ranged,  
 The burthen of their song was chang'd.

#### THE MARINERS' HYMN TO ERIN.

"Hail to thee, isle of peace and love;  
 In thy clear springs the naiads rove,



And sea-nymphs round the rocky shore,  
 Thy dark and wave-worn caves explore.  
 Deep in thy grotts of moss and shell,  
 Or in the daisy-covered dell,  
 Within the mountain's circle pent,  
 Dwell lasting love and mild content,  
 And heartfelt joy and merriment !  
 When first from nature's deluged heap,  
 The mountain-tops were seen to peep,  
 And lands (disjointed by the shock  
 Which sever'd hill, and dale, and rock)  
 Wide o'er the wat'ry waste were thrown,  
 Then Ocean claim'd thee as her own.  
 To thee with bounteous hand she gave  
 The treasures of the briny wave ;  
 Her native hue of verdant shade,  
 She cast o'er ev'ry fertile glade ;  
 And gold (to feed ambition lent,)  
 And gems were in thy bosom pent.  
 But oh ! the gem that sparkles bright,  
 And bears with ever-living light,  
 Dear Erin ! was reserved for thee ;  
 'Tis Heav'n-born Hospitality.  
 With grateful love thy green-robed breast  
 Salutes the wild-wave of the west,

And hails the zephyrs as they roam  
 From other worlds, to seek a home.  
 Attune the harp, while ev'ry string  
 Shall vibrate as we cheerly sing,  
 Hail, hallowed, happy spot of earth,  
 The em'rald isle that gave us birth."

His friends (expecting) reach the  
 strand,

To welcome Redmond to the land ;  
 His mother's arms her darling clasp,  
 He feels his father's manly grasp ;  
 While Inis, deck'd in dazzling charms,  
 Her bosom throbbing with alarms,  
 Her artless heart but ill conceal'd,  
 Found all her fears to kindness yield ;  
 For never waved the olive wand  
 To bless with peace a blood-stain'd land,  
 Or cottage taper's friendly gleam,  
 To midnight traveller e'er seem  
 More welcome, than did Redmond's  
 bride,

When, (springing from the glitt'ring tide,  
 Like Venus from her coral shell,)  
 She flung around soft Beauty's spell.

END OF CANTO THE FIRST.

(To be continued in our next.)

(To the Editor of *The Dublin Magazine*.)

SIR—I send you the following Ode. If deemed worthy of insertion in the Poetical department of your excellent Journal, it is at your service.—It is taken from an unpublished Poem, entitled, the "Ocean Revel," which obtained some time ago the honourable distinction of a first prize in the University. The poem indeed possesses a great fault, or perhaps a great misfortune—a semblance of rivalry with the great Dryden. But it is not so : it is, in fine, a weak attempt to make Timotheus do what Dryden in his inimitable Ode said he did, and thus exemplify the magical power of music over the mind and passions. But any person may say—Presumption ! How can you do that ?—Dryden's harp alone—that harp that was never strung since he swept its enchanting chords—could breathe rich and varied melody for such a song. I feel this—but am I to blame in trying how far desire may go (though wanting his bright and unextinguished poetic fire) in an attempt to follow the Poet of my heart ? I think not.

I am, Sir,

A well-wisher to your Magazine, and to Irish Literature,

JOHN BERTRIDGE CLARKE.

(College, February the 12th, 1820.)

## ODE ON THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

(SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY TIMOTHEUS.)

Hail, charming pow'r! the music of  
the eye,  
Beauty! divinest offspring of the sky;  
\* Before thy radiant glance the tempests  
fly,  
The brooding mists, the clouds, and  
chilling storm.  
Bright pow'r! whom loves and smiles in-  
vest;  
Thyself, gay Nature's golden cest;  
The thousand cares that cloud the breast,  
Evanish at thy melting form.  
Soft nymph! whose smile is thy defence—  
To whom in ecstasies of sense,  
Mankind in raptures fall:  
Whose breast is soft as thy own dove,  
Fair Daughter of immortal Love;  
Tho' some do thee his mother call:  
For when, from under Love's warm wing,  
This mundane wonder sprung,  
On the first roseate morn,  
When the bright orbs first learn'd to sing,  
And choral anthems rung,  
Sister of Light you then were born;  
And in her floating mantle drest,  
You streak'd with crimson blush the east,  
And golden tints bedropt the west,  
Your birth young Nature did adorn:  
At length, in all your perfect grace,  
You beam'd in lovely woman's face,  
Thron'd in the fires of her bright eye,  
As fair as when the Paphian Queen  
In pearly carswept Heav'n's serene,  
Drawn by her snowy doves on high.  
O! in what strains shall I express  
Thy pow'r, thy bliss, thy loveliness!  
O, in what fair poetic dress!  
In what rapt song shall I disclose  
The lily's petal brightly blowing;  
The crimson blushes of the rose  
On thy cheek's bloom divinely glowing—  
The breast that gleams with mountain  
snows,  
Thro' which, in streams,  
White as the moon's soft silvery beams,  
The milk of love in tides is flowing!—  
In what sweet minstrelsy presume  
To sing young Passion's purple bloom;  
The rubied lip that breathes perfume,  
The eye-brow arch'd like Heav'n's own  
bow—

The dimpled charm,—the raven curl—  
The smooth-set teeth of Orient pearl—  
The alabaster neck below?—  
In what soft verse can I rehearse,  
Immortal maid! thy pow'r,  
Thy sweets, thy wiles, thy tears, thy  
smiles—  
Thy bliss in bridal bow'r?—  
How tell each spell invincible,  
Each living grace unseen,  
Each goss'mer line, each ray divine,  
That flits ere yet it well has been?—  
Music's measures sweetly stealing  
From the magic pipe or shell,  
Had the pow'r of softly sealing  
Eyes that watch'd their charge too well.  
Such the spell of golden numbers,  
Clos'd an hundred eyes in slumbers;  
But, Beauty! thy more potent arts  
Can raise from their lethargic dream  
The ardor of ten thousand hearts,  
That long were quaffing Lethe's stream;  
And make their long-extinguished fire  
To its own quarry—Heav'n—aspire.  
Lo! mail'd Ambition bends the knee,  
His pride falls down before thy pow'r;  
The victor, vanquish'd, bows to thee,  
Even in his wildest hour,  
When he would scale Heav'n's crystal  
tow'r,  
Th' immortal hour of victory.  
Thy once-lov'd form can soften madness,  
Can fill the frenzied brain with gladness,  
And light the dawn of Reason's day;  
Or cheer the brow of weeping sadness  
With a soft, a smiling ray.  
And Jealousy, as dark as night,  
Around whose heart the Furies twine,  
No more, when charm'd in thy fair sight,  
With jaundiced eye-ball views the light,  
But sees thee, as thou art, divine.  
Stern † Justice dropt th' avenging sword  
At thy fair handmaid's woe—  
Stern Justice saw her, and ador'd;  
And when her breast of snow  
Heav'd high, uncurtain'd by its veil,  
Which 'neath her on the marble lay;  
From high fell down the balanc'd scale,  
And Beauty won the day.  
The sword was blunted, the cold ice of  
years

\* These lines are a paraphrase of a line from Lucretius.

† This passage alludes to Phryne the Athenian courtesan.

Thaw'd into streams of love beneath her  
tears ;  
And, lo ! the daughter of the sea,  
The joy of Heav'n, the light of Earth,  
Who first, bright pow'r ! embodied thee,  
And bless'd all nature in thy birth,  
When on the curling foam she lay,  
In Beauty's bloom and blessedness,  
Did not all nature look more gay ?  
Did not the Heav'ns their joy express ?  
Earth then received a greener hue,  
The skies then took a heavenlier blue ;  
A new-born sense pervaded all,  
A stream of softness fill'd the air ;  
A spirit of joy flew round our ball,  
And fanned from every heart each  
care :  
Sweet music thro' the concave roll'd,  
And Heav'ns pure flood-gates rain'd down  
gold.  
But oh ! when uprais'd from her cradle of  
foam,  
In her sea-born shell, drawn to Heav'n  
by doves,  
To high Heav'n that open'd to welcome  
her home,  
The mother of joy, and delight, and  
the loves ;  
Did mortals not gaze on her bright beam-  
ing car,  
And worship its light as their tutelar  
star !  
And it gilds the clouds still 'mid the gems  
of the ev'n,  
The softest, the sweetest, the loveliest  
in Heav'n ;  
And lovers still love it, and in its sweet  
ray  
The pilgrims of Beauty still worship  
and pray ;  
And when unveil'd before th' immortal  
throne,  
In the bright wonders of her charms  
attir'd,

Did not Enchantment dwell in her fair  
zone ?  
Were not the panting gods with rapture  
fir'd ?  
And while her eye shed joy and light  
around,  
Did not the Sire, supreme, himself above,  
While she with bashful blushes view'd the  
ground,  
In all his clouded terrors learn to love ?  
But why thus talk of Heav'nly charms,  
When mortal Beauty fir'd the god,  
When he sought bliss in woman's arms,  
While on a serpent's spires he rode,  
And to his strong embrace Olympias won,  
And bless'd the nations in his godlike son ?  
But why to Ammon's son relate  
The pow'r of loveliness ?  
The hero who has conquered fate,  
Was forced to yield to this :  
For sure you must remember well  
The royal banquet—when my shell  
Sung the fam'd field where Persia fell ;  
Then not the spirit of my song,  
Nor raptures of my lyre,  
Inspir'd thee to that act of wrong,  
But Beauty's eyes  
And Thais' sighs  
Lit the bright torch  
In Xerxes' porch,  
And wrapt the proud Persepolis in  
fire.  
But cease my proud harp, let thy strings  
be at rest,  
Thy dominion, bright Beauty, cannot  
be express'd ;  
What lyre can thy joys, can thy ecstasies  
tell ?  
But the least I can do for each languish-  
ing hour  
I was bless'd in your bosom 's to blazon  
your pow'r :  
Sweet Empress of Monarchs, farewell !

The following little Elegy on "the Death of a Red-breast," though without an imitation (farther than of style), will remind our readers of Burns's beautiful "Mountain Daisy." It was transmitted to us by the Author's friend, to whose kindness we are much indebted.

Oh ! little bird, whom yonder bow'r  
Heard oft, with thy low-warbled strain  
Sing welcome, when its leafy hour  
Came back again.

The leafy hour comes freshly on,  
And song is sweet from many a bough.  
And all the bow'rs rejoice, save one,  
Oh ! silent now ;



Silent thy favor'd myrtle weeps,  
 With dewy buds that faintly blow;  
 For there thy song of welcome sleeps,  
     And thou art low.  
 I knew thee well—thy gentle form—  
 In wintry hours when winds were cold,  
 Beneath my roof from sleet and storm  
     It enter'd bold.  
 Then, when it brighten'd, thy soft tone  
 Sung thanks so sweet from up the eave,  
 That, now thy little life is flown,  
     Sweet bird, I grieve.  
 Thy pipe was tun'd, as winter past,  
 To hail ecstatic love ere long,

But cold death came, when blithe thou  
 wast,  
     And hush'd thy song.  
 Poor Robin! thus shall he, whose voice  
 Weeps this brief plaint o'er thy dead  
 form,  
 In life's uncertain spring rejoice  
     With gladness warm:  
 And hope for springs of joy delay'd,  
 Or hail them with ecstatic brow,  
 That, ere they pass, may see him laid  
     As low as thou!

—◆—

### THE RINGLET.

From fair Sophia's brow of snow  
 A glossy curlet stray'd,  
 And on her damask cheek below  
 In wanton ringlets play'd.  
 And now around her fragrant lip  
 The sportive truant flew,  
 As bees, delighted, there to sip  
 The nectar's honied dew.  
 And now her lovely neck so fair,  
 He dared in frolic mood

To kiss—unhallow'd curl forbear,  
 "And stay thy footsteps rude,"  
 For see, severe, th' offended fair  
 Her forfex takes to sever  
 Thee, wicked wanton, from her care  
 For ever, and for ever.  
 But mercy, gentle mercy, finds  
 Persuasive words to win her;  
 She mildly chides, but firmly binds  
 On reason's seat the sinner.

## Death of his Majesty, George the Third.

The *London Gazette Extraordinary* of Sunday, January 30th, 1820, contained an announcement of the demise of our late venerable and revered Monarch, of which the following is a copy:

"Windsor, January 20th, 1820.

"MY LORD,

"It becomes my painful duty to acquaint your Lordship, that it has pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the King, my beloved Father, and our most Gracious and Excellent Sovereign. He expired at thirty-five minutes past eight o'clock, P. M.

"I enclose the Certificate of all the Physicians in attendance at this melancholy period.

"I am,

"My Lord, ever

"Your's most sincerely,

"FREDERICK."

(Signed)

"The Right Hon. Viscount Sidmouth."

HIS LATE MAJESTY was born on the 24th of May, (O. S.) or 4th June (N. S.) 1738, and was proclaimed King on the 25th October, 1760.—On the 8th of September, 1761, he was married to her late Majesty CHARLOTTE, Princess of Mecklenburgh Strelitz—and with her crowned on the 22d of the same month.—Their late Majesties had issue seven sons and five daughters, of whom one son and one daughter have departed this life.

The illustrious House of Brunswick traces its origin to a very remote antiquity : of the different lines the House of Este is the farthest back. This, which is the male line, derives its origin from the ACRII, a noble Roman family in the time of Tarquinius Priscus, by the Marriage of Azo III. Margrave of Este, &c. to Cunegunda, daughter and heiress of Gaulpo III. Duke of Lower Bavaria, and Count of Weintgenden. The line of descent turned into the family of the Guelds, which derives itself from the Scythians, who, being driven by the Goths from their settlement at the mouth of the Danube, first erected a kingdom upon the borders of the German Sea.—On their arrival they were called Newmagæ; they afterwards passed under the denominations of Sicambri, and lastly of Franks, or Franconians.—At length Henry Leo, son of Henry IV. Duke of Bavaria, who was poisoned in 1159, in the City of Quedlinburgh, by means of the marriage of his grandfather with Wulfhildis, of Saxony, and of his father with Gertrudis, daughter of the Emperor Lotharius, united in his own person the lines of Este and Guelds, with those of Billing and Whitekind.

The line of Billing is traced from Billing of Stubeckesgrom, who was created Duke of Saxony on the Elbe, in the year 960, by the Emperor Otho I.

The line of Whitekind runs from the last elected King of the Saxons, who was cotemporary with Charlemagne to Henry Leo, who obtained from the Emperor Barbarossa, in 1150, in addition to his own dominions, the city and county of Hanover, on the Lain, and also large possessions on the Hartz. He espoused as his second wife, Matilda, eldest daughter of Henry the Second of England, from which marriage descended, among others, the family of Brunswick. The lineal descent from Henry 2 to his late Majesty, runs thus : Henry 2 ; John ; Henry 3 ; Edward 1 ; Edward 2 ; Edward 3 ; Lionel, Duke of Clarence ; Philippa, Countess of March ; Ann, Countess of Cambridge ; Richard, Duke of York ; Edward 4, Elizabeth, Queen of Henry 7 ; Margaret, Queen of Scotland ; James 5, of Scotland ; Mary, Queen of Scots ; James I ; Elizabeth, Electress of Bohemia ; Sophia, Electress of Hanover ; George 1 ; George 2 ; Frederick, Prince of Wales ; our late Sovereign George III.

While it becomes our painful duty to record the death of so glorious a Monarch, whose reign stands unparalleled on the historic page, if we merely consider its period and prosperity, and not the wonderful events which have distinguished it, we should consider ourselves unpardonable in passing it over without giving something like a characteristic sketch ; we therefore give the following, as extracted :—

During the last five and twenty years our country had been exposed to far greater danger than at any former period ; particular changes of the Constitution, the transition of power, the struggles for empire, the agitation of faction, the convulsions of intestine war, are events involving more or less of evil ; but they have their measure and boundary, and sometimes their compensation. But the deposition of God from his throne in the heart is an evil of which no thought of man can calculate the amount, or measure the extent : to the verge of this evil were we brought by the moral contagion of French principles, especially in the first years of the

revolutionary era. The source of Britain's safety through that menacing period was the moral and religious example of the King. He was more than his own great minister—the pilot that weathered the storm.

While all around were vacillating and sinking into the vortex—while a vain and visionary philosophy was divorcing man from his Maker, and writing her decrees with the blood of her votaries, Great Britain's King, armed with intrepid moderation and steady purpose, pursued his right honest course through good and evil report, rose early, visited the House of God, and after the regular despatch of business, divided the day between manly amusements, frugal repasts, and peaceable, pure, and home delights. Old and infirm, and bereaved of sight, he yet preserved an heart unchanged—a moral courage unsubdued; still at the sun-rise, though it rose not to him, he was at his orisons; still his duty to his people came next to that which belonged to his Saviour and his Maker; still his family felt his tender care, and yielded him his usual solace. The ornament of his domestic circle, his gentle and pious daughter was taken from him; and his reason only lasted to take her last farewell, and mingle his blessing with her dying accents. Half in Heaven, and separated from all earthly communication, he lived in the deep retirement of his palace, solitary, sequestered, silent, but not forgotten; the remembrance of him still ruled; his example was still profitable; and the nation still heard and were edified in hearing, that his grey hairs were not descending in sorrow to the grave: that his very aberrations were holy, and high, and happy; and that God, who had taken from him, reason, had given him in exchange, peace. Even in his state of sequestration from all his duties, his cares, and his affections, the habits of a long and virtuous life still retained him in a serene abstraction of thought; the boon of temperance still blessed his decay, and the sceptre was budding in his aged grasp, with the promise of never-fading felicity. It was his misfortune, or, shall we rather say, his probation, to be the object of envy and persecution to bad and malignant men; who, at the very outset of his amiable and illustrious career, contrived to throw bitters into the chalice of his pure enjoyments. Where is now the interest of those once-celebrated letters which coupled the name of Junius with patriotism, falsely so called? All that paradox once mistaken for depth of thought, all that assertion which once passed for proof, all that insolence which once passed for integrity, are fading fast into oblivion: but the King outlived all that troubled his public or private thoughts; 'tis true, he outlived his faculties, but such was the form of his former example, that he still lived to the benefit of his people. His character, like a Pharos, still continued to cast a light upon the melancholy space that divided him from his people; still to illumine that distant shore to which his humble confidence had been always directed, and where we trust his soul has found a blest anchorage.

#### CRITICAL REMARKS.

##### IRISH CHARACTER.

MR. EDITOR—I have seen your first and last Number; it strikes me that you are not Irish enough. In your first article, you say very justly, that we import, not only our books, but our opinions, from the other side of the water, and I think you have too much set us a similar example. If you think the following sketch of the Irish character will amuse any of your readers, it is at your service; it is a mere rapid outline; I drew it on my arrival here, after a long absence in the neighbour-



ing countries. A return to Ireland, after such absence, is always refreshing, and it is only by such we can judge of our picture.

Although the connexion between *climate* and *character* has often more amused than instructed moralists; yet, in Ireland, I think we see a striking instance of its truth. Irish *climate* and *character* seem quite alike, full of peculiarities, varieties, and extremes; with the *soil* also this character seems no less congenial: on both there seems the fresh stamp of nature's mould; weeds and flowers mark the one as faults, and beauties mark the other; both are so intermixed, that it is impossible to separate them; like their soil, they are light, elastic, fertile, and free; sorrow cannot rest long upon them, but hops off like a ball upon a turf; there is not enough of clay in their constitution for sensation or sentiment to stick fast and take root in; they act from passion, not from principle; therefore, they are thoughtless, because *passion* has nothing to say to the brain: in this they form an inverse with the Scotchman, who first enters into a process of reasoning, and then acts. The Irishman takes the opposite course, because he likes short cuts—he first acts and then thinks; he has quick modes of feeling, and therefore quick modes of understanding; thus, he is intelligent without being intellectual; his materials lie tumbling about him, and are easily combined, but as easily confused; he has not to climb to the cock-loft of his brain and bring them down one by one; a profusion and quickness of feeling gives him a profusion and quickness of words, and the same quickness gives a profusion of blunders; it would never answer him to be sincere or sentimental, his heart would break down with such a load if they did not come and go lightly; he seems as great a stranger to sentiment as a Scotchman is to wit; his perception is never profound but always acute; imagination is the great element of his constitution; in its colours every thing around him is painted, and the tints are even varying; he abounds in *profession* as much as the Englishman abounds in *practice*, and therefore the one is as full of *wonders* as the other is of *actions*: he often seems midway between the Frenchman and Englishman, but generally nearer the former; prone to exaggerate, puff, and profess; good-natured, ostentatious, credulous, inquisitive, sociable, and fond of life; in his atmosphere we seldom see the fogs of feeling or the fogs of understanding; little medium between the bright and dark: if brilliant, like the meteor; if black, like the bog; when a gentleman, the most polished; when a blackguard, the most perfect.

The English are *particularly*, the Irish *generally*, informed. The former are perfect in those branches they pretend to; the latter pretend to many, and therefore are perfect in few. England is the land of action, Ireland is the land of passion; in England, business is a pleasure; in Ireland, pleasure is a business. S.

#### LONDON FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

**WALKING DRESS.**—A high dress, composed of black bombazine: it is made to lace behind; the waist is the same length as last month; the front of the bust is ornamented in the stomacher style with narrow pipings of crape. Long sleeve, of an easy width, surmounted by a full epaulette, also composed of bombazine: it is formed into bias puffs by narrow bands of black crape, placed lengthwise. the bottom of the sleeve is finished by a broad crape band. The trimming of the skirt corresponds with the epaulette, but is much broader, and has a very striking effect. The pelisse worn with this dress is composed of fine black cloth; the back is plain

at the top, but has a little fulness at the bottom of the waist, which is of a moderate length; the fronts are tight to the shape. The sleeve is set in a manner very advantageous to the figure; it is of moderate width, except just at the wrist, where it is almost tight to the arm. The trimming consists of three bands of black crape cut bias and doubled; they are of different widths, and are set on at a little distance from each other: this trimming goes round the bottom, and up each of the fronts. The collar, which stands out at some distance from the throat, is ornamented to correspond, as is also the epaulette and the bottom of the sleeve. Head-dress, a *corsette* composed of white crape, and a bonnet of black crape over black sarsnet; it is something smaller than we have lately seen them: the crown is round; the brim is lined with white crape doubled, and is finished at the edge by a deep fall of black crape: a full bunch of roses of the same material, is placed at one side of the crown, which is encircled by a plain band of black crape; another band confines it under the chin, and forms a full bow at the right side. The ruff is of white crape, and very full. Black leather half-boots, and shamoy gloves.

**EVENING DRESS.**—A black crape round dress, over a black sarsnet slip: the bottom of the skirt is finished by a single flounce of the same material, set on full, and fancifully ornamented at the edge by black bugles: this is surmounted by a trimming composed of two rows of puffs; they are shaped like a shell, and are let in above each other in a drapery style. The *corsage* is cut very low all round the bust, which is tastefully ornamented, and in part shaded by a tucker of black crape, made to correspond with the trimming of the skirt: a double row goes from the front of the shoulder round the back of the bust. Short full sleeve, decorated in the middle by two rows of puffs, placed crosswise, to correspond with the trimming of the skirt, and finished at the bottom by a leaf trimming, also composed of crape. Head-dress, a black crape *toque*: a band of black bugles goes round the bottom next to the face; the top part is round; it is ornamented with bugles, scattered irregularly over it; a broad band of bias crape doubled, goes round the top, and stands out at some distance from it; this band is also ornamented with bugles. A crape tassel, edged with bugles, falls on the left side, and a plume of black feathers droops over the tassel. Necklace and ear-rings, jet. Black shamoy gloves and shoes.

We are indebted for both these dresses to Miss Pierpoint, maker of the *corset à la Grecque*, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The sombre hue which this department of our work assumed last month, in consequence of the death of a Prince universally and deservedly beloved and regretted, is destined to be continued on an occasion even still more melancholy: our excellent and venerable Sovereign, the true father of his people, to whom, for a period of nearly sixty years, we have looked up as the model of private and public virtue, is taken from us. The King of Kings has at length rewarded his tried and faithful services with an incorruptible crown. His Majesty was mercifully spared the pangs usually attendant on dissolution, and the consciousness that some of those whom he best loved had gone before him. Long and tenderly will his memory be cherished by all classes of his subjects; for to all, of whatever sect, party, or denomination, did his private virtues render him an object at once of respect and love.

We anticipated in our last number what the Lord Chamberlain's orders for the court mourning would be, and we find that our anticipation has been correct; but we observe with surprise and regret, that the mourning is by no means of that deep

and appropriate description which the occasion calls for. The Lord Chamberlain's orders are in very few instances strictly attended to : black poplins, velvets, and silks of various descriptions, none of which can with propriety be called mourning, being as much, or more worn, than black crape or bombazine. Norwich crape, the proper material for undress, is not used at all.

Out-door costume affords us very little room for observation : the most elegant, as well as most appropriate novelty in that way, is the pelisse. We have also noticed several black velvet pelisses, very full trimmed with crape ; one of the most striking of these was made in the Turkish style ; that is to say, with a large falling pelerine, and loose in the body ; the trimming consisted of a very broad band of black satin, laid on plain, and cut bias ; on this band was laid a row of black crape puffs, of a lozenge shape ; they were edged with a narrow band of bias crape, set on double, to stand out from the puffs ; between each puff was a small true-lover's knot of crape ; this trimming went round the bottom, up the fronts, and round the pelerine. There was no half-sleeve, but the pelerine, which fell very low, completely covered the shoulders ; the lower part of the sleeve was ornamented, but upon a smaller scale, to correspond with the trimming of the skirt.

Black velvet and black Leghorn bonnets are generally used both for carriage and promenade dress ; they are usually ornamented with crape, but in a great many instances black feathers are mingled with it. Bonnets appear to be on a more moderate size than they have lately been, but we do not observe that the shapes have varied since last month.

Morning dress consists of black bombazine, black silk, or sometimes black poplins ; but the latter is less fashionable than either of the former. Plain high gowns are generally worn in dishabille ; they are trimmed either with the material of which the dress is composed, or with crape, but the latter is more generally used ; in the first case, the trimming consists of flounces ; in the last there is more variety, the crape being disposed in puffs, rouleaus, or bias bands : the last is a neat and simple style of trimming. The bands, from three to five in number, are about two inches broad ; they are tacked on so as to stand out a little from the dress : sometimes a broad black silk gimp is laid on the tacking, but we have observed, that a narrow corkscrew roll of crape is more generally used, and has a better, as well as more appropriate, effect.

We have noticed a variety of pretty caps and *fichus* in morning costume. One of the most simple and becoming of the former, is a *cornette* of plain muslin, made with very small ears : the crown is round ; it is set in very full, and is quartered by casings drawn with black ribbon. A narrow triple border, with broad mourning hems, through which also a narrow black ribbon is run, goes round the head-piece ; it fastens under the chin by a bow of narrow black love-ribbon ; another bow is placed on one side of the head-piece, and a third ornaments the middle of the crown.

The prettiest of the *fichus* have a collar, or, as the French call it, *colletette*, which forms at once a collar, and a little cape : this is sometimes cased with black ribbon, and generally finished by a trimming cut bias, and tacked on double, in those large plaits called *wolves' mouths*.

Bombazine and black figured or plain silk, trimmed with crape, are the materials used for dinner dress, the form of which has suffered no material alteration since last month, except that the front of the bust is not now so generally made in the stomacher style. We observe in a great many trimmings, that the crape is mixed



with satin; this has a rich, but by no means appropriate effect: where the crape is disposed in flounces, they are edged with satin, and headed, perhaps, by a narrow satin rouleau: if the trimming is of shells, the edges are generally satin. Sometimes the bottom of the skirt is ornamented by a fulness of black crape, intersected by bands of black silk gimp, which form the fulness into pointed puffs: this sort of trimming is generally finished at each edge by a bias edging of crape, which stands out a little from the dress, and a broad black silk gimp.

Black crape over black sarsnet is universally worn in full dress: the trimming is always of the same material; ornamented either with bugles or jet beads. Since the mourning, the bust has been less exposed than before. Waists remain as they were last month. Shortsleeves, the only ones worn in full dress, are also about the same length.

Black or white crape flowers, or jet ornaments, are worn in full dress by those ladies who appear in their hair: crape turbans, ornamented with feathers, are in very great request; the feathers are always black, but the turbans, with few exceptions, are white. We have, however, noticed some few in black crape, decorated very tastefully and appropriately with jet beads and jet aigrettes: these head-dresses are particularly becoming to fair beauties. Caps are not at all worn in *grande costume*, but they are very fashionable in half dress: they are made always in white crape, are in general round, of a simple form, and are decorated with crape flowers.

Black shamoy gloves are always worn; but though in full dress, as well as promenade, shoes are black, they are as often of stout silk as of leather.

Fans continue the usual size; they are now made of plain black crape.

## MISCELLANEA.

*Reindeer in Norway.*—An inhabitant of Christiana has taken up the idea of bringing flocks of reindeer from Lapland, and is endeavouring to naturalize them to the climate of Norway, in the Cantons of Staanger and Felsen, where he thinks the moss which forms their chief subsistence is abundantly found on the mountains. A convoy of more than two hundred reindeer, among which were some white, called Siberian reindeer, arrived at Christiana about the end of December, 1818, conducted by their keepers, and accompanied by dogs which generally guard them against the wolves. It is known that the reindeer constitute the riches of the northern nations. There are Laplanders who possess flocks of more than an hundred, and some of a thousand heads;—every part of this animal is useful. Its flesh is excellent—its milk good and nourishing—and its skin serves for garments—its sinews are employed by way of thread to stitch the Laplander's garments—the animal draws with astonishing celerity his master's light sledge, and often during the year changes with him its situation. The convoy had great difficulties to conquer during its route. It set out from the lower part of Lapland in the month of March—the baggage was partly left on the journey. The conductors were forced to kill some of the deer for food, their milk not being sufficient towards the end of their march. In unknown countries, in vast forests and thick fogs, the compass served as their guide. They propose returning to search for a new convoy.

Our ancestors in the reign of Elizabeth were not so luxurious as to lavish hundreds of pounds on decking their floors—Majesty set an example of frugality. The floor of the royal presence chamber was strewed with hay !!

Ladies trains, though now so little worn, are of considerable antiquity in our Isles : they were indelicately called *Tails*, and were introduced by the Queen of Richard II. : they were then thought so improper and unchristian, that a morose old fashioned wig-block of divinity wrote a tract "*Contra caudas Dominarum*," against ladies-tails. Scotland soon became infected with this dress, and it was there also most impolitely pursued : a statute was passed Ann. Dom. 1460, to prohibit the enormous excrescence of female tails. In Germany the ladies were not less persecuted for this innocent whimsey. A Pope's Legate issued a mandate in the fourteenth century, in which it was declared, "that, the apparel of women, (which ought to be consistent with modesty, but now, through their foolishness, is degenerated into wantonness and extravagance, more particularly the immoderate length of their petticoats, with which they sweep the ground) be restrained to a moderate fashion, agreeably to the decency of their sex, under pain of excommunication."

Mr. David Anderson of the Damask Manufactory, Deanside Brae, about five years ago, completely finished a shirt in the loom ; it was made in the usual manner with side-bits, wrist-bands, &c. &c. ; the breast ornamented with the Glasgow arms, in the Damask style, and the buttons of the neck and wristband woven in the loom as well as the button-holes. Mr. Anderson is making another as a present for the Hunterian Museum.

*Anecdote of Viotti.*—Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, willing to hear this celebrated violin performer (undoubtedly the first of his age) ; a day was fixed for a concert. The whole court arrived, and the concert began. The first bars of the solo commanded the greatest attention, when on a sudden a cry of "make room for the Count D'Artois," resounded in the next chamber ; in the midst of the tumult Viotti put his violin under his arm and departed, leaving the court to the great scandal of all the spectators.

*Longevity.*—At the first exhibition of the Rutland County Agricultural Society, held last year at Castletown, in the county of Rutland, America, Henry Francisco, aged 137 years, ploughed a furrow with a yoke of oxen there exhibited.—This veteran, in 1702, bore arms at the coronation of Queen Anne.

Thomas Bolwell died last year at Portsea, where he was born, and where he had sold wood and charcoal by retail. He arrived at the great age of 113 years, and retained his memory to the last. He had a perfect recollection of the eclipse of the 22d April, 1715. His wife, with whom he passed 80 years, died at the age of 100.

Stephen Delametairie, born blind, died lately in the hospital at Bourges, aged 103 years and 18 days ; for more than a century he was an inhabitant of a world he never saw. Like many of his darkling companions in the brute creation, he was employed for 60 years in turning a grinding-stone.

At Chacewater died, Elizabeth, the daughter of Joseph Ralph—though she had reached her twenty-first year, her height was only 2 feet 10 inches: she was not at all deformed, but rather well proportioned. During her life she was never known to laugh or cry, or utter any sound whatever, though it was evident she both saw and heard; her weight never exceeded 20lbs.

### TRINITY COLLEGE.

At the last Quarterly Examinations, the following gentlemen obtained Premiums:

IN SCIENCE.—Mr. Lynch, Savage, jun. Gayer, Longfield, sen. Evanson, M'Dermot, jun. Mr. Wilmot, Mr. Monahan, O'Dwyer, Stokes, 4tus. Conneys, M'Cready, jun. Martley and Kingsmill.

IN CLASSICS.—Mr. Butler, 4tus. Cooper, 1mus. Woodward, Hamilton, 3tus. Maginn, Crooke, Mr. Dunn, Prendeville, M'Namara, Purdon, 3tus. West, Gwynne, jun. Duffin and Kingsmill.

FOR GENERAL ANSWERING.—Mr. Dobbs, Berwick, Martin, jun. Keller, Hanna, Stokes, 1mus. Luby, sen. Mr. Johnson, 2dus. Mr. Roper, Mr. Kelly, Burnet, Aldworth, Miller, 2dus. Fulham, Sproule, 2dus. Semple, Kyle, junior, Twigg, Purdue, Lord Oxmantown, Gibson, jun. M'Clean, and Williams, 2dus.

At the late commencements in our University, the Degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred on the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Dromore, the Rev. Robert Bell, the Rev. Charles W. Wall, and the Rev. Charles R. Elrington.

The Rev. Henry King, and James Laurence Cotter, were admitted to that of Doctor of Laws.

Jones Quain was admitted to the Degree of Bachelor in Medicine.

The Rev. Henry Lefroy, Augustus Minchin, Robert Ball, Robert Mathews, Henry Theoph. Hodder, Charles Foster, John P. Cannon, William Digby, Henry Gubbins, William J. Armstrong, and George H. M. Johnson, were admitted to the Degree of Master of Arts.

One hundred and eleven Students were admitted to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts.

The Vice-Chancellor's Prizes were adjudged to Thomas H. Porter, William G. Cole, Mr. P. S. Butler, Robert W. Kyle, and Robert Purdon.

The Gold Medals, to Humph. Lloyd, and J. Darley, who, with Geo. Darley, Philip Homan, David Thompson, John Booker, James Brady, Henry Hutton, and John Moore, are placed at the head of their Class, for their distinguished merit in their Undergraduate Course.

The subject for Vice-Chancellor's Prizes, open to all the Students of the University, is "the Accession of HIS MAJESTY GEORGE IV. to the Throne of the United Kingdom. The Compositions are to be in Greek, Latin, and English Verse, and to be delivered to the Senior Lecturer, on or before the First day of June next.

We are happy to find that the ROYAL IRISH INSTITUTION have, in order to encourage the exertion of native talent, in the art of Painting, proposed to give PREMIUMS for PICTURES, to be painted by IRISH ARTISTS, and which shall be submitted to the Institution for adjudication at the Dublin Society's House, on or before the 1st of December next.



## DUBLIN PORT.

IMPORTS—From 21st Jan. to 17th Feb. inclusive.

Ale, Burton, 12 brls.  
 Almonds, 1 cask, 3 cwt. 47lb.  
 Beef, 50 tierces  
 Bottles, 401 gross  
 Brandy, 3 pipes, 4 hhds.  
 Brimstone, rough, 65 tons, 8 cwt.  
 Cheeses, 110—80 baskets  
 Cinnamon, 1 bale  
 Clover Seed, 56 sacks  
 Coffee, 3 tierces  
 Corkwood, 5 tons  
 Cotton Wool, E. I. 20 bales  
 Currants, 211 cwt. 78lbs.  
 Drugs, 11 packs. 2 boxes  
 Dye Stuff, 2 brls.  
 Elephants' Teeth, 15  
 Fish, Cod, 364 quint. 40 cwt. 6 brls.  
 — Ling, 60 tons  
 Flax, undressed, 7 tons, 1 cwt. 3 qrs.  
 Fuller's Earth, 10½ tons  
 Gum, 3 chests  
 Gunpowder, 289 casks  
 Hemp, E. I. 10 bales, 32¼ cwt.  
 Herrings, 706 brls.  
 Hock, 4 casks  
 Hops, 11 bags, 187 pockets  
 Indigo, E. I. 12 chests  
 Lemons, 60 half chests  
 Liquorice paste, 49 chests  
 Mace, 1 cask  
 Maddar roots, 43 bales  
 Malt, patent, 60 sacks  
 Marble, 7 blocks  
 Mustard, 50 casks

Oak Bark, 204 tons  
 Oil, Linseed, 40 pipes  
 — Palm, 6 casks  
 — Sallad, 40 half chests  
 — Spermaceti, 12 casks  
 — Whale, 22 pipes  
 Oranges, 787 boxes, 323 chests  
 Pepper, 95 barrels  
 Potash, 68 cwt. 107lbs.  
 Potatoes, 269 tons, 206 barrels  
 Raisins, 2¾ cwt. 14 lbs.  
 Sago, 2 casks  
 Salt, Bay, 800 bushels  
 — Epsom, 3 casks  
 — Petre, 60 bags  
 — Rock, 86½ tons  
 — White, 68 tons, 74 bushels  
 Sugar, Loaf, 63 hhds.  
 — Powder, 27 do.  
 — Patent Lump, 30 do.  
 — Musc. 32 do.  
 Tallow, 25 casks, 5 tons, 95 lbs.  
 — Russian, 266 casks  
 Valonia, 40 tons  
 Vinegar, 50 casks  
 Vitriol, 2 tierces, 1 cask  
 Wine, Figueria, 10 pipes  
 — French, 1 hhd. 14 gals.  
 — Madeira, 1 pipe, 1 case  
 — Port, 66 pipes, 4 hhds. 1 case  
 — Sherry, 2 butts  
 — Spanish, 12 butts, 2 hhds.  
 Wood, Nicaragua, 619 pcs.

EXPORTS—From 21st Jan. to 17th Feb. inclusive.

Ashes, Bleaching, 100 casks, 100 brls.  
 — Kelp, 30 tons  
 — & Vitriol, 80 casks  
 Bacon, 30 tons, 256 bales, 190 brls.  
 Barley, 1700 brls.  
 Beef, 2497 tierces, 1200 brls.  
 Butter, 100 casks, 1886 firkins  
 Candles, 2170 boxes  
 Cheese, 12 baskets  
 Coffee, For. 16 brls.  
 Fish Oil, 11 brls.  
 Flax, 6 bales  
 Flour, 1900 brls. 1200 sacks, 690 bags  
 Ginger, B. P. 14 brls. 19 bags  
 Glue, 5 hhds.  
 Hams, 1 hhd, 5 casks  
 1 ard, 2 tons  
 Oak Bark, 85 do.  
 Oats, 9600 brls.  
 Oatmeal, 20 tons, 20 brls.

Oil Cake, 255 tons  
 — Rape, 124 pipes, 20 casks  
 — Linseed, 30 pipes  
 Pork, 500 tierces, 2282 brls.  
 Porter, 25 tierces, 10 hhds. 8 brls.  
 Rapeseed, 3100 brls.  
 Salt, 76 tons  
 — Glaubers, 150 tierces, 50 casks  
 50 brls.  
 Spirits, Irish, 20 casks.  
 Sulphur, 1 brl. 21 hhds.  
 Tobacco, 129 hhds.  
 Wheat, 6140 brls.  
 Whiskey, 10 punch.  
 Wine, Claret, 8 cases  
 — Cape, 1 do.  
 — French, 18 do. 21 casks  
 — Port, 1 pipe, 10 casks  
 — Span. red, 11 pipes

THE  
**Dublin Magazine;**

OR,

GENERAL REPERTORY

OF

**PHILOSOPHY, BELLES-LETTRES,**

AND

MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION.

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MARCH, 1820.

[No. III.

ΕΙΣ ΤΑ ΤΕΚΝΙΑ ΚΑΙ ΧΕΝΟΜΕΝΑ.

LUCI.

*Abstract of Mr. DANIELL's Paper on a new Hygrometer, &c. &c.*  
 (Concluded from page 114.)

Mr. Daniell's table contains four columns:—

| Temperat. | Force.       | Weight of a Cubic Foot. | Expansion. |
|-----------|--------------|-------------------------|------------|
| Fahr.     | In. of Merc. | Grains.                 |            |

The first and second columns are taken from Mr. Dalton's table of the force of vapour, as given in the *Manchester Transactions* and *Edin. Encyl.* xi. 578, 1817. Upon these is founded the third column. We prefer Dr. Ure's determinations of the force of vapour, as given in the *Phil. Trans.* for 1818. In a paper, by Mr. Rice, published in the *Annals of Philosophy* for 1819, p. 339, the absolute and relative weights of certain volumes of air and water are very accurately determined. The weight of a cubic inch of water (Shuckburgh's standard) at 60° Fahr. and 30 in. Bar. is 252.525 grains, Exchequer standard: we consider the specific gravity of aqueous vapour, compared with that of water, both at a mean temperature and pressure, as .00075534; and therefore estimate the weight of a cubic foot of vapour at the temperature of 60°, and under a pressure of .524 inches of mercury, at 5.757 grains; at 212° and 30

in. Bar. at 4.4926 grs. differing a little from Mr. Daniell's numbers.—Setting out from these determinations, the table is so easily completed that we deem it unnecessary to give it at length. The fourth column shews the volume for each degree of temperature. The known formula for finding the volumes of a gas gives the expression for the vol. suppose at  $60^{\circ}$ , calling that at  $32^{\circ}$   $a$ ,  $a + \frac{a}{48.0} \times 28$ , and that at  $212^{\circ}$   $a + \frac{a}{48.0} \times 180$ . The author of the paper under consideration supposes the volume at zero equal to unity, but the expansions given actually belong to a volume which at  $32^{\circ}$  is taken equal to unity.—Hence they are too small; for, calling the volume of air at  $0^{\circ}$   $b$ , and that at  $32^{\circ}$   $a$ ,  $b = a - \frac{a}{48.0} \times 32$ . It is obvious, that when  $b=1$ ,  $\frac{a}{48.0}$  is of greater value than when  $a=1$ .

The absolute weight and pressure of the vapour actually existing in the atmosphere, in the space of a cubic foot, is readily found by ascertaining the vapour point, or the degree of its constituent heat: opposite to this, in the table, is its pressure, and upon the same line its weight, if the atmospheric temperature and vapour point coincide: if not, we must find the volumes for the two temperatures in the column of expansion; then, the bulk at the temperature of the atmosphere: the bulk at the point of condensation :: the weight of the latter temperature : that at the former. The table shews the maximum quantity of vapour that can exist in a cubic foot of air at the atmospheric temperature, and the method just given the quantity actually existing; these must equal each other before a precipitation of water can take place. If the *actual* vapour falls far short in quantity of that which *could* exist, and the equalization be effected by a descent of the atmospheric temperature, “the precipitation will probably be only slight and transitory, such as mist, fog, or small rain.” When effected by an increase in the quantity of vapour, “it will assume the form of hard rain and storms”—but when produced by a combination of both modes, “a conjecture may be formed of its probable duration and quantity, according as one or other of its causes prevailed.”

“The Hygrometer measures not only the force and quantity of vapour existing at any time in the air, but also may be applied to indicate the force and quantity of evaporation.” This property is founded on the theorem of Dalton, in which Mr. Daniell coincides, that the evaporating force must be universally equal to that of the temperature of the water, diminished by that already existing in the atmosphere. “The air, however, by its mechanical action, has another influence upon the rate of evaporation. When calm and still, it merely obstructs the process; but when in motion, it increases its effect in direct proportion to its velocity.”



by removing the vapour as it forms." Upon these data Mr. Dalton constructed a table, "*shewing the force of vapour, and the full evaporating force of every degree of temperature,*" &c. &c. This table, in our opinion, can give but a very slight approximation to accuracy; we therefore omit it.

Our author gives an accurate, extensive, and laborious meteorological journal, commencing the 29th of August, 1819, and ending the 26th of November, and contained in 22 columns; we esteem it an excellent model, and therefore insert an epitome of its contents.

"The first, second, and third columns contain the date and hour of the observation, and the moon's age. The fourth exhibits the pressure of the whole atmosphere, as measured by the Barometer; and the fifth the continuous rise and fall of that instrument. The sixth column shews the pressure of the aqueous atmosphere alone: by a comparison of this with the preceding, it will be observed how little the latter has to do with the comparatively great variations of the compound atmosphere. If any connexion can be traced at all, it is rather that the pressure of the vapour increases, as the whole diminishes, and *vice versa*, than the contrary."

"The seventh column gives the temperature of the air, at the time of observation; and the eighth, that of the vapour or the point of condensation. The ninth shews the difference between the two. The probability of aqueous precipitations is in inverse proportion to these numbers; and if it should be thought necessary to speak of the indications of the Hygrometer in degrees of a scale, these are the numbers which will express those degrees. The extent of the scale appears to be about 20°."

"The tenth column exhibits the weight of aqueous vapour actually existing in a cubic foot of the atmosphere; the eleventh the maximum quantity of the same, which might exist if the temperature of the air were to fall to the temperature of the vapour; and the twelfth, the maximum quantity which might exist, if saturation were to take place at the temperature of the air. It will be observed that *these three coincide*, when precipitation is actually taking place. From this approximation arises the probability of falling weather; and, according as it happens, by the fall of the temperature of the air, or by the rise of the constituent temperature of the vapour, so is the probability of its less or greater quantity, its shorter or longer continuance. The thirteenth and fourteenth columns contain the *maximum and minimum* of temperature in the course of the twenty-four hours, as marked by a register Thermometer. The fifteenth column shews the lowest temperature of a Thermometer, laid upon the ground during the night, with its bulb covered with dark wool. The late Dr. Wells, in his admirable *Essay upon Dew*, has shewn that the quan-

tity of that nocturnal precipitation of moisture upon different bodies is *cæteris paribus* proportionate to the quantity of heat which they radiate to the sky. My object, in this division of my register, is to obtain the lowest temperature of a good radiator, and of one that approaches nearly to the nature of grass, and other vegetables, in that particular; as the knowledge of this point, connected with that of the actual quantity of vapour in the air, may furnish data upon which to form an estimate of the actual amount of the aqueous deposition. As connected with this subject, I may here remark, that the average temperature of the morning vapour exceeds that of the night by about  $1^{\circ}$ , making a difference in quantity of about .138 grain in the cubic foot less in the night than in the morning. The sixteenth column registers the quantity of rain at different periods."

"The seventeenth contains an account of the variations of a De Luc's Hygrometer. It is, perhaps, upon the whole, the best instrument of the kind that was ever invented, and it will be seen how vague and indecisive its indications are."

"The eighteenth column shews the force of evaporation, in the number of grains which would rise in one minute from a vessel of six inches diameter."

"The direction of the wind is exhibited by the nineteenth column, and its force very imperfectly by the twentieth. Upon an average of experiments, I find that the winds from the NW. N. NE. and E. contain  $1\frac{1}{2}$  grains less of vapour in a cubic foot, than those which blow from the SE. S. SW. and W."

"In the twenty-first column I have endeavoured to describe the prevailing modifications of clouds, in the nomenclature of Mr. Howard. Some idea of the height of the lowest beds of these aqueous condensations may perhaps be formed from the indications of the Hygrometer. An elevation of about 530 feet causes a fall in the Thermometer of  $1^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit's scale; therefore, having the point of condensation, and the temperature of the air, if we multiply the difference by 530, we shall obtain an approximation to the height of the first clouds which can form, by the ascent of the vapour."

"The twenty-second column closes the table, with some general observations."

A plate is given to shew the comparative rise and fall of the Barometer and Hygrometer, and of the temperature of the air and vapour, taken at morning and evening during the period of the journal. The variation of the vapour for  $1^{\circ}$  at the higher part of the thermometric scale, is much greater than for  $1^{\circ}$  at the lower. In fine weather the

difference between the atmospheric temperature, and that of the point of condensation, is very great ; during the time of rain, none.

Mr. Daniell considers the influence of the state of the atmosphere on the animal constitution, and thinks that "the oppression of sultry days may be accounted for, from the obstruction of the insensible perspiration of the body, which is prevented from exhaling into the atmosphere, already surcharged with moisture ; while unimpeded transpiration from the pores, when the air is more free from aqueous vapour, adds new energy to all the vital functions. In bodies debilitated by disease, indeed, the contrary effects may be produced. They may be unable, from weakness, to support the drain of free exhalation, which is exhilarating to the healthy ; and hence, probably, arises the benefit of mild climates and warm sea breezes, in cases of consumption, and diseases of the lungs. Observations of the Hygrometer in places which have been found of service in those complaints, will, not improbably, throw some light upon their treatment ; and may, perhaps, teach us to construct an artificial atmosphere of greater efficacy than any that has yet been recommended on occasions, when the relief of local change may be impossible. Observations also in marshy and fenny situations, may not unreasonably be expected to explain the diseases prevalent in such districts ; and an extension of the use of the instrument to different countries, cannot fail to elucidate many, as yet obscure, peculiarities of situation and climate."

The following is the method of applying the Hygrometer to artificial atmospheres. "A hole is drilled in the side of a bell-glass, through which the tube, proceeding from the ball placed under it and containing the Thermometer, is passed, and welded, with the tube proceeding from the other ball on its exterior side, by means of a lamp ; the stem is then secured as before directed. The exterior ball is then to be covered with muslin. In this way the evaporation from the latter produces a corresponding degree of cold upon the ball under the bell-glass, and will measure the quantity of vapour included, by the precipitation which may readily be marked. In delicate experiments, a lighted taper in a glass lantern, placed behind the bulb of the instrument, renders the deposition more easily visible, and ensures accuracy. The bell-glass may be secured, by grinding and other well known means, from any communication with the exterior air."

Mr. Daniell relates some experiments made with this apparatus, in the course of which he found, that the Hygrometer distinctly indicated the presence of .133 grain of vapour in 56 cubic inches of air ; and



confirmed the idea that the gases are as *vacua*, with regard to vapour. In Exper. 6. "The temperature of a room being  $45^{\circ}$ , he found the point of condensation in it to be  $39^{\circ}$ . A fire was lighted, the door and windows carefully shut, and no one allowed to enter. The Thermometer rose to  $55^{\circ}$ , but the point of condensation remained the same. A party of eight persons afterwards occupied the room for several hours, and the fire was kept up. The temperature increased to  $58^{\circ}$ , and the point of condensation rose to  $52^{\circ}$ ."

From observations made in the exterior iron gallery, of St. Paul's, it appeared that the temperature there was higher than at the bottom.—During these experiments, fogs and nocturnal hoar-frosts were very prevalent, though the Thermometer at the upper station never fell to the freezing point. From this it seems, that a frost cannot be of long duration, unless it originates in the upper regions: the surface of the earth, in the case before us, was cooled by nightly radiations, which lowered the temperature of *only* the contiguous air.

The last use of this instrument pointed out by the inventor, and on which he justly sets a great value, is, its affording a means of correcting barometrical measurements. It furnishes a method of estimating what degree of pressure is due to the aqueous vapour diffused through the atmosphere, whose compound weight is ascertained by the Barometer.—This correction is shewn to be of high consideration in measurements conducted in the summer season, and in low latitudes.

From the many valuable facts and suggestions contained in this paper, for which the author had certainly not the slightest necessity to apologise, we are led to look anxiously for the completion of his promise of another essay.

This Hygrometer will form an useful appendage to the apparatus for taking the sp. gr. of gases, as it will enable us to estimate the exhaustion of the glass-globe with more precision, by pointing out the depression of the gauge, by the included vapour.

E. R.



#### ON THE IRREGULARITIES TO WHICH BAROMETERS ARE SUBJECT.

(From *Macculloch's Western Isles*, vol. 1—page 550.)

There are certain causes already well known as disturbing forces, of which some are capable of calculation, and others are generally avoided, in instruments of even tolerable execution. These are chiefly, a diameter of the tube too minute, varieties in the sp. gr. of the mercury,

and variations of temperature.—The error of chief moment, since it appears to be the cause of the non-coincidence between proximate Barometers, and is also incapable of being estimated or corrected, is one compounded of erroneous construction and varying temperature. This has not been sufficiently noticed. It is better known to the makers than to the purchasers of Barometers, that it is nearly impossible to make two act together under all circumstances. It is not often that the column is precisely of the same length in any number when constructed, and to conceal this defect, the scales are adapted accordingly. These inequalities are diminished by boiling, but it is scarcely possible even thus to expel air and water from the tube; besides which, the imminent hazard of breaking which it undergoes from the unequal heating, prevents this from being, almost ever, effectually done. In ordinary instruments it is not even attempted. Even when the tubes have been sealed when hot, and opened only at the moment of filling them with boiled mercury, air will still insinuate itself. It is this air which is the cause both of the unequal altitudes and the unequal oscillations in question. The variations of temperature above mentioned as affecting the movements of proximate Barometers, act by influencing this substance; not by altering the sp. gr. of the mercurial column itself, as will easily appear by computing the effect of such changes on the mercury, according to the known rules.

The twofold action of air thus included, is easily understood. When the column approaches its greatest elevation, its motion is retarded by the increased elasticity of the confined fluid, a balance of forces being at length produced. Hence, imperfect Barometers shew the greatest differences at their highest elevations; while even these all vary, in proportion to the quantity of air confined, and to the vacant space above the column. These inequalities are also the most sensible in rapid fluctuations, since the fall of the mercury will thus commence before the rise in such Barometers has been completed. The effect of increased temperature is in some cases of the same nature, by increasing the elasticity of the confined air. But it also acts by producing a depression of the column at times when the mercury would otherwise be at rest.

From a knowledge of this circumstance, a ready test for a Barometer presents itself; namely, that of heating the tube above the column by the application of a hot body, and noting if any depression follows. From this knowledge also may be deduced an useful practical rule; that of bringing all Barometers used in measuring altitudes as nearly as

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possible to the same temperature; as the only means of diminishing an error which, to a certain extent, appears unavoidable, and which, in ill constructed instruments, may be considerable.

It is evidently impossible to give any scale for the correction of this class of errors, as the data are unassignable. But it remains certain, that the greater discrepancies depend on causes in the nature and movements of the atmosphere, modified only by the minor errors of another class, arising from construction. Although the former should never be discovered, nor the latter ever removed, this slight sketch will have its use, by exciting such a salutary distrust in barometric observations, as will lead to the use of all the precautions in our power towards diminishing their inaccuracies.

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#### ON HIGHLAND MUSIC.

(Concluded from p. 110.)

Nor would it be easy to persuade a strenuous admirer of all that is called Scottish music, that his admiration is indiscriminate, and is derived from prejudices and early associations, rather than from a distinct feeling of the beauty of that which he esteems the perfection of music. In many instances it is founded rather on the poetry than on the music; and, by aid of the exquisite verse, so often attached to them, have many of these compositions attained a celebrity to which their own merits do not appear to entitle them. In this respect, however, with some good, much harm has also been done by modern innovators; who, regardless of the characters long consecrated by habit and association, or of those belonging to the very essence of the melody, have, with an utter disregard of taste, united the pathetic with the ludicrous, or the reverse; or have, with the rude airs of the mountain glen, or the careless lilt of the shepherd boy, associated the *Delias* and *Strephons* of modern pastoral, or the refined verse of our more recent lyric poets. Burns alone appears to have combined the true feelings of a Scottish musician with those of a Scottish poet; and, had he been an educated musician, would have doubtless not only refined and separated the true from the false, but, had time been granted him, completed that pure association between the two, of which he has left such admirable specimens. The adaptations of his own lyrics to the airs of his early affections, present a model for all Scottish musicians, as his poetry offers examples that will not easily be rivalled.



To illustrate these remarks by a corresponding analysis of the present extensive catalogue of Scottish music, would require a volume of musical criticism; it is even impossible to notice a few of the airs which would be required to explain them, without a species of illustration, which is here inadmissible. It is, nevertheless, easy to perceive, as already suggested, that many of the Scottish airs of supposed lowland origin, are, in fact, Gaëlic airs of much higher antiquity, altered and improved by the introduction of passing notes, by slight deviations to a more florid style, by the addition of a second strain pursuing the same idea a little further, or by occasional changes of the harmonic bases of the melody still more important. Others are original in every respect, but formed on the same system; while many bear the marks of additional refinement, borrowed, either from the Italian style of ballad, or from other compositions of a similar character which happened to prevail at the time they were written. Musicians who may be inclined to examine this subject, will find little difficulty in doing it for themselves; with a few exceptions, the internal evidence is of such a nature, that it cannot easily be mistaken.

I am aware that the preceding opinions are at variance with a notion which has prevailed respecting the origin of the Scottish pastoral music. It has been supposed to have been introduced by James the First, the claims of Rizzio having been for some time abandoned. But in tracing the airs in their gradual progress to refinement, there is no indication of a chasm in their style: certainly at least none of so distant a date. Still less can any distant period be discovered, in which a new style of melody, or any decided and complete change in the character of the national music, was introduced. A few compositions of ancient date undoubtedly exist, which, compared with the prevailing airs of the same day, are evidently of a superior character; but these are exceptions, and have not generated a style. They may have been the occasional productions of individuals who had cultivated a better class of music; possibly some of them have even been the compositions of that monarch; and it is not improbable that, like others, he may have contributed to the refinement of the national taste. But that which at present is peculiarly esteemed the pastoral style, seems to have originated chiefly in the last century; partly from the remodelling of ancient melodies, partly from additional compositions; and among the new airs of this character, the compositions of Oswald, and not those of James, appear to have led the way to the most material innovation in Scottish music, which can be established. The claims of that King appear

to rest on a misapprehended passage in Tassoni, which Dr. Burney has shown to prove nothing; as he has also shown that the compositions of the Prince of Venosa, with whom James is compared, are worthless.—The remark is evidently the casual observation of a mere literary man on a subject which he did not understand. There is, independently of this, internal evidence against the opinion, in examining the progress of the national melodies; against which such vague testimony would be unavailing, did it even proceed from a mere competent judge, and had it been of a more decided nature. It is obvious that the limited scale of five notes extended far below this period; and that no airs of that date, composed on a perfect scale, can be produced; although it was then generally known to musicians. James was a cultivated musician, and had he introduced a change, or had he been the inventor of a “new and plaintive species of melody,” it would have left traces of that improvement in music which had then taken place over Europe, and of which assuredly none are to be found in the Scottish compositions of that age.

The preservation of a national melody is always desirable, were it only for the innumerable relics of poetry, often of exquisite simplicity and beauty, which are thus rescued from oblivion. It is desirable also, on account of the numerous associations, of a patriotic nature, and the social or generous feelings which are thus excited and preserved. If the faults of excessive nationality are perpetuated and encouraged by a national melody, so also are its good effects. Even abstractedly considered, it is valuable in the art of music; as a store of combinations, and as offering hints, even where it is at variance with a predominant or more refined taste. The highest departments of art are often indebted to the lowest for useful or valuable suggestions. Independently of these considerations, it is impossible to refuse praise to the melodies of Scotland. They are exquisitely pathetic and touching, even when separated from the poetry with which they are so frequently united. In the humorous style they excel perhaps even more. Though faulty, with regard to that which is now esteemed correct in composition, and though monotonous, from the innumerable repetitions, and the limited variety necessarily implied in their scale, they are not, perhaps exceeded in merit by any national compositions of an age equally unrefined. It is only to be regretted that those whose musical education renders them competent judges of the subject, do not lend their assistance to maintain these relics in a state of purity; and to preserve and restore the national taste, instead of suffering it to be regulated by those, whose want of feeling or understanding tends rather to deprave it. If

Scottish melody is distinct from cultivated music, it still possesses a character worthy of being preserved; and is in much more danger from the ignorant than from the educated musician.

But the nation at large has little considered the subject of music, nor has it hitherto been much cultivated as an art in this country.—Neither the principles on which it is founded have been studied, nor its history and progress traced, from the rudest efforts, towards that limit of perfection which is probably yet distant. It is not however peculiar to the Scots to forget, that although the term music, like poetry, may have a meaning which every one limits to his own capacity for acquirements, the former, like the latter, is unlimited in its powers of expression; and that cultivation is equally required to comprehend the higher departments of both. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising if the Scots have not investigated the peculiarities by which their own melodies are distinguished, nor been careful in separating from their airs of genuine feeling and character, all the modern imitations, of spurious origin, and of common-place ideas, which have sullied their catalogue. There is indeed much merit in many, even of the most recent compositions of a pastoral or pathetic character; although few, if any, of modern origin, have imitated the peculiar raciness of the cheerful airs. The former have sometimes successfully maintained the style and feeling of their originals, and have not been even unsuccessful in engrafting on them those melodies of foreign growth most consistent with their characters.

The praise of Scottish music must, however, be limited. Even Caledonian prejudice must recollect, that in music, as in poetry, there is a cultivated style. As he, whose acquirements in poetical taste are confined to *Chevy-Chase*, must not doubt the superior feeling of him who is sensible of the beauties of Milton or Pindar; so ought they, whose knowledge of music is limited to *Roy's Wife*, or *Tweed side*, to recollect, that in this art also, there is a standard of taste; and that the vigour of Handel and the variety of Beethoven are beyond the sphere of their comprehension.

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## METAPHYSICS.

(To the Editor, &c.)

SIR—It is not my intention to occupy your pages by entering into a metaphysical controversy with the correspondent in your second number,



especially as there appears to be little difference of opinion between us ; I shall, therefore, briefly explain some parts of my paper which he appears to have misconstrued. In the first place, I have nowhere said, that the knowledge of our existence is "the necessary result of pleasure and pain *alone*;" or, "that all our sensations are either pleasing or painful;" I will readily grant, that there are negative, as well as positive, sensations. I have distinctly said, that by tracing the *medium* through which pleasure and pain are experienced, we should not be very far from the source of all our knowledge. Now, according to my theory, sensation and reflection constitute this medium, as I thought I fully explained; it is true, I have said that pleasure and pain were probably the *first* sensations from whence we derived a knowledge of our existence; but this no way implies that they are the only sources of this knowledge; and I must continue to doubt that, in the infantine state, we have any knowledge of this kind but what is derived from those positive sensations; it will also, I imagine, be admitted, that pleasure and pain do more forcibly remind us of our existence than those negative sensations of which your correspondent speaks: there is no situation wherein a man will have this knowledge so strongly impressed upon him, as at the point of death, if his mind be in a sound state; and occasions for extraordinary joy will have the same effect.

In the second part, where I ask, whether a man deprived of his senses (that is, as I mean it, one born "with organs incapable of conveying any idea to the mind,") would have a knowledge of his existence, I, merely for the elucidation of my subject, stated a question of possibility, as we must allow every thing to be possible to the Almighty; it was not my design to speak of the soul separate from the body; the state of our immortal part, after it has quit its prison-house below, is placed beyond the knowledge of humanity; I cannot therefore follow your correspondent out of that sphere allotted for us to move in; for, if the study of metaphysics is of any use, it is to teach us the bounds of human knowledge, and to shew those limits beyond which we cannot pass. But there have been those amongst both ancient and modern philosophers who have held the soul or thinking faculty of man, to be a something totally distinct from and possessed of powers unconnected with his material nature; and my object was to combat this opinion. I did not, therefore, as your correspondent imagines, "confound the intellectual faculties of a human being with those we may conceive the soul to possess in its separate state," as I suppose by "separate state," he means, after it has left our mortal frame.

Your correspondent next accuses me of confounding "intuitive," with what Locke calls "innate knowledge." I certainly have not used the term exactly in the same sense that Mr. Locke has: I think, notwithstanding, that my application of it would be equally conformable to the etymology of the word *intuitive*; however, as I made free with some of Mr. Locke's arguments against innate ideas to support my theory, it would, perhaps, have been more consistent, had I also used the word *innate*, instead of *intuitive*; with me they are nearly synonymous.

I must now add a few words in support of my former position, as I cannot agree with your correspondent, that every idea which the mind perceives (I presume a perception of the mind is necessary to constitute an idea) is accompanied by a consciousness of our own existence: now I imagine that most of those Mr. Locke terms simple ideas, have not generally this effect, at least after they cease to be new ideas to us. The organs of sense become so habituated to certain colours, sounds, motions, &c., that they merely act mechanically upon those organs without producing any effect upon the mind; and if it be admitted, which I think it will, that a man in a sound sleep has no knowledge of his existence, I cannot see what difference there is, in this respect, between him who sleeps soundly and him who is in a waking reverie. "I think, I reason, I feel pleasure and pain," says Mr. Locke, "can any of these be more evident to me than my own existence? If I doubt of all other things, that very doubt makes me perceive my own existence, and will not suffer me to doubt of that." But in those operations of thinking, of reasoning, and of doubting, the mind is actively employed; sensation and reflection are both at work, consequently the knowledge of our existence will then be self-evident: but it must be admitted, that the mind has its passive as well as its active stages, which has been wisely ordained by the Almighty as a necessary relaxation; hence those objects of sense with which we are daily and hourly familiar produce little or no effect upon the mind; if a new object presents itself to us or if we are employed in any act of abstraction, we are roused into energy, the mind assumes its active functions, and the knowledge of our existence is immediately present. I shall conclude this article by adding, in support of my opinion, one fact which cannot have escaped your correspondent's observation: it is, that men whose avocations or natural bent lead them to any vigorous exertions of the mental powers seldom live to an advanced age; and it appears that the body is better able to support a continued labour than the mind: the peasant or the mechanic will live to an old age, whilst the statesman or the mathematician will sink to an early grave.

R. N. K.

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*Extract from a Paper on affections of the Meatus Auditorius externus, by*  
HENRY EARLE, Esq. published in the 10th vol. of the *Medico-Surgical*  
*Transactions.*

In the early part of 1816, Mr. F. an ensign in his Majesty's service, called to ask my opinion respecting a complaint in his ears, of which he gave the following account :

That, from childhood, he had been occasionally liable to attacks of inflammation in the external ear, accompanied with heat, excoriation, and a copious thin discharge from the passage, which affected his hearing more or less for several weeks, but left no considerable permanent deafness behind. About ten months before his application to me, he had been exposed to damp, and, in consequence, suffered a very severe renewal of the same disease which nearly deprived him of the power of hearing. On examination, I found the meatus of either ear much narrowed in its calibre by the thickening of the surrounding parts, and especially the great increased density of the cuticle which had a very white appearance, and was moistened by a thin discharge resembling runnet whey that deposited a substance not unlike small portions of curd. On washing this away, and dilating the passage with a little instrument, which I had constructed for the purpose of examining the external meatus, there was not the slightest appearance of cerumen ; but the same white thickened cuticle appeared to extend as far as the eye could reach.

The sense of hearing was nearly lost, but a watch applied to the teeth or forehead was distinctly audible, a circumstance which convinced me that there was no defect in the auditory nerves. On throwing in water with considerable force a dull obtuse sound was produced, as if some dense medium were interposed. This led me to imagine that it was possible that the deafness depended either on a thickened state of the cuticle reflected over the membrana tympani, similar to that which lined the meatus, or on some morbid secretion existing between this cuticular layer and the membrane. This idea was strengthened by passing down a probe to the bottom of the meatus which conveyed a sensation to my touch different from that which would have been produced by the contact of a healthy membrane, whilst, at the same time it did not cause that painful sensation usually expressed by the patient in these circumstances.

After a little reflection, and entertaining this view of the subject, I thought myself warranted in attempting the removal of the whole cuticular lining of the meatus externus.



To effect this removal, I had recourse to the nitrate of silver which I had often found beneficial in causing exfoliations of thickened cuticle from the feet, producing what are commonly termed corns.

I threw in, with a silver syringe, a very strong solution, and completely blackened the epidermis of the meatus.

In a few days I began to syringe with warm water, conceiving that maceration would contribute to the speedy separation of the exfoliations. After persevering for several days and for a considerable time each day, it began to be detached in small portions at first, but subsequently in larger pieces, one of which, from its form, was very evidently the reflected layer which had covered the membrana tympani. The next syringe-full which I threw in occasioned to the patient a very distressing sensation and loud sound. His hearing, from this time, was greatly improved but still rather confused. The other ear was treated in the same way, with similar success. In a few days the hearing was very nearly restored.

From the time of the separation of the cuticle, the treatment consisted in the application of Ungt. Hydrarg Nit. drach. iv., cerati cetac. drach. iij., olei olivæ drach. j. He was directed to introduce a little of this, night and morning, with a camel-hair pencil; this was recommended with a view to stimulate the ceruminous glands to a more healthy secretion. Blisters were also directed to be applied behind the ears and to be kept open for some time, with the same intention. Soon after this, he returned to join his regiment, and I lost sight of him until very lately when I had the pleasure of seeing him perfectly well; and he informed me that he had never experienced the slightest return of his complaint, and could hear as well as ever he had done in his life. On examining his ears, I found that a secretion of cerumen had taken place, and the lining of the meatus had a perfectly healthy appearance.

## ASTRONOMY.

### ECLIPSES OF JUPITER'S SATELLITES.\*

As these eclipses are seen at the *same moment* of absolute time by all the observers situated within the limits of the space where they are visible, it is evident, that the difference of time at which they occur, as estimated at the situations of any two observers, when converted into degrees, &c., will give the difference of longitude between them. Hence it is desirable that travellers should embrace every opportunity of making observations of this kind with all the care and accuracy that

\* From *Time's Telescope*, 1820.

their circumstances will permit ; for, by this means, the positions of numerous places would soon be determined with great precision, which are at present very doubtful. In making observations of this kind, the following circumstances must be attended to.

If the person is situated under any other meridian than that of the Royal Observatory, for which the *mean* time of their happening, set down in the tables, is calculated, it is necessary to convert the difference of longitude between his situation and the observatory into time, and either add it to that in the tables or subtract it from it, as the place is east or west of the first meridian, and the result will be the time, nearly, when he will see the eclipse; for this purpose it is not necessary that he should know the longitude of the place where he is, with accuracy; for as this is only to ascertain nearly at what time the eclipse will happen that the observer may be in readiness to observe it at the required moment, a few minutes' error in the estimate will not create any error in the result of the observation, provided the eclipse is not suffered to pass without being observed at all. Jupiter should therefore be carefully observed for several minutes before the eclipse is expected to take place. The observer should also be furnished with a watch, previously well regulated to mean time at the place of observation. Then, if the observed time of the eclipse be found to be greater than the time at Greenwich, as inserted in the tables, the place will be situated on the east of that meridian, and consequently the difference will be the *east* longitude of the place; but if the observed time be less than that stated in the tables, the place will be *west*, and their difference will be its longitude.

The eclipses most proper for the determination of this most important problem, are those of the first and second satellites, as the theory respecting them is the most accurate; and these may be easily distinguished from the others by means of the configurations given in the 12th page every month in the *Nautical Almanack*, which exhibit the appearance of these satellites both with respect to each other and their primary, at the time they are most likely to be observed. It should also be observed, that the *immersions* are visible only from the time of Jupiter's conjunction to his opposition; and the *emersions* only from his opposition to his conjunction. The term immersion, as here used, signifies the instant in which the satellite disappears by entering into the shadow of Jupiter; and that of emersion implies the moment of its re-appearance. These eclipses generally take place at some distance from the body of Jupiter, except near his opposition to the sun when the satellite approaches near to the body of the planet. Before this opposi-

tion, both the immersions and emersions happen on the west side of Jupiter, but after the opposition, on the east side.

An eclipse of either Jupiter's first or second satellite will be visible if his altitude above the horizon exceed  $8^{\circ}$ , and the sun at the same time is as much below it with respect to the place where the observation is intended to be taken ; and this may be readily ascertained with sufficient accuracy, by means of a celestial globe ; or by using the terrestrial globe in conjunction with the former, the place on the earth's surface where an eclipse of either of these satellites will be visible, may easily be found in the following manner :—The place of the sun, with the latitude and longitude of Jupiter, being given for the required time in the Ephemeris, find their declinations and right ascensions by the globe ; then convert the difference between the time at which the eclipse is to happen and noon into degrees and minutes, and they will show the longitude of that meridian on the surface of the earth, where it is noon at the time the satellite is eclipsed, which may be called the *meridional longitude* of the eclipse, and is either *east* or *west*, as the eclipse happens before or after noon, at Greenwich. Next, bring this meridional longitude to the brass meridian of the terrestrial globe, and elevate the pole which is nearest the sun equal to his declination, and fix the globe in this position ; then, if Jupiter be eastward of the sun, draw a line along that part of the globe which coincides with the eastern horizon, which will pass over all those places where the sun is setting at that time ; but if Jupiter be westward of the sun, draw the line along the western horizon, and it will pass over all the places where the sun is then rising.—When Jupiter is *eastward* of the sun, *add* the difference of his and the sun's right ascensions to the *meridional longitude* ; bring the degree answering to their sum to the meridian ; elevate the pole nearest Jupiter equal to his declination, and fix the globe in that position ; then, another line being described on the globe along the eastern horizon, the space included between this and the line of the sun's setting before drawn, will comprise all the places where the eclipse will be seen during the interval between the setting of the sun and that of the planet. But if Jupiter be to the *westward* of the sun, the difference of the right ascensions must be *subtracted* from the *meridional longitude*, instead of being added to it, and the degree answering to the remainder brought to the meridian, the pole elevated, and the globe fixed as before. Thus, if a line be drawn along the western edge of the horizon, the space included between this line and that of the *sun's rising* before dawn, will comprise all the places where the eclipse will be seen between the



rising of Jupiter and that of the sun. The eclipse will evidently be seen the best at those places that are most distant from these boundary lines; all the other circumstances attending it, being the same.

When the immersion or emersion of either the first or second satellite has been accurately observed, according to mean time, at the place of observation, the longitude from Greenwich is immediately found by taking the difference between the time of observation and that stated in the Ephemeris, as the time of the same eclipse happening at the first meridian; and this difference, converted into degrees, &c. will give the difference of longitude between the two places, which will be east or west, as the observed time of the eclipse was greater or less than that given in the Ephemeris.

The most certain way, however, of deducing the longitude from an observation of this kind, is not to compare the time of its happening with that stated in the Ephemeris, but with that of an actual observation of the same eclipse, made at some place at which the longitude is well known when such an observation has been made; for such a comparison avoids the errors to which the computations are liable.—But if no corresponding observation of the kind can be obtained, it is desirable to find, by the nearest observations to the given time that have been made, what corrections the calculations of the Ephemeris require; and then the application of these corrections to the calculation of the given eclipse in the Ephemeris, renders it almost equivalent to an actual observation.

#### CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR APRIL.

† The Sun enters Taurus at 45m. past 4h. in the morning of the 20th.—On the 1st he rises at 5h. 52m. A.M. and sets at 6h. 29m. P.M. with  $4^{\circ} 37'$  declination N., and is then 3m. 55s. too slow, but on the 16th, 15s. too fast.—\* The Sun's apparent diameter on the 2d, is  $32'$ , and on the 20th,  $31' 52''$ .

\* The latitude of the Moon on the 1st, at midnight, is  $3^{\circ} 52'$  S. in  $20^{\circ}$  of Scorpio; and it decreases to the 11th, when she passes the ecliptic in her ascending node between 12h. and 1h. P.M. in  $2^{\circ}$  of Aries; when her N. latitude increases, and becomes on the 17th, at midnight,  $5^{\circ} 14'$  in  $2^{\circ}$  of Cancer. It then decreases to the 25th, when she passes the ecliptic in her descending node between 11h. and 12h. A.M. in  $2^{\circ}$  of Libra; and it increases to the end of the month, being, on the last midnight,  $4^{\circ} 52'$  in  $12^{\circ}$  of Sagittarius.

† The Moon will be in conjunction with  $\alpha$  Scorpio on the 3d, at 9h. 47m. A.M.; with Saturn, on the 11th, at 7h. 10m. P.M.; with Mercury, on the 12th, at 11h.

16m. P.M.; with  $\beta$  Taurus, on the 17th, at 2h. 25m. A.M.; with Pollux, on the 20th, 0h. 49m. A.M.; with  $\alpha$  Leo, on the 22d, at 2h. 20m. P.M.; with  $\alpha$  Virgo, on the 27th, at 2h. 9m. A.M.; and with Antares, on the 30th, at 5h. 48m. P.M.—The Moon will be in Perigee on the 10th, and in Apogee on the 22d—\*her apparent diameter, on the 1st, at midnight, is  $30' 58''$ ; and it increases to the 10th, on which day it is about  $32' 58''$ . It then decreases to the 22d, when it is about  $29' 34''$ , and it afterwards increases to the end of the month, being on the last midnight,  $31' 18''$ . The phases for the month are as follow:—

Last quarter, Thursday, 6th, 7h. 1m. A.M.

New Moon, Wednesday, 12th, 10h. 49m. P.M.

First quarter, Thursday, 20th, 6h. 56m. A.M.

Full Moon, Friday, 28th, 9h. 27m. A.M.

\* Mercury's latitude on the 1st, is  $3^{\circ} 15'$  N. in  $28^{\circ}$  of Aries; and it decreases to the 20th, when he passes the ecliptic in his descending node, in  $18^{\circ}$  of this sign. His S. latitude then increases to  $2^{\circ} 16'$  in the same degree of the same sign. He is stationary on the 3d, in  $28^{\circ}$ , and on the 26th in  $17^{\circ}$ , being thus retrograde from the 3d to the 26th, and afterwards moving directly. He is in inferior conjunction on the 12th. On the 1st he is an hour and a half above the horizon after sun-set in W. by N.

\* Venus is an evening star. Her latitude, on the 1st, is  $1^{\circ} 25'$  N. in  $22^{\circ}$  of Taurus; and it increases to about  $2^{\circ} 45'$  in  $25^{\circ}$  of Gemini, her motion being direct through about  $33^{\circ} 30'$ . The Moon passes her on the 16th. April 1st, enlightened part 8.7177, dark part 3.2823;

\* Mars is an evening star, being on the meridian on the 10th about sun-set, and every succeeding evening earlier. His N. latitude, on the 1st, is  $2^{\circ} 38'$  N. in  $24^{\circ}$  of Cancer; and it decreases to about  $2^{\circ}$ , in  $6^{\circ}$  of Leo, the motion being direct through about  $12^{\circ}$ . The Moon passes him on the 20th.

\* Ceres is on the meridian at about half-past seven at night on the 1st, and at about sun-set on the 19th.—Her latitude, on the 1st, is  $11^{\circ} 31'$  N., in  $30^{\circ}$  of Cancer; and on the 25th,  $10^{\circ} 35'$  in  $5^{\circ}$  of Leo, her motion being direct through above  $6\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ . The Moon passes her on the 20th.

\* Jupiter is a morning star. His latitude, on the 1st, is  $56'$  S., in  $10^{\circ}$  of Pisces; and it increases about  $5'$ , his motion being direct through about  $6^{\circ}$ . On the 1st he is only about  $7^{\circ}$  above the horizon at sun-rise. The Moon passes him on the 10th.

\* Saturn is a morning star. His latitude on the 1st, is  $2^{\circ} 9'$  S., in  $5^{\circ}$  of Aries; and it increases about  $3'$ , his motion being direct through about  $3\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ . He is at first too near the Sun to be visible. At the end of the month he is only about  $6^{\circ}$  above the horizon at sun-rise. † Form of the ring, April the 1st, transverse diameter 1.000—conjugate diameter 0.196.

\* Herschell is on the meridian about half an hour after sun-rise, on the 1st, and

about three in the morning, on the 20th. His latitude, on the 1st, is 10' S. in 29° of Sagittarius; and it increases about 1'. He is stationary on the 10th, and his motion is afterwards retrograde through about 15', so that during the whole month he is seen in the same degree. The Moon passes him on the 5th.

## ANTIDOTE AGAINST VEGETABLE POISONS.

M. Drapiez has examined the medical properties of the *Nhandirobe*\* of the Antilles (*Fevillea cordifolia* L.)

The kernel given in the quantity of a few grains, acts on man as a mild purgative, and on animals as a violent emetic; but the principal object of research was to ascertain, whether it actually possesses the property ascribed to it, that of being a powerful antidote against vegetable poisons. For this purpose Drapiez poisoned dogs with the *Rhus Toxicodendron* (*Sumach*), *Cicuta* (*water-hemlock*), and *Nux Vomica*.—Those which were left to the action of the poison perished; but those to which he administered the *Nhandirobe* experienced some hours' pain and recovered.

Not doubting more salutary effects from the seeds of the plant in attenuating the mortal action of certain vegetable substances taken internally, Drapiez wished to know its effects in cases where the poison is introduced by the cutaneous tissue. He took arrows steeped in *Mancanilla* juice, and with them slightly wounded two young cats; on the wound of the one, he applied a cataplasin of the seeds of the *Nhandirobe*, and left the other without any application. The former appeared to suffer merely from the wound, which soon healed; while the latter quickly fell into convulsions, and expired.

From varied experiments, Drapiez looks on the fruit of the *Nhandirobe* as the surest antidote against vegetable poisons, but it loses its efficacy when more than two or three years gathered, or when it becomes rancid.

The expressed oil is a more certain vermifuge than the oil of the *Ricinus* (castor-oil.)

\* *Nhandiroba scandens*, foliis hederaceis angulosis; Plumier. Gen. 20,—Class and order, *Dioecia Pentandria*. Nat. ord. *Cucurbitaceæ* Juss.



## CHEMISTRY.

*New Alkali in the Brucea anti-dysenterica*.\*—M.M. Pelletier and Caven-  
 tou have given the name of *Brucine* to the new alkali discovered by  
 them, in combination with gallic acid, in the bark of the bastard Angu-  
 stura (*Brucea anti-dysenterica*)—we, however, in adapting this name to  
 the English system, shall take the liberty of terming it *Brucia*, analo-  
 gous to *Morphia*, &c. as the fewer syllables used in chemical names  
 the better; besides the termination *ina* is already attached to *inorganic*  
 substances.

This alkali occupies the third place in the list of new salifiable *orga-  
 nic* bases; *Morphia*, *Strychnia*, *Brucia*, *Picrotoxia*, &c.

The above-mentioned Chemists extracted it much after the same man-  
 ner as *Strychnia*, but experienced great difficulty in obtaining it free from  
 the attached colouring matter, which greatly resembles that in the *nux  
 vomica*. They at length effected their purpose by combining the alkali  
 with oxalic acid, and treating this salt with alcohol (*at a very low tempe-  
 rature,*) which took up only the colouring matter. At a high tempera-  
 ture alcohol takes up all the soluble salts of *Brucia*.—The pure salt  
 was decomposed by *Calcia* or *Magnesia*, the alkali taken up by boiling  
 alcohol, and evaporation obtained in oblique prisms terminated by paral-  
 lelograms.

*Brucia* is soluble in about 500 parts of boiling water, and in 850  
 parts of cold water: has a very bitter taste; and in doses of a few grains  
 is poisonous, acting on the animal economy in the same manner as  
*Strychnia*, but with less energy; operating on the nerves without at-  
 tacking the brain or impairing the intellectual faculties: its activity is  
 to that of *Strychnia* as 1 : 12.

*Brucia* is not altered by exposure to the air: fuses at a temperature a  
 little above 212° without decomposition: is decomposed by heat, yield-  
 ing much empyreumatic oil, a little water and acetic acid, carburetted  
 Hydrogen, and a little carbonic acid; but no trace of Ammonia. By  
 means of peroxide of copper, it was found to contain Carbon, Oxygen, and  
 Hydrogen.

*Brucia* has the property of forming with the acids, neutral and acid salts,  
 which generally crystallise with facility, presenting constant and regular  
 forms.

*Sulphate of Brucia*.—*Brucia* is very soluble in sulphuric acid, form-  
 ing a neutral compound which crystallises in slender four-sided prisms,

\* Class, dioecia. Nat. ord. *Terebintaceæ* Juss. There is a plant in the Royal  
 garden, at Kew.

terminated by pyramids; is very soluble in water, and sparingly in alcohol; has a very bitter taste; is decomposed by potassa, soda, ammonia, baria, strontia, calcia and magnesia; it is also equally decomposed by Morphia and Strychnia, which dissolve easily in it, separating its acid.

The sulphate of Brucia does not appear decomposable by any acid, if we except the concentrated nitric; but, in this case, the acid acts on its elements in the same manner as on the sulphate of Strychnia. It exhibits, by the action of the acid, a beautiful *coquelicot* red. This appearance might, at first, cause it to be confounded with sulphate of Strychnia; but, an attention to the peculiarities recounted under the head of *nitrate of Brucia*, will distinguish it.

The mean of several experiments gives, as the composition of this salt, acid 8. 84 + Brucia 91. 16.

The sulphate of Strychnia is, according to the same Chemists, composed of acid 9. 5 + Strychnia 90. 5.

And the sulphate of Morphia, of acid 11. 084 + Morphia 88. 916.

Hence, taking the weight of an atom of sulphuric acid to be 5, we have the atom of Morphia 40. 11, of Strychnia 47. 68, of Brucia 51. 56. If we calculate from Boullay's analysis of sulphate of *Picrotoxia*, and suppose the salt on which he operated, to have been a bi-sulphate, as, from his own remarks and analogy, there is a great probability, we shall find the atom of *Picrotoxia* 95.

If we calculate, according to the laws of definite proportions, the quantity of oxygen contained in these bases, we shall find in 100 parts of Morphia 2.4930 oxy. -- of Strychnia 2.0972 oxy. -- of Brucia 1.9394 oxy. -- of *Picrotoxia* 1.0526 oxy.

These numbers differ but little from those deduced by Pelletier and Caventou, and in reference to which they observe, that although the quantity of oxygen present is small, yet they think it is rather more than what they have stated: they are inclined to regard the oxygen entering into these substances as acting a double part, one portion combining with Carbon and Hydrogen to form a ternary radicle; and the other part serving to oxidate that radicle, and render it susceptible of combining with acids. In this point of view, the oxygen entering into the composition of the vegetable alkalies, may therefore be considered as separated into two parts, one of which is in an electro-positive state, the other in an electro-negative.

The different vegetable alkalies combine with an excess of sulphuric acid. The super sulphates of Strychnia and Morphia were carefully analysed, and found to be bi-salts. For the present, analogy leads us to conclude the same of others.

*Hydrochlorate of Brucia.*—This salt crystallises in four sided prisms, truncated by a slightly inclined facet. It is unalterable by air, and very soluble in water. Heated to the point at which the vegetable matter begins to suffer decomposition, it parts with its acid in white fumes.

100 parts of this salt, dried on a water-bath, gave Brucia 94.0467, hydrochloric acid 5.9533.

Analysis gives the composition of hydrochlorate of Morphia, acid 8.2885, Morphia 91.7115: and of hydrochlorate of Strychnia, acid 7.0723, Strychnia 92.9277.

Considering the difficulties to be encountered in this branch of analysis, and the less fixity of the hydrochlorates, as well as the various estimates of the acid in chloride of silver, we are inclined to put more confidence in the analyses of the sulphates.\*

The discoverers of these alkalies using other equivalents than those which we (after careful examination) have adopted, make the analyses of the hydrochlorates agree better with those of the sulphates than we do. The point, however, cannot be determined till more compounds of these bases have been analysed.

*Nitrate of Brucia.*—Though the action of nitric acid on Brucia resembles that of the same acid on Strychnia, yet, when carefully examined, it affords means for distinguishing these substances from each other. The neutral nitrate of Strychnia crystallises in needles of an opaque white pearly appearance: the neutral nitrate of Brucia does not crystallise. The supernitrate yields distinct acicular crystals, in no wise resembling those of nitrate of Strychnia, among which may be observed quadrangular prisms. This salt, like the supernitrate of Strychnia, when exposed to heat, reddens, blackens, and enflames. At the moment when protohydrochlorate of tin is added to the yellow nitrate of Brucia, a very intense and beautiful violet colour appears; such an addition to the yellow nitrate of Strychnia only produces a brown precipitate.

\* We have in this paper examples of the utility of the atomic theory, though it is still in its infancy. Knowing the proportions of the constituents of one salt, we can approach very near the true composition of most others of the same genus, often nearer than by direct analysis, which we are thus enabled to correct. Speaking of the atomic theory, we cannot but express our regret at the attempt to wrest the honor of the first discovery and promulgation, and its very ground-work, from our countryman, Professor Higgins. Much as we admire Mr. Dalton's superstructure and extension of the subject, and although our ideas do not always coincide with those of Mr. Higgins, yet we cannot silently pass over a discovery which was to chemistry what the knowledge of gravitation was to astronomy.



Brucia forms with the sulphate of copper and sulphate of iron triple salts. It has no action on sulphur. The acetate is exceedingly soluble, and has not yet been obtained in crystals. The superoxalate crystallises in long needles. E. R.

*Animal Charcoal*.—M. Dobereiner has decomposed animal charcoal by heating it in a tube with 15 times its weight of oxide of copper; by collecting and analysing the gaseous products, he obtained results, from which we may infer its composition to be 4.5 carbon and 1.75 nitrogen, and its representative number 6.25.

As the compound of nitrogen and carbon, named *azoture* (deutocarburet of nitrogen) by G. Lussac, contains, according to that Chemist, a third part less nitrogen than *cyanogen* (protocarburet of nitrogen,) it follows, that carbon and nitrogen combine in three proportions, and form very different compounds, namely,

|                          |      |
|--------------------------|------|
| { 1 vol. nitrogen, ..... | 1.75 |
| { 2 . . . carbon.....    | 1.50 |

|                                                     |      |
|-----------------------------------------------------|------|
| Protocarburet of nitrogen ( <i>cyanogen</i> ) ..... | 3.25 |
|-----------------------------------------------------|------|

|                          |      |
|--------------------------|------|
| { 1 vol. nitrogen, ..... | 1.75 |
| { 3 . . . carbon.....    | 2.25 |

|                     |                          |      |
|---------------------|--------------------------|------|
| Deutocarburet ..... | ( <i>Azoture</i> ) ..... | 4.00 |
|---------------------|--------------------------|------|

|                          |      |
|--------------------------|------|
| { 1 vol. nitrogen, ..... | 1.75 |
| { 6 . . . carbon, .....  | 4.50 |

|                  |                                 |      |
|------------------|---------------------------------|------|
| Percarburet..... | ( <i>animal charcoal</i> )..... | 6.25 |
|------------------|---------------------------------|------|

and, that in an atom of animal charcoal (6.25) is contained the quantity of nitrogen required to form, according to circumstances, either an atom of cyanogen (3.35,) or an atom of hydrocyanic acid (3.375.)

*Manganesic Acid*.—M. Fiard has made some experiments and discoveries tending to confirm the existence of Manganesic acid. He finds that the blue colour, so long known to exist in Dantzic and other potashes, is due to sub-manganesiate of potassa. He was led to these observations by the examination of the amethystine colour of the *Eau de Javelle*. It is known that the solution of rose-coloured cameleon mineral (super-manganesiate of potassa) has the property of undergoing spontaneous decomposition in the course of a few hours: Fiard found that the addition of a certain quantity of acid rendered the compound permanent for some days; on the contrary, the addition of an

oxide, such as oxide of manganese, or an organic substance, as paper, or even sand, discoloured it immediately.\*

This is analogous to the action of acids and oxides on the deutoxide of hydrogen, which is regulated by the electrical qualities.

*Ferrocyanate of Ammonia.*—M. Brandenbourgh, in a note on the employment of Ferrocyanate of Ammonia as a reagent for copper, says, that this salt occasions in nitrate of ammonia an abundant white precipitate, but when the least particle of copper is present in the solution, the precipitate is a beautiful red. To prepare this ferrocyanate; into a six-ounce vial put half an ounce of the purest Prussian blue finely powdered, pour on it three ounces of ammonia, stop the vial closely, and let the mixture stand for some days, occasionally agitating it—if the powder deposited has become brown, add more Prussian blue, and repeat this addition till the colour is no longer altered. Filter through paper, and on the residue throw an ounce of water to take up all the salt. The filtered liquid is ferrocyanate of ammonia, of a beautiful yellow colour and peculiar odour. The solution of this salt is a most delicate test for iron, and infinitely preferable to the ferrocyanate of potassa.

*Separation of Copper from Silver.*—This same Chemist has also given us an economical mode of separating copper from silver. The method is as follows: dissolve the mixture of metals in nitric acid, and evaporate to dryness in a glass vessel. Put the salt into an iron ladle, which set on a moderate fire; keep the mixture in fusion till not the slightest ebullition is perceptible, after which, pour it on an oiled plate. To be certain that all the mixture of copper is converted into black oxide, dissolve a small portion in water and test with ammonia: if not yet perfectly pure, continue the fusion for some seconds longer; and dissolve the product, which is black, in cold water; filter the solution, pure nitrate of silver will pass through. From the oxide remaining on the filter, any nitrate of silver which it retains may be taken up by washing.

A little work on culinary poisons has lately appeared from the pen of Mr. Accum; it contains a complete exposition of the sophistications practised in various branches of trade, &c. indeed it is a most terrific sight to a hypocondriac. Ever watching with a jealous eye over those establishments connected with the health of the public, we must confess that this work incited us to take not a little pains in assuring ourselves of the genuineness of the articles sold by an extensive establishment in this city; we mean Mr. Butler's Medical Hall, Sackville-street; and we are now happy to have it in our power to recommend it as worthy of public confidence.

\* This property of sand seems to militate against the supposition that it is Silicic acid, and rather indicates a metallic protoxide than an oxide of Silicon.

## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

DUBLIN.

| Date.   | Moon. | Barometer. |          | Thermometer. |      | Rain. | Wind.     | Weather. |
|---------|-------|------------|----------|--------------|------|-------|-----------|----------|
|         |       | 10 A. M.   | 10 P. M. | Max.         | Min. |       |           |          |
| 2d Mth  |       |            |          |              |      |       |           |          |
| Feb. 21 |       | 29 .98     | 29 .93   | 59           | 30   | .094  | NE. SE.   | Cloudy.  |
| 22      |       | .95        | .91      | 42           | 31   | ...   | SE.       | Fair.    |
| 23      |       | .77        | .74      | 42           | 34   | ...   | NW.       | Cloudy.  |
| 24      |       | .76        | .95      | 41           | 31   | .003  | NW.       | Cloudy.  |
| 25      |       | 30 .08     | 30 .28   | 40           | 35   | ...   | NNE.      | Cloudy.  |
| 26      |       | .36        | .43      | 59           | 31   | ...   | NE.       | Cloudy.  |
| 27      |       | .47        | .36      | 41           | 30   | ...   | ENE.      | Cloudy.  |
| 28      | ○     | .24        | .09      | 41           | 26   | ...   | NE.       | Fine.    |
| 29      |       | 29 .92     | 29 .72   | 42           | 35   | .010  | SW.       | Cloudy.  |
| 5d Mth  |       |            |          |              |      |       |           |          |
| Mar. 1  |       | .85        | .45      | 46           | 50   | .063  | WNW.      | Cloudy.  |
| 2       |       | .63        | 30 .08   | 42           | 27   | ...   | NW.       | Fair.    |
| 3       |       | 30 .23     | .29      | 45           | 53   | .034  | NW.       | Fair.    |
| 4       |       | .16        | .31      | 50           | 53   | —     | WNW.      | Cloudy.  |
| 5       |       | .50        | .54      | 40           | 30   | ...   | E. WSW.   | Fine.    |
| 6       |       | .49        | .41      | 42           | 32   | .138  | NW.       | Cloudy.  |
| 7       | ☾     | .52        | .55      | 44           | 33   | .005  | N.        | Fine.    |
| 8       |       | .48        | .37      | 50           | 36   | .010  | W.        | Fair.    |
| 9       |       | .21        | 29 .93   | 51           | 37   | ...   | SW. S.    | Fine.    |
| 10      |       | 29 .74     | .60      | 48           | 38   | ...   | S.        | Fine.    |
| 11      |       | .51        | .45      | 47           | 39   | ...   | SE.       | Fine.    |
| 12      |       | .38        | .51      | 45           | 32   | .132  | SE.       | Cloudy.  |
| 13      |       | .74        | .87      | 51           | 44   | ...   | SE. S.    | Fair.    |
| 14      | ●     | 30 .09     | 30 .32   | 59           | 48   | ...   | SW.       | Cloudy.  |
| 15      |       | .42        | .44      | 54           | 37   | ...   | S. SE. E. | Fine.    |
| 16      |       | .50        | .55      | 50           | 39   | ...   | SE.       | Fair.    |
| 17      |       | .61        | .63      | 51           | 36   | ...   | N. NE.    | Fine.    |
| 18      |       | .62        | .57      | 47           | 31   | ...   | ENE.      | Fine.    |
| 19      |       | .53        | .53      | 46           | 27   | ...   | ENE.      | Fine.    |
| 20      |       | .50        | .44      | 48           | 34   | ...   | Variable. | Fine.    |

N.B. The above observations, excepting those of the Barometer, apply to a period of twenty-four hours, beginning at 10 A.M. on the day indicated in the first



column. A dash in the column for "Rain," denotes that the result is included in the next following observation; the gauge is elevated about 53 feet above the level of the ground. The last column merely relates to that portion of the day included between sun-rise and sun-set.

# REMARKS.

2d Month, 24th, 10 A.M. A fresh gale from NW. which continued till the evening of the 25th. 28th, 11 P.M. Fine clear night; beautiful hoar frost on the slates. 29th, 10 A.M. Hazy morning; wind SW. 3d Month, 1st, 10 P.M. Heavy squalls, with showers; barometer falling rapidly. 2d, 10 A.M. Some snow has fallen during the night; blowing fresh during the day; Cirrostratus at night. 3d, Cirrostratus and Cumulostratus; maximum of temperature, 10 A.M. of the 4th. 5th, Wind changed about 10 P.M.; thermometer rising rapidly; shooting stars observed. 7th, Afternoon cloudy. 9th, Aurora Borealis observed this evening. 10th, Cloudy evening. 11th, Cirrostratus. 13th, Maximum of temperature 10 A.M. of the 14th. 15th, Very fine day; clear afternoon; very foggy after 8 P.M. with a considerable deposition of moisture on the slates. 17th, Strong indications of electricity in the higher regions of the atmosphere during the greater part of the day; long fibres of linear cirri were to be seen in almost every direction, passing into a modification partaking of the features both of Cirrostratus and Cirrocumulus.

55, City-quay,  
25th of 3d Month, 1820.

J. P. Jun.

## RESULTS OF SECOND MONTH.

|                            |                                          |              |     |       |
|----------------------------|------------------------------------------|--------------|-----|-------|
| Barometer, greatest height | 10 A.M. 27th day, wind ENE.              | -            | -   | 30.47 |
| -                          | least                                    | 10 P.M. 29th | SW. | 29.72 |
| -                          | mean                                     | 10 A.M.      | -   | 30.09 |
| -                          | mean                                     | 10 P.M.      | -   | 30.09 |
| -                          | mean of both                             | -            | -   | 30.09 |
| -                          | temperature of mercury, 32°              | -            | -   | 30.06 |
| -                          | range                                    | -            | -   | .75   |
| -                          | greatest range in 24 hours, the 13th day | -            | -   | .39   |
| Thermometer, greatest heat | the 7th day, wind S.W.                   | -            | -   | .54°  |
| -                          | cold 28th                                | N.E.         | -   | .26°  |
| -                          | mean of the greatest daily heat          | -            | -   | 45.5° |
| -                          | cold                                     | -            | -   | 34°   |
| -                          | of both                                  | -            | -   | 39.7° |
| -                          | range                                    | -            | -   | 28°   |
| -                          | greatest range in 24 hours the 11th day  | -            | -   | 20°   |
| Rain, 1.702 inches.        |                                          |              |     |       |

## MADAME CATALANI.

It having been reported that the celebrated singer, Madame Catalani, was a native of the town of Magdeburg, she has addressed the following letter on the subject to the Editor of a Berlin Journal:

"SIR,—I beg you to make known through the medium of your Journal, for the only and the last time, that I have not the honor of having been born at Magdeburg, and that I have no relationship whatever with the family of Schaefer, as has been publicly announced.

"I was born at Seirigaglia, Italy, in which town, I am happy to say, still reside my father, mother, and a numerous family, well known in Italy, bearing the name of Catalani. At the age of seven I entered the convent of St. Lucia, at Gubia (a Roman state), where I remained till I was fourteen, at which period I determined to enter on my musical career. Since my debut, the Gazettes of Italy, and all those of the countries in which I have resided, have said too much about me and my stay with them, for it ever to be necessary that I should offer any evidence to prove what I have stated.

"I avow that it is very painful to my feelings, to say that I was not born in Germany; but if I am not a German by birth, I shall be one all my life in my heart and mind, for the kindness with which I have been loaded in this country, and which will remain for ever engraven on my heart.

"I shall be infinitely obliged, Sir, by your insertion of my letter in your next number.

"ANGELICA CATALANI."

"Away, away, the Herald's scorn,

"Full many a noble heart was humbly born."—EMERALD ISLE.

## JOURNAL OF A WEEK'S RESIDENCE IN PARIS.

(For the following, the Editor is indebted to a particular friend.)

MR. EDITOR,—The following is a journal of one week of my residence in Paris last summer. *Ex un disce omnes.* If you think it at all interesting to any of your readers, it is perfectly at your service.

Sunday, Sept. 19, 1819.—At 10, A. M. repaired to the Oratoire, in hopes of witnessing the French Lutheran service. In this we were,

however, disappointed, and found ourselves seated among a number of *Anglais*, whose identity is not to be mistaken, listening to the liturgy in their mother tongue. I have since learned, that the English service is performed here at 10, every Sunday, the French at 12, and the American in the evening. The congregation, pretty numerous, and apparently respectable, was seated on forms, there being but few pews; indeed the church is altogether plain and devoid of ornament. From hence, at 11, we hastened to the royal chapel in the Thuilleries, for which we had procured tickets of admission. At the entrance, found a number of persons, French and English, mostly, according to etiquette, in full dress, waiting the opening of the door. Numerous were the Peers, Marshals, &c. sitting about the court yard. These are so common here, that they appear to excite very little admiration or awe in the beholders; yet it sometimes occurred to me what a fortune I should make, if I could but kidnap a few of them, and import them to Ireland for exhibition. The door was opened at 11½, and a considerable struggle followed, in which the ladies took an active part, the gentlemen being comparatively passive. On reaching the gallery of the chapel, the sense of vision was almost useless to any but those who had had the good luck or the interest to procure front seats; to us in the back ground, *nil præter plorare relictum*. We were, however, sometimes consoled by a view of several of the royal family, as they passed through the gallery. On one of these occasions, the light of Monsieur's countenance beamed on me, and we exchanged salutes. Our ears were highly regaled by a divine anthem, a real "concord of sweet sounds." My friend had the good fortune to see Louis, when, at the conclusion of the service, he came to the front of his pew, and made his obeisance towards the Cross. He has at present but little of the appearance of majesty, being a martyr to gout. On leaving the chapel, we found the gardens of the Thuilleries crowded with persons elegantly dressed, waiting till the King's appearance on the balcony should give the signal for their obsequious acclamations. At 2 o'clock we embarked on the Seine in a large unwieldy barge, for the fête of St. Cloud. At the place of embarkation we found the police, as usual, present: indeed their attendance was highly useful to preserve regularity and quiet among the multitude that thronged to the side of the vessel. There were, at the lowest calculation, 250 persons on board, for the most part Parisian Cockneys and Shop-keepers. A general resemblance in face and figure pervades this class. A slender form, narrow visage, swarthy or sallow complexion, small features, black eyes, long hair, are common points of similarity. As to dress, they all follow the reigning fashion, even in its excesses. At all events, Momus never



assembled a set of beings more determined to seize every opportunity for laughing. This propensity shewed itself, not only on occasions totally indifferent, but in some of rather a serious cast. A man was near breaking his neck in falling over a bench; an unanimous burst followed. A hat was tossed overboard, and proved a rich source of mirth, as long as it remained in view; and I verily believe, if the owner himself had been in its place, the effect on the risible muscles of the spectators would have been similar. However, I should not omit an instance of politeness which I think creditable to the party concerned: that vile exclamation, "G—d d—n," so shamefully common in these isles as to become, among the Parisians, a nickname for the English, is also spouted out by themselves on many occasions, without any meaning whatever annexed to it. In one of their numerous frolics, this expression was bandied about among these garrulous animals; but one of them observing an Englishman, who happened to be standing near without seeming to notice their prattle, gave his companions the hint, pointing to the stranger and using the word "Anglais;" the offensive expression was instantly dropped. It is, indeed, rather surprising to see their affability towards the English, whose personal character and national policy have been so constantly opposed to their own. This will, however, appear less surprizing, when we consider how much it is their interest to encourage an intercourse with their wealthy\* rivals; how much their character admits of simulation and dissimulation, according as that interest advises; how much, also, their vanity must be gratified in displaying the magnificence and multifarious refinements of their nation, and even the urbanity of their manners, to their less polished neighbours; and in observing the awkward attempts and zealous efforts of those visitors to ape their fashions and adopt their customs. Indeed they avenge in time of peace the losses sustained in war, in somewhat the same way as Greece, whose contaminating influence acted on the character of its hardy conquerors. It is incredible what a number of English faces present themselves wherever you turn; lounging in the promenades, coursing down the Montagnes Russes, poring over newspapers, cheapening caricatures, criticising a bill of fare, or hovering round the gaming table. Yet, though the French shew so much complacency towards the English, we cannot suppose they possess any very deep feeling of kindness for that nation which, under God, was the means of humbling them in the dust. The veterans of Bonaparte's days, who felt most immediately this vicissitude, and to many of whom

\* I have found it a notion among the common people here, that the English are a nation of merchants, and that they are all bred up to trade.

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little now remains but the ribbon that hangs from the button-hole, seem hardly able, or indeed willing, to dissemble their chagrin. I am told by some who happened to have been here at the time, that as long as the allied troops were quartered in France, you could not walk the streets without the certainty of being jostled and insulted, or the chance of assassination; so irritated were the French with the sense of their degradation. However, they speak in high terms of the conduct of the British troops while stationed among them, and even affectionately of the Highlanders. The Irish soldiers, even here, seem to have supported their character for humour and merriment. The French entertain a strong aversion against the Spaniards, and in the patriotism and heroism displayed by that people during the late war, they can see nothing but bigotry and a blood-thirsty spirit. I heard no softer epithets applied to them than *Mechants, Brigands, &c.* I was, myself, near feeling some of the effects of this national antipathy during our present voyage. I overheard several of these folks frequently using the word "*Espagnol*," "*Sacre Espagnol*," and directing very keen and angry glances towards me. I thought it high time to undeceive them, lest they might proceed to unship me into the Seine; this I did by addressing my friend in as good English as my perturbation would allow. 'Tis well this circumstance has occurred; it recalls me from this long-winded digression to the matter in hand. Our barge, (at the best of times a heavy hulk) now so brimfull, made but very little way, and that with a very bad grace, although two unfortunate horses did all in their power to induce it. At last, having accomplished 4 miles in somewhat less than 4 hours, we were landed at Seve, famous for its porcelain, close to St. Cloud. The scenery is uninteresting till you arrive here, where the vista presents the town and palace of St. Cloud, and its nobly-wooded grounds, covering the sides of the hills. Wide avenues diverge from the palace in all directions, and more retired paths branch off from these into the recesses of the woods, "for whispering lovers made." The hill is steep, and requires some toil to ascend it, but the prospect from the top amply repays the trouble. This was a favourite haunt of Napoleon; the pillar which he erected still remains. A fine sloping lawn gives a side view of the palace. Immediately beneath you is the hill thickly covered with trees, shrubs, and underwood; along the foot, winding gracefully, flows the majestic Seine, forming a number of little islands and crossed by several bridges, one, a noble structure, built or completed by Napoleon. From the river stretches an extensive plain, in which Paris is situated; whose gilded domes and Gothic towers, seen through so clear an atmosphere, and unobscured by the sulphureous

emanations of pit-coal, form a rich feature in the landscape. But nearer objects fixed our attention at present. The cold-blooded native of more northern climates can scarcely form a conjecture of the ardour with which these people devote themselves to the enjoyment of the passing moment. Never did sportsman engage in the glories of the chace with more enthusiasm. Here you see beaux and belles dressed out in all their finery, with hands joined, coursing down the precipitous slope of the hill at such a rate, that every moment some awkward exposure might have been expected to take place: there a party dancing or prancing round and round in a circle to the melody of their own voices; in another part gambolling on the grass. But we saw nothing till we came to the water-works; these consisted of cascades, jets d'eau, &c. in full play, music in full tune, exhibitions, booths, merry-go-rounds full of customers, ladies and gentlemen full of frolic, and the *tout-ensemble* full of festivity and amusement; quadrille parties innumerable; peasants here, bourgeois there, and in some batches both intermixed; children of seven or eight, or even four years old, danced scientifically; in fact, they seem to learn to dance as soon as to walk. On every side are stands groaning under cakes, pastry, and sweet-meats; toys, fifes, and whistles, were to be heard in all quarters; to avoid being singular. I furnished myself with a thirty-sous fife, and not a little astonished my audience with the sound of an Irish jigg; but their surprize was much heightened and my own excited when a smart looking man stepped forward and went through all its attitudes and movements, "shuffling the brogue," and "covering the buckle" in true style; they could not have stared more at an Indian war-dance; their rapture was testified by frequent applause. This man was a native of the County Wicklow, who, being obliged to fly in *the troubles*, settled in Paris, where he since married, and served in the Irish Legion. We set out for Paris in a voiture at eleven o'clock; the night was very chilly, and the temperature inclined to the freezing.

Monday, Sept. 20th.—A few friends having breakfasted with us, we brought them to see some of the lions, with which we were by this time pretty well acquainted. The streets of Paris are very inconvenient to British feet, especially if annoyed with corns, as was the case with one of our party. They are in general narrow, without flagways, or any thing to protect the pedestrian from being jammed up, and crushed by the eternal concurrence of cabriolets, waggons, &c. except an occasional kirkstone, to which I have (*horresco referens*) often fled for safety in these cases; add to this the open channel, which, coursing down the



middle of each street (at all times a grievance), swells into a public nuisance on a fall of rain. We visited the Louvre, that magnificent palace of the arts, then peculiarly deserving of notice, as affording a grand display of all the manufactures of France; you cannot enter an apartment without being dazzled by the sumptuousness of the objects around you, and when at last you proceed to examine any particular specimen, you are no less astonished at the ingenuity and invention displayed; chronometers, optical and astronomical instruments, gobelin tapestry, porcelain, plate glass, with infinite etceteras, take a part in this extraordinary exhibition; gold, silver, ivory, marble, mahogany, in profusion. The rooms were crowded, ecstacy and conscious pride marked every French face; admiration and surprize appeared in the strangers, and "*superb magnifique*" buzzed on all sides: this exhibition occurs only once in three years. We next repaired to the saloons of painting and sculpture, which were as usual thronged with the curious and the idle. After we had passed through this ordeal, and once more breathed the free air, we took to the Pantheon; this is considered a most classical specimen of Grecian architecture, and was erected with a view to honour meritorious Frenchmen, as the inscription in front denotes, by receiving their ashes after death. It may, however, be doubted whether much judgment has been used in choosing candidates for this honour; besides Voltaire and Rousseau, a host of Marshals, Generals, &c. of latter times, are here quartered. The dome of the Pantheon is well gilt, and is the loftiest building in Paris. Our party separated here; my companion and I repaired to the Post-office.

(To be continued.)

## DOMESTIC AND RURAL ECONOMY.

*On Burnt Clay as a Manure.*—The Rev. Doctor Cartwright, of Hol-  
landar-house, County of Kent, in 1818, made several comparative experiments on the efficacy of burnt clay as a manure for a cold, wet, tenacious clayey soil: the crops sown were Swedish, common and Kohlrabi turnips, potatoes, and barley; by these trials, carefully conducted, it appears that soot has the advantage over wood-ashes, but burnt clay a decided superiority over both—the immediate effect is greater, its original cost is less, and in durability it admits not of a comparison; its judicious application in a few years should double the value of the land manured.

Dr. Cartwright, in a letter to the Society of Arts, gives an account of

his method of burning clay, which, from its decided advantages, we here subjoin.

SIR—It is with great readiness I inform you of the improved method I have adopted of burning clay. When I first began, which is now three years ago, I followed such printed directions as I met with in different publications on the subject. I never, however, was able to accomplish my object but at an expense greater than what I could have purchased stable manure for; I determined therefore to try if I could not burn it at a cheaper rate. After a variety of experiments, which it would be useless to detail, I tried the following:—I had a trench made (having sufficient fall for taking off the water) about twenty feet long, three feet deep, and as many wide; at the upper end of the trench, and resting on its sides, a brick arch turned, about nine or ten feet long, having openings for letting the fire through to the clay; these openings were made by leaving out half a brick at proper intervals. In the front of the arch is a strong wall two bricks thick, which has its foundation in the bottom of the trench. This wall, which is two feet wider than the arch, rises about a foot above it, through which there is a mouth to the arch about two feet wide; the whole erection will not require above five or six hundreds of bricks, and no lime, except the front wall; the arch will be best laid in loam or puddle of any kind. In setting the kiln, care should be taken, especially at the commencement of the business, to lay the sods or lumps of clay hollow, that the fire may draw through freely. When the pile is about two feet thick upon the arch, the fire should be lighted, and a sod wall made round the kiln, which may extend about two feet wider than the arch, which will be supported in front by the brick wall; the sod wall need not be above three or four feet high. As the ignition proceeds, fresh clay must be added, still letting it lie as hollow as conveniently may be. When the heap is between four or five feet high, and burned through, the fire may be suffered to die out; clay however may still be added for a day longer at least, and the more crumbly part of the clay may now be used. Two men at 2s. 6d. per day, and a boy at 6d. per day to attend the fire, in two days and a half burned thirty-five good cart-loads: the fuel consumed was 175 furze faggots at 5s. per hundred; the expense therefore stands thus:—

|                                                      | £. | s. | d. |
|------------------------------------------------------|----|----|----|
| Labour                                               | 0  | 14 | 9  |
| Fuel                                                 | 0  | 8  | 9  |
| To which may be added a donkey and cart for two days | 0  | 3  | 0  |
|                                                      | 1  | 6  | 6  |

I need not observe, that the divisions of the arch, &c. are nearly arbitrary. My farm being a very small one, small kilns answer my purpose. I mean to have two, that one may be at work while the other is cooling. I must further observe, that the consumption of fuel will, of course, be regulated by the state of the weather. Those who do not choose to go to the expense of a brick or stone arch, may make one of sods, or spits of clay, (but in this case they must be perfectly dry, or else they will not support the superincumbent weight,) The centre for this kind of arch is thus made:—lay four or five strong stakes across the trench, and upon these lay faggots in a circular form to build the arch upon; when the work is finished, the centre of faggots is set fire to. Though a trifling expense is thus saved in the first instance, a brick or stone arch will be found in the end the cheaper, as the clay arch must be renewed each time. A brick arch, if properly made, will, no doubt, last many years.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

A. AIKEN, Esq.

EDMUND CARTWRIGHT.

Secretary, &c. &c.—*Vol. 36.*

## GARDENER'S CALENDAR,

FOR APRIL.

The planting and sowing the main crops should be finished early in this month.

Plant out asparagus, one or two year old plants suit best; they must be put in rich ground, laid out in four feet and a half wide beds with two feet alleys; make four drills in each bed about six inches deep; lay the plants nine inches apart; cover to the depth of three inches; rake the surface; fork and spring-dress the productive beds.

Plant artichokes, and dress those already standing.

Sow brocoli and borecole in an open situation to plant out for autumn and winter; prick out young seedlings.

Sow cauliflower seed for late crops; set out early-raised cauliflower plants.

Put out all the winter standing cabbage plants, and sow York, Battersea, Sugar-loaf, &c.

Stop cucumber and melon plants, and finish the ridging out for fruiting.

Plant Jerusalem artichokes, and get in the potato crops.

Sow dwarf kidney beans in a warm border; towards the latter end of the month, scarlet runners and principal crop may be put down.

Sow successional crops of peas, beans, round-leaved spinach, radishes, and small sallading.

Sow lettuce and turnip seeds.

Plant out and finish dressing strawberries.

Plant out the remaining ranunculuses and anemonies.



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Sow hardy annuals and biennials, and the latter end of the month, if fine weather, the tender annuals.

All spring planting of trees and shrubs should be completed this month.

Loosen the top earth around green-house plants, and, where necessary, shift into larger pots; prune and head down myrtles, geraniums, oranges, &c.

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### GERMAN MODE OF SALUTATION.\*

The German poet, Goëthe, mentions how pleased he was when his beloved Fredericka publicly kissed him amongst her friends and relations as they took their leave from the family. This is an ancient mode of salutation in Germany, which modern refinement has not yet banished from all classes. I once saw a young woman on a visit, who, when she came down stairs in the morning, saluted in this way the whole of the persons who were assembled. In 1817, I went to see the widow of the murdered Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot; after spending a large part of the day, and dining with this respected lady, when I took my leave, she gave me a mother's kiss, and I had nothing to regret but the want of more power to assuage the sorrow of the aged, careworn and neglected matron. It was given to me in part, for I felt assured she was consoled by the visit of a solitary Englishman, which was occasioned by esteem for the memory of her husband. When I left the town of Hannover, on the 28th of May, with an intention of visiting most of the provinces of the kingdom, all the females of the family in which I had lived gave me an affectionate kiss. Such a mode of salutation is perhaps dangerous, without that purity of heart to which all things are pure, and which, in its faith, can drink of the well whose waters are poison to the unbelieving.

It is a long time before a sufficiency of philosophy or apathy is obtained, "unmoved to sever or to meet;" and had the females of this family mocked at their own sorrow, real or pretended, they would have made parting more painful. Sporting with affliction may lighten momentary care, but it has a pernicious influence on the general character. It allows no emotion to be permanent and sacred, and there are some we ought to indulge, or, at least, leave time to alter or assuage them. Always to laugh is rather more absurd than always to cry, and to assume the propriety of doing either as a general rule of conduct, is to proceed on a false theory of human nature, which produces affecta-

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\* From *Hodgskin's Travels in the North of Germany*.

tion, and often deprives men of all claims to the virtues of open-heartedness and sincerity. They act a part so often, that at length they lose all character but what they derive from their theory. There are few of our emotions which do not deserve, from their importance, to be observed and remembered, and they who endeavour to suppress them, exclude themselves from a source of wisdom.

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MISCELLANEA.\*

Louis XVI., who might have said with Brutus, "Oh! virtue, what art thou on earth but an empty name," was hunting in the park and neighbourhood of Versailles, when he asked some peasants why their hay remained uncut, while it seemed over-ripe. They answered, that the orders of the game-keepers were, not to cut it till St. Peter's Day, (August 1st), that the nests of the partridges might not suffer. "And I," answered the King, "order you to cut it immediately. Your hay is of far more importance to you, than the game is to me." The order was not only followed, but the regulations altered by the royal command.

The vanity of requiring a pompous funeral, seems to have been little known to the old lady who, on her death-bed, proposed to the curate a game of cards, which, if she won, he was to charge nothing for his fees of her burial. She gained the game, and the wager was exactly performed. It was also despised by the old husband whose young wife had threatened to dance on his grave, to prevent which edifying ceremony, he ordered his body to be inclosed in lead and thrown into the sea, where she might dance if she chose.

If you want a verse of very difficult construction, and nevertheless very good Latin, here it is:

*Nate mea Romam filia neque suam.*

Light is among the dear commodities, being carefully taxed, whether by night or day. We may well say with the poet—

"Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes."

The fashionable world is in the dream of Richard III.

A light! a light! my kingdom for a light.

Their whole life is sold by inch of candle. It is inconceivable what pleasure there can be in reversing the occupations of day and night. A fashionable lady will dine at ten at night, and go to bed at four o'clock in the morning. Her great great grandmother dined at ten in the day, and was in bed by six. How different the

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\* For this department we are indebted to a work just published, entitled LESSONS OF THRIFT. Our readers will, in it, find many pages well calculated to amuse and even instruct.

health and complexion ! But roses and lilies are now little known, except in distillation and washes ; and pins are little worn, though they have been quaintly called the thorns of Christian roses. Pin-money remains, and a lady generally prefers the cash to the pins.

A Scottish Minister, not remarkable for powers of speech, going to church to hold forth, was surprised by a violent shower. Overtaking a friend, he said, "What shall I do, I am wet to the skin."—"Never mind," answered his friend, "you'll be dry enough when you are in the pulpit."

It is said, that to lend money is to incur two risks—of losing money, and of losing a friend. As to the latter, it is no great loss, as the world goes, and if one loses one, one can buy another ; but as to the money, that is of serious import ; it is the very life-blood, the vital current of society, and is never to be sported with. The state surgeons have blooded us so freely, as a cure for political fever, that I tremble when I look at the meagre, exhausted, marasmous, consumptive state of my purse, one of the most noble and sensitive parts in the anatomy of a modern man. It is the true *primum sensorium* of the human system, affecting the mind as well as the body ; for as to the old black letter word, CONSCIENCE, it is to be found in no modern dictionary of any accept (orthography !) or if by chance it occurs in the glossary of antiquated expressions, it stands thus,—CONSCIENCE *vide* PURSE.

A temporary residence in a village serves to recommend, by contrast and privation, the superior advantages of the town. Yet your purse may suffer in this way ; for your country acquaintances send you presents which expect a double return ; and, in recompence for a turkey and chine, you send silk for a gown, or a salmon in exchange for two lean chickens, only killed to prevent a natural death.

Dr. Mounsey, of Chelsea College, was not upon the best terms with his wife, and to pass the time they often amused themselves in quarrelling :—not amiss in cold weather, as it is found to save coals. One Sunday the Doctor walked to Fulham, where he was engaged to dinner ; but in the evening, behold ! a thunder storm, with a continued torrent of rain ; no sort of carriage was to be had but a return hearse, which he engaged to go by Chelsea. The storm having at length abated, the lady was at the window when the hearse drove up to the door.—"What do you mean ?" she said to the coachman. "I have brought the Doctor, Madam." "Thank God !" was the reply ; "now he is as he should be." The Doctor shoving out, and finding himself upon his legs, shook his cane at his kind half, with this retort, "You jade, I shall live long to plague you, I hope."

A gentleman of rank, whose turn of mind classed him among the reading and thinking part of mankind (rather strange by the bye !) would often, while taking an airing in his curriole, amuse himself with a newspaper or pamphlet. He was one day surprised by an intimation from his groom, who had always driven very slowly and attentively on these occasions, that he intended to seek another situation.—"What is the matter, John ; are you dissatisfied with your wages ?"—"Quite the contrary, Sir ; my appointments are extremely comfortable ; but, to be candid, I



begin to be tired of your company: Sir, you have no conversation!" After a pause, or rather a stare, the gentleman coolly admitted that it was high time for him to suit himself with a servant who could tolerate his habitual taciturnity.—[Had John been in Dublin, he could soon have *settled* himself.]

It is curious to observe the regularity with which the return of birds to certain places has always been marked. Mr. Stillingfleet of Norfolk, in his diary for the year 1755, remarks, that "April 16th, young figs appear; 17th, the cuckoo sings. Now the word *κροκκὺς* signifies a cuckoo, and likewise the young fig; and the reason given for it is, that they appeared together. The cuckoo flower also blows the 19th of the same month.

Linnaeus says, that the wood anemone blows from the arrival of the swallow; in the same diary it is noted, that the swallow appeared April 6th, and the wood-anemone was in blow on the 10th. Linnaeus likewise says, that the marsh-marigold blows when the cuckoo sings; the diary says, "the marsh-marigold was in blow April 7th, and the same day the cuckoo sung.

### A LETTER ON TASTE.

TO E. E. C., ESQ.

MY DEAR C—,

Having perused your very ingenious opinions on that most subtle, fleeting, and perhaps most pleasurable faculty of the mind (if it be a faculty) taste, I subscribe to a great many of them, and if you are wrong in any of them, the most people want genius to go so ingeniously wrong, and many sagacity to shew how and where. I think you, what I never could be, an *excellent diver*, and you have brought up the pearl from the deepest water; and now, since we have it before us, we will strive to view, analyze, and discover its nature. From me you may expect nothing perhaps relevant to the subject, as I never yet could reason, but I may jumble together a few heterogeneous ideas without connexion, and, for aught I know, contradictory to each other;—I never yet could be a logician, nor a metaphysician, nor do I regret it; I would rather be a Rousseau than a Locke, a Shakespeare than a Newton. To pass over Mr. Alison's very ingenious doctrine of association, Blair allows taste to be a separate faculty of the mind, and thus defines it, as "the power of receiving pleasure from the beauties of nature and of art." He allows it to be quite independent of any other faculty of the mind, even of reason (though he allows that it assists taste in some of its operations, and very much increases its power) and a conduit to it of all these delicious sensations it feels in the perception of every thing beautiful and sublime. Then suppose we consider taste a faculty of the mind open to each impulse from external nature, whence it internally receives pleasure, and thence a criterion to judge of the refined productions of art, whether they are true resemblances of their prototypes in nature or not, the question then will be, what is its standard? Yet taste, as the word is now vaguely used, goes a great deal farther, and is the most indefinite term in our language;—how often is it used to express your definition of genius?—Yet though the word is used variously

and vaguely, and in many senses, and applied to many things beneath it, I would wish to confine it to the *Fine Arts* alone. It was at their revival in Italy the word was first brought into its present complex meaning, and used metaphorically from the simple external sense of distinguishing the pleasures of food—and from this, many (and these men of great learning) have considered taste as a mere unmeaning cant of criticism, a kind of Italian *conceit* in metaphysics; and their opinions they thought were much strengthened by their belief, that the ancients were ignorant of such a faculty, and had no term expressive of what we call taste. They thought, if it were a faculty of itself, from which the mind had its perception and discernment of beauty; if it were a mental tribunal, before which all the productions of art were to be tried, the ancients could not be ignorant of it; or, if they knew it (which they certainly must as well as the moderns); they could not but have some term expressive of it. Their critical and rhetorical writers certainly have no word analogous to the modern term for this faculty, yet it is evident they were well acquainted with what we call taste—Horace shews it in the first lines of his “Art of Poetry,” and gives instances of it in two of the *Fine Arts*, Painting and Poetry; for he says, if a painter would join together things unnatural, disarranged, or disgusting, “*spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?*” He then applies the same to poetry. I think the reason we believe the ancients had no term for the faculty we express by the word taste, is, that we have not a sufficient knowledge of their languages to know the meaning of most of their mixed modes; and no wonder, since very few of us know the simple ideas that make up those of our own language. I think the word, *ingenium*, was used often in the sense of our taste, that is, not only as the power of bestowing pleasure in the works of art from imitations of nature (which is the definition I would give of genius), but also the quick perception of the beauties of external nature, and the power of discriminating whether their imitations be true or false in the works of art. Quintilian seems to use the word *judicium*, for taste; and Cicero goes much nearer the present metaphorical term, in his fine oration for *Archias*, in the following sentence, which is evidently expressive of taste, “*quod si ipsi hæc neque attingere, neque sensu nostro gustare possemus;*” where *sensu gustare*, we may say, is as strong even as if it were *gustus*, and perfectly agrees with what the Italians first called *gusto*, and what we call *taste*. In another place he seems to use *sensus* and *judicium* conjointly for taste. Now the question is, what is the standard of taste?—I answer, *truth to nature*; which I, perhaps, may strive to prove to you in my next letter. Akenside, in his beautiful and philosophical poem of “*The Pleasures of Imagination*,” gives a very good definition of taste in the following lines—

What then is taste but these internal pow'rs  
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive  
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense  
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust  
From things deformed, or disarrang'd, or gross  
In species. —————

I am, dear Sir,

Your's most faithfully,

J. B. C.

“*A Sicilian Story*,” with “*Diego de Montilla*,” and other Poems.—By  
BARRY CORNWALL.—London, 8vo. 1820.

In this age of poetical adventure and poetical power, when there are men of the most varied and profound learning, the greatest talents, and most unbounded genius, bowing before the shrine of poetry; when there are minds of the highest and noblest intellectual order courting and cultivating that highest, noblest, and most intellectual art; when there are spirits abroad, the least of whom, like Milton's angels, can wield all the elements of nature, whether in the world of matter or of mind, at their will—“and arm him with the force of all their regions”—it speaks very highly for the genius and abilities of an unknown young writer to attract so much public attention, and be favoured with so much public praise, as the author of the poems now under our consideration. We think Mr. Cornwall is rather more fortunate in his outset than most writers are in the beginning of their literary career; we should be sorry to say, or even intimate, that he does not deserve his success in a high degree; but we think there are very strong reasons for its being so prompt and so decided, and Mr. Cornwall made use of no small share of literary cunning in the track which he has pursued. He knew the public taste was formed for the kindest reception of any thing that had merit in the manner in which he has written, the rage of criticism of late years being solely and universally directed to the elevation of the age of the old drama (indeed justly) above every other era of the English mind. Mr. Cornwall knew this, and while other more original and greater minds were bent on the discovery of unexplored and unknown regions, and finding, we may say, new *Indies* of poetry; he, not having invention, and therefore not adventure to become the Gama or Columbus of the muse, *very wisely* turned to the old *Ophir* of the early English poesy, and has thence deduced treasures which he has contrived to manufacture, if not into the most *sterling*, at least into very *current* poetry. The solidity as well as the splendour of the rich ore of the old writers is sometimes discoverable, but we confess we often find that “every thing that glistens is not gold;” instead of weight, we find glitter; instead of rich ingots of substance, we find thin-beaten wivery tinsel; or, to descend from our Iambics and speak less metaphorically, we often find music instead of mind, rich tones instead of rich thought; in fine, we are pleased with passages, and we don't know why, till, when we come to consider the reason, we discover we are bound down by the spell of sound rather than by the spell of sense or sentiment. Moreover, let it be remarked, that Mr. Cornwall has not boldly thrown his productions before minds that were unpre-



pared to relish their beauties, as if in proud confidence of overmastering every thing by the power and spell of genius; he has not risked the hurried applauses and noisy triumphs of the theatre—timidly he has only touched upon single scenes, wrought them up to the highest perfection he was able, and laid them before the calm admiration of the literary closet. This too was *wise*. Thus, we presume, we have very fairly and truly accounted for the rapid success of this young poet, which, (we again repeat it,) he deserves in a high degree: but that his talents are, perhaps, overrated, we, in the sober mood of criticism, are inclined to believe; and on what grounds, we will presently shew, even to the satisfaction, we hope, of the most enthusiastic of Barry Cornwall's admirers. Criticism, in the case of this gentleman, seems to have undergone a perfect regeneration: instead of being the sour and severe Duenna of the wild and wanton muse, watching her faults with an *Epidaurian* eye, and correcting her frailties with an uplifted and unsparing hand when she deserved chastisement; she is turned a flattering lady's maid, that exaggerates her mistress's beauties beyond all proportion to their merit; swears, while she is pinning her waist or lacing her bosom, they are the loveliest in nature; and makes her even doubt the mirror before which she stands, which cannot truly represent her so beautiful as her parasitical tire-woman would make her believe she is. We hope Mr. Cornwall will, for his own sake, understand the application of this, and that he will not let his mind, which must tell him he does not deserve the enthusiastic and idolatrous praise that has been so profusely lavished on him by all our minor periodical publications, be too much inflated with any kind of overweening pride or self-sufficiency from this unqualified commendation. If he does so—if any young writer does so, his loss of poetical power, his loss of poetical character in his future productions, will be in exact proportion to his increase of self-conceit and self-admiration. We own we admire poetical criticism, and we firmly believe that the often-disputed opinion of that master, both of poetry and criticism, the great Dryden—that no person but a poet can judge of a poet—is now an orthodox moral axiom, and could be proved, as far as such propositions can, as easily and as truly as any mathematical demonstration. Yes! we admire that criticism that can read with the same spirit the author wrote—that can yield to the power of the magician, and, if he wills it, can “now be at Thebes, now at Athens;”—can feel all the poet's beauties with not less rapture than he conceived them:—can gather his flowers of thought and style, and wreath them into an unfading and imperishable garland for his deserving brow, and

raise him, without envy or any base feeling, to that distinction for which he toiled (if a true poet ever did so), and to that eminence which he earned. We love this sort of criticism, and confess it is less injurious to authors and to society in general, than that cold and callous species of it, that looks for nothing but blemishes, and, if it can find none, contrives to make beauties such—that misrepresents every thing—hides the light, and catches at the shadow, and, alas! turns it but too often into substance—that can look for dark spots on the sun, undazzled into admiration of its glorious light, its mighty power, and its magnificent loveliness;—that dark, literary assassination, that “murders but to dissect;”—that has been, we are sorry to say, but too prevalent in these countries, and turned the pen to the stiletto, and ink to the juice of the cuttle-fish, at the beck of party, or at the bias of politics;—this species of it, that wastes the midnight lamp in a malevolent search after faults, amidst a profusion of excellencies, like a wearied and withered witch beneath the pale moon, passing over the beauty and fragrantcy of creation, and gathering for her infernal uses the poisonous weed or the venomed reptile.—Though we prefer *poetical* criticism to *party* criticism, for such we would call the latter (no matter whether political party or poetical party, for they are both equally virulent,) yet there is a sort of intermediate criticism, which we would wish to see generally adopted, which would display, analyze, and praise the beauties, and point out and correct the blemishes of every candidate for public favour,—which, with a sound head and a good heart, would rescue itself from an abuse of language, and bring itself back to its original acceptation of fine perception, keen discernment, and strict justice, whether in honourable acquittal or just condemnation;—which, looking on truth as its standard and its end, would, mirror-like, unsoiled by the breath of prejudice or passion, reflect every thing minutely in its true outlines and true colours—and above all, which would be a strict and watchful satellitè over the morality and improvement of the age: this we would call true or *philosophical* criticism. Of the different requisites necessary for the formation of a critic of this order, we will waive the mention for this present time; it might lead into a long essay, and we perceive we have wandered pretty far and pretty wildly already. Some may think that such a critic, like Cicero's orator, should know *every thing*: all we will say is, if he has taste, candour, and feeling of his author, and information on what he writes, all which we think is contained in the meaning of the word itself, it is sufficient, without his being a *universalist*.

We have been led into all this not unmeaningly—in truth, Mr. Corn-

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wall's poems, and the various critiques they have produced, led us to the mention of what we have expressed, as we are determined to write as we feel on this occasion, as we will on every similar one—and as we are resolved always to give merit its desert, to the best of our opinion, and no more than it deserves—to praise the beauties and point out the faults of genius—to shew it its strength, and to warn it of its weakness—we wished to justify ourselves in our resolution of judging candidly and impartially—of not criticizing without discrimination—of not joining in the general mob of Magazines, in huzzaing and trumpeting the unqualified praises and immaculate perfections of Barry Cornwall; and we think our notice of him, mixed as our eulogy must be, with a little of the alloy of censure, will be, perhaps, more sterling (it will be certainly more true) and of more use to him than all the glittering tinsel and indiscriminate periods of rhetorical panegyric that have been so extravagantly lavished upon him.

Mr. Cornwall has been lately introduced to the world of letters by a beautiful little volume of poetry, chiefly after ancient models, which has been very much admired, and very popular, and which has rapidly arrived to a second edition. This volume principally consists of dramatic scenes, in imitation of the style of our old, or, as we should call it, our poetical drama. It is evident that the poet has drunk deeply of the poetical inspiration of that most poetically-inspired age.—He has much of the rich thought and the rich diction, of the romantic passion and deep feeling, of the pithy sentiment and beautiful imagery of the greatest masters in that golden era of the English poesy. We will go so far even as to say, that some of his scenes would not disgrace any of them. But we can never chaplet him with the high meed of praise claimed for him, till we see the construction of a perfect drama, where the intricacies of plot and incident would shew invention the proudest prerogative of the poet, to which, as yet, Barry Cornwall seems to have no pretensions; where the sustaining of many and various individual characters, with increasing interest and true delineation in trying situations, in human difficulties, and under the control of various and strong passions, would shew a deep and intimate knowledge of the human heart and of its secret springs of action. The finishing to a high state of perfection a single dramatic sketch, when you have a good story placed before you in the more than picture-narrative, nay, in the living words of old Boccaccio, and the power of choosing the most poetical scenes and situations for this most poetical and romantic story, which would certainly inspire a train of high poetical thought in a mind perhaps not of a very high poetical order—



seems to us not to be a great effort of mental exertion, and appears to be in the power of very many men, that have never received the universal applause bestowed upon the bard under our consideration.

That Mr. Cornwall is much indebted for his finest poetry to his scenery and story, we believe few will dispute; and when he has not what is before him good, or has exhausted it in description, he flies after it somewhere else—Etna, or Olympus, or Niagara, or the Atlantic, is immediately pressed in, though heaven knows how many leagues distant, and without any apparent motive—except the very apparent one of the poet—to be fine.—Place him in a scene unpoetical,—that is, in a scene where there is nothing of poetical association or description; and will he, as if in the omnipotence of genius, create beauty and poetry out of nothing? We know not whether we are understood—but our poetical readers will understand us when we bid them call to memory Alvar's beautifully-poetical and richly-inventive answer to Ordonio handing him a bowl of poison—in his notice of a loathsome insect creeping on his dungeon-wall—in Coleridge's "*Remorse*," perhaps the highest and most poetical tragedy since the days of Massinger—certainly since the days of Dryden, who, it must be allowed, with all his imperfections, was the last writer of the poetical drama. For though he corrupted the taste of the age, by lending his great genius to the composition of rhymed heroic plays, where every thing is strained and unnatural, though talented and splendid—yet, in the serious parts of his comedies, and in the best passages of his tragedies, he has many fine things, created in the most delicate spirit of nature, and of the age of Elizabeth,—and had he flourished before the Commonwealth, he would be second to none of the strenuous and imaginative minds of that proud period, and "would rival all, but Shakespeare's name below."

After Dryden's invention of the heroic drama, (or rather his adoption and perfection of it, (for himself, says Sir William D. Avenant, was the inventor), it ran on in rhyme, and riddle, and blank-verse, and bombast,—however, accompanied with a better and more natural, yet if possible more unpoetical school—the tender, domestic and heart-rending drama of Otway, both which were soon merged in the tame periods and vapid declamation of French translation, and French imitation.—And though some things rose now and then, as if threatening to dissolve the spell, such as "*The Mourning Bride*," "*The Revenge*," or "*The Mysterious Mother*," yet they had not strength enough for the purpose—they were not commissioned to break the trance of the lethargic necromancy that enchained and oppressed the genius of the drama.—

At length the declining stage strove to support itself by raree-shew ; and the sleeping audiences, to keep themselves awake with pantomime, and despairing of all rational amusement from their contemporaries at home, they sought it from abroad, (from the German drama), or from a richer source, from the productions of their own divine Shakespeare. The introduction of the German drama to England, with all its morbid sensibility and accumulated horrors, we think, did no harm. The present English drama, we conceive, is partly founded on it, however blended with a partial imitation of a nobler example—an aspiration now and then, after the flights of the eagles and swans of our old English dramatic poetry. In this imaginative age, we think, (contrary to the opinion of many) that the poetry of the theatre has been advanced, and to a high pitch, perhaps, in proportion to every other species of poetry.—These that hold out against this assertion, we think, must be very stubborn—when its proof is self-evident—if in this age “*Remorse*,” “*Fazio*,” “*Bertram*,” *Joanna Bailey's Tragedies*, and “*Evadne*,” be found superior to any drama in the thousand tragedies since the days of Dryden. We have been led into these lengthened remarks, which many of our readers will perceive not to be foreign to the subject, from the hope Mr. Cornwall gives us of a higher improvement in this department of poetry.—We would wish for a perfect regeneration of our drama, and we would have it new-modelled on nothing, rather than on the illustrious masters, whom he has chosen as examples. If Mr. Cornwall could perfect a tragedy, with all its characters and dependencies, with as much feeling, truth, tenderness and power as he has some of his single scenes—if he could spread over all, the same beauty of imagery—if he could breathe over all, the same inspiration of poetry—we entertain little doubt, but he might reign as the arbiter of the public taste—that he would cause a glorious revolution in dramatic poetry, and go down to posterity as the Massinger of the nineteenth century.

As it is, he has gained a high reputation ; and if poetical eminence, like political power, be retained by the same arts by which it is gained, Barry Cornwall, in his future productions, should be very careful to retain the height of public opinion to which he has so fortunately, yet, perhaps, so deservedly been exalted.

The present volume is decidedly inferior to the former, though a rich vein of the sweet imagery and sweet sentiment of the old writers runs through it, but not more than is to be found in the pages of many of the writers of the present day ; and where he comes more closely in contact with his contemporaries, he is rather inferior. As in his poems in

the Ottava Rima, in the easiness and airiness of the lighter poetry, he is to be placed lower than Rose, or the Whistlecrafts. We will not mention *Beppo* or *Don Juan*, which, in their way, are as fine and inimitable productions as any of the other great poems of their noble author. To be sure he does not indulge in that lewd tone of demoralizing humour, gross irreligion, and luscious description, so congenial to the "*Noble Child*." Indeed he sometimes ventures an allusion that might as well be spared; which, without having any of the point or humour of his Lordship, has some meaning. If all the poems were written seriously, they would be a great deal better. For, sometimes the effect of passages of the most beautiful poetry—of the softest imagery—of sweet sentiment and good feeling, is destroyed by an affected turn, by an unasked-for smartness, or some ludicrous stretch after humour, which is always out of his reach, and in his attempt to grasp at which, the exertion betrays nothing but the awkwardness of his attitude. In fine, Mr. Cornwall has no humour,—nothing of that untired, sportive, dazzling wing, "like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round." All his wit consists in dry turns and pointless epigram. Nor can his muse say these things with that kind of an archly-unmeaning *Liston-like* face that would make us laugh. In fine, we would advise Mr. Cornwall, if he prosecutes more extendedly what he has partially done so well—an imitation of the old drama—never to touch on the character of the witty clown, so much a favourite with the writers of the sixteenth century.

It is time for us now to shew some specimens of the volume before us. We know our readers are waiting for them, with expectancy; or it is possible, as we generally do ourselves in such cases, they have passed over all our stupid remarks, and run to the extracts—which (maugre the pride and importance of periodical criticism), are generally—whether good or bad—the best part of modern Reviews.

The "*Sicilian Story*," the first poem in this little volume, is decidedly the best in it, because it is serious, and is possessed of considerable poetical beauty; free from any of his palsyng principles, it reminds us of the poetry of Shelley, who has written somewhat in the same manner, but with a higher flight and a more sustained wing; and often of the deeper vein of feeling and poetry that runs through the passionate pages of Lord Byron. The versification is eminently beautiful: it is a tissue of rich and simple language, most delicately woven into lines of the softest and most varied melody. The story, which (by-the-bye we think a bad one, and which Mr. Cornwall has contrived to make worse,) is to be found in the *Decameron*, 4th day, novel 5th. We will not transcribe



Boccaccio, we will tell the story as our poet thought meet to write it. It is thus :—

Isabel, a Sicilian lady, had been privately wedded to a certain Guido, a young gentleman from Milan, who had gained her heart—which Guido is murdered by Leoni, Isabel's brother, though from what motive the poet does not think well to tell us ; but we must guess it was from the private contraction of his sister to the stranger. Isabel, at a masque on the night of his murder, is wondering at his absence, sad and lonely amidst all the mirth, music, and revelry, when she is angrily and mysteriously addressed by her brother, who jeeringly whispers the name, " Guido." She retires to her chamber ;—in a fearful dream, Guido's spectre-form, bloody and disfigured, stood before her, and told her to search in a wild glen for his murdered body, to take his heart and bury it beneath a favourite basil tree. She went, cut out the heart, washed it in the wave, embalmed it, and buried it as desired. The tree, watered by her tears (and, as some critics have observed, manured by the heart, which is impossible, as that never corrupted, and therefore lent none of its substance to the nourishment of the tree,) grew to unnatural beauty. At length Leoni, from some suspicions, dug at the root of the basil—found the heart,

" Where, like a great spell, it lay,  
And curst, and cast it to the waves away."

The tree then withered, and Isabel knew the heart (the cause of her melancholy consolation,) was stolen ; she turns maniac ; lives for months frantic, amid wilds and solitudes. At length she wandered home one night, and died in the room where she was accustomed to sleep.—" Sorrow and ruin" came upon her death, and Leoni, the cruel brother, fell a victim to the " unconsuming flame" of remorse. Thus has our poet told this piteous tale of ill fated love. It is different in the *Decameron*, for old Boccaccio would not tell a tale of murder without motive. There, one of three brothers, rich merchants of Messina, find Lisabetta, their sister, on a private visit in the chamber of Lorenzo, a handsome youth in their employment, which is motive enough in Italy, and even elsewhere, for murder. But the more obscure and unfinished stories are now-a-days, the better and more fashionable they are, because they somewhat assimilate to the splendid fragments of Lord Byron.

We will now proceed to make some extracts from this story, and we think our readers will be as highly delighted with them as we were.—The following description of the masque is fine :—

" One night a masque was held within the walls  
Of a Sicilian palace : the gayest flowers

Cast life and beauty o'er the marble halls,  
 And, in remoter spots, fresh waterfalls  
 That 'rose half hidden by sweet lemon bowers,  
 A low and silver-voiced music made ;  
 And there the frail perfuming woodbine strayed,  
 Winding its slight arms 'round the cypress bough,  
 And, as in female trust, seemed there to grow,  
 Like woman's love, 'midst sorrow flourishing :  
 And every odorous plant and brighter thing  
 Born of the sunny skies and weeping rain,  
 That from the bosom of the spring  
 Starts into beauty once again,  
 Blossom'd ; and there, in walks of evergreen,  
 Gay cavaliers and dames high-born and fair,  
 Wearing that rich and melancholy smile  
 That can so well beguile  
 The human heart from its recess, were seen,  
 And lovers full of love or studious care,  
 Wasting their rhymes upon the soft night air,  
 And spirits that never till the morning sleep.  
 And, far away, the Mountain Etna flung  
 Eternally its pyramid of flame  
 High as the Heav'ns, while from its heart there came  
 Hollow and subterranean noises deep,  
 And all around the constellations hung  
 Their starry lamps, lighting the midnight sky,  
 As to do honour to that revelry."

The sadness and anxiety of Isabel, and her careful watchfulness for Guido, is well conceived and supported.

" Yet was there one in that gay shifting crowd  
 Sick at the soul with sorrow : her quick eye  
 Ran restless thro' the throng, and then she bowed  
 Her head upon her breast, and one check'd sigh  
 Breath'd sweet reproach 'gainst her Italian boy,  
 The dark-eyed Guido, whom she lov'd so well :  
 (O how *he* lov'd Sicilian Isabel !)  
 Why came he not that night to share the joy  
 That sate on every face, and from her heart  
 Bid fear and all, aye, all but hope, depart ?

\*                      \*                      \*

Dark Guido came not all that night ; while she,  
 His young and secret bride, sate watching there,  
 Pale as the marble columns : She search'd around  
 And 'round, and sicken'd at the revelry ;  
 But if she heard a quick or lighter bound

Half 'rose and gaz'd, and o'er her tearful sight  
 Drew her white hand to see his raven hair  
 Come down in masses like the starless night,  
 And 'neath each shortened mask she strove the while  
 To catch his sweet inimitable smile.

\* \* \* \*

But one, and then  
 Another, passed, and bowed, and passed again.  
 She looked on all in vain."

The description of Guido and Isabel, we think, will make many tender hearts weep over the fatal consequences of their ill-starred passion.

"He had that look which poets love to paint,  
 And artists fashion, in their happier mood,  
 And budding girls, when first their dreamings faint  
 Shew them such forms as maids may love. He stood  
 Fine as those shapely spirits, Heaven-descended  
 Hermes or young Apollo, or whom she  
 The moon-lit Dian, on the Latmian hill,  
 When all the woods and all the winds were still,  
 Kiss'd with the kiss of immortality:  
 And in his eye, where love and pride contended,  
 His dark, deep-seated eye, there was a spell,  
 Which they who love and have been lov'd can tell.  
 And she—but what of her, his chosen bride,  
 His *own*, on whom he gazed in secret pride,  
 And loved almost too much for happiness?  
 Enough to say, that she was born to bless.  
 She was surpassing fair: her gentle voice  
 Came like the fabled music that beguiles  
 The sailor on the waters, and her smiles  
 Shone like the light of Heav'n, and said, "Rejoice!"

On the following scene, and delicately-drawn picture of innocent dalliance between Guido and Isabel, the namesake of the former might lavish the softest graces, most delicate airs, and tenderest tints of his Heaven-dipt pencil.

"That morn they sat upon the sea-beach green;  
 For in that land the sward springs fresh and free  
 Close to the ocean, and no tides are seen  
 To break the glassy quiet of the sea;  
 And Guido, with his arm 'round Isabel,  
 Unclasp'd the tresses of her chesnut hair,  
 Which on her white and heaving bosom fell,  
 Like things enamour'd, and then with jealous air  
 Bade the soft amorous winds not wanton there;  
 And then his dark eyes sparkled, and he wound



The fillets like a coronet around  
Her brow, and bade her rise and be a queen,  
And, oh ! 'twas sweet to see her delicate hand  
Press'd 'gainst his parted lips, as tho' to check  
In mimic anger all those whispers bland  
He knew so well to use ; and on his neck  
Her round arm hung, while half as in command  
And half entreaty did her swimming eye  
Speak of forbearance, till from her pouting lip  
He snatch'd the honey-dews that lovers sip,  
And then, in crimsoning beauty, playfully  
She frowned, and wore that self-betraying air  
That women, loved and flattered, love to wear."

The description of Isabel's turning maniac, and of her life of solitude and madness for months, feeding on roots and berries, and regardless of the changes of seasons, and the inclemency of nature, is a picture of human distress very touchingly and powerfully delineated.

" That day the green tree wither'd, and she knew  
The solace of her mind was stol'n and gone :  
And then she felt that she was quite alone  
In the wide world ; so, to the distant woods  
And caverned haunts, and where the mountain floods  
Thunder unto the silent air, she flew.  
She flew away, and left the world behind,  
And all that man doth worship, in her flight ;  
All that around the beating heart is twined ;  
Yet, as she looked farewell to human kind,  
One quivering drop arose and dimm'd her sight,  
The last that frenzy gave to poor distress.  
And then into the dreary wilderness  
She went alone, a craz'd, heart-broken thing ;  
And in the solitude she found a cave,  
Half-hidden by the wild-brier blossoming,  
Whereby a black and solitary pine,  
Struck by the fiery thunder, stood, and gave  
Of pow'r and death a token and a sign :  
And there she liv'd for months : she did not heed  
The seasons or their change, and she would feed  
On roots and berries as the creatures fed  
Which had in woods been born and nourished.  
Once, and once only, was she seen, and then  
The chamois hunter started from his chace,  
And stopp'd to look a moment on her face,  
And could not turn him to his sports again.  
Thin famine sate upon her hollow cheek,  
And settled madness in her glazed eye

Told of a young heart wrong'd and nigh to break ;  
 And, as the spent winds waver ere they die,  
 She to herself a few wild words did speak,  
 And sung a strange and broken melody ;  
 And ever as she sung she strew'd the ground  
 With yellow leaves that perish'd ere their time,  
 And well their fluttering fall did seem to chime  
 With the low music of her song."

We will close our extracts from this poem (from which, *for the author's sake*, we have particularly wished to extract,) with the relation of Isabel's return to her home, and the deeply-affecting recital of her dissolution.

" At last she wandered home. She came by night.  
 The pale moon shot a sad and troubled light  
 Amidst the mighty clouds that moved along.  
 The moaning winds of autumn sang their song,  
 And shook the red leaves from the forest trees ;  
 And subterranean voices spoke. The seas  
 Did rise and fall, and then that fearful swell  
 Came silently which seamen know so well ;  
 And all was like an Omen. Isabel  
 Pass'd to the room where, in old times, she lay,  
 And there they found her at the break of day ;  
 Her look was smiling, but she never spoke  
 Or motioned, even to say—her heart was broke :  
 Yet in the quiet of her shining eye  
 Lay death, and something we are wont to deem  
 (When we discourse of some such mournful theme,)  
 Beyond the look of mere mortality.  
 She died."—

The *Falcon* is a dramatic sketch, and much inferior to any of the scenes in the former volume, though it contains some beauties, and indeed very few could write so well on such a silly story. It is given in an argument to the sketch by the author, summed up in the strong though quaint language of one of the old translators. Since we could not tell it half so well (for, by-the-bye, there is a great knack in story-telling), we will transcribe it. "Frederigo, of the Alberighi family, loved a gentlewoman and was not requited with like love again. But by bountiful expenses, and over-liberal invitations, he wasted all his lands and goods, having nothing left him but a hawk or falcon. His unkind mistress happeneth to come and visit him, and he, not having any other food for her dinner, made a dainty dish of his falcon for her to feed on. Being conquered by this exceeding kind courtesie, she changed her former hatred towards him, accepting him as her husband in marriage, and made him a man of wealthy pos-

sessions." The following train of reflections on sun-set is very natural, and the last sentiment we think strikingly good.

" Nor unattended does he (*the Sun*) quit the world,  
For there's a stillness in this golden hour  
Observable by all; the birds that trill'd  
And shook their ruffled plumes for joy to see  
His coming in the morning, sing no more;  
Or if a solitary note be heard,  
Or the deep lowing of the distant beast,  
'Tis but to mark the silence. Like to this,  
In a great city the cathedral clock,  
Lifting its iron tongue, doth seem to stay  
Time for a moment; while it calls aloud  
To students or to sick man's watchful car,  
" Now goes the midnight."

We can give but one passage more from the *Falcon*, descriptive of the generous sacrifice of his noble bird, by the high-minded Frederigo. All the pride and tenderness of chivalry, and the disinterested devotedness of its romantic love, are shewn in this passage.

*Fred.* " Madam, you came to visit me—to feast:  
It was my barest hour of poverty.  
I had not one poor coin to purchase food.  
Could I, for shame, confess this unto you?  
I saw the descending beauty whom I loved  
Honouring my threshold with her step, and deign  
To smile on one, whom all the world abandoned.  
Once I had been her lover; how sincere,  
Let me not say: my name was high and princely:  
My nature had not quite forgot its habits:  
I lov'd you still: I felt it—*could* I stoop,  
And say how low and abject was my fortune,  
And send you fasting home? your servant would  
Have scorned me. Lady, even then I swore  
That I would feast you daintily: I did.  
My noble Mars, thou wast a glorious dish,  
Which Juno might have tasted!"—

We fear, that in spite of the sentimentality of all this, many sentimental young ladies will swear that *Juno*, sooner than taste *Mars*, would eat the feathers of one of her own beloved peacocks; and we tremble lest any young widow may be hysterically inclined at the monstrous idea of eating *carriou* to get another husband.

From *Gyges*—the story of which is known to every school-boy—we quote the following stanzas, on the burial of a pauper. They are worth all the rest of the poem, and remind us of a higher order of poetry than perhaps any other passage in the volume.



It is a chilling thing to see, as I  
 Have seen, a man go down into the grave,  
 Without a tear, or ev'n an alter'd eye :  
 Oh ! sadder far than when fond women rave,  
 Or children weep, or aged parents sigh  
 O'er one whom art and love doth strive to save  
 In vain ; man's heart is sooth'd by every tone  
 Of pity, saying he's 'not quite alone.'

I saw a pauper once, when I was young,  
 Borne to his shallow grave ; the bearers trod  
 Smiling, to where the death-bell heavily rung,  
 And soon his bones were laid beneath the sod :  
 On the rough boards the earth was gaily flung :  
 Methought the prayer which gave him to his God  
 Was coldly said :—then all, passing away,  
 Left the scarce-coffin'd wretch to quick decay.

It was an autumn evening, and the rain  
 Had ceased awhile, but the loud winds did shriek  
 And call'd the deluging tempest back again ;  
 The flag-staff on the church-yard tow'r did creak,  
 And thro' the black clouds ran a lightning vein,  
 And then the flapping raven came to seek  
 Its home : its flight was heavy, and its wing  
 Seem'd weary with a long day's wandering.

This is a picture of great power—it is solemn and awful, and perfect in its keeping—the bearers, as if in mockery of death, smiling in the awful performance of the last duties of mortality,—the death-bell—the clay thrown rudely on the rough coffin—the clergyman striving to run to the last words of the solemn and sublime burial service, in muttering coldness, to put on his hat and shield himself from the rough autumn-winds—the return of the deluge—the flying away of the attendants of the funeral—the moving and creaking of the flag-staff on the church-yard tower—the lightning—and last and above all, the fine flying form of the wearied raven, with heavy and flapping wing, sailing homeward through the storm. All this is fine and natural, and though minute and particular, it is striking and powerful.

*Diego De Montilla* seems to be the only story of the poet's own invention.—But it is such a thing as happens every day—a man rejected by a haughty and whimsical beauty, transferring his love to her more humble and agreeable sister is very frequent. A widow lady, from Tobago, who had just gained an estate by law, comes to reside at Madrid. She has two daughters, their names Aurelia and Aurora, with the elder of whom,

Aurelia, Don Diego, a Spanish knight, falls passionately in love, but is rejected by the proud capricious beauty, while the softer and more delicate Aurora is deeply enamoured of him,—yet

———— She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought,  
And with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at Grief.\*—

We give the description of those two sisters. In the last stanzas, there is a high, and indeed rather a rapturous compliment to Miss Carew, a young lady of great vocal promise.

His Mistress—Shall I paint Aurelia's frown?  
Her proud and regal look, her quick black eye,  
Thro' whose dark fringes such a beam shot down  
On men, (yet touch'd at times with witchery)  
As when Jove's planet distant and alone  
Flashes from out the sultry summer sky  
And bids each other star give up its place.  
—This was exactly Miss Aurelia's case.

Her younger sister—she was meek and pale,  
And scarcely noticed when Aurelia near,  
None ev'n had thought it worth their while to rail  
On her; and in her young unpractis'd ear  
Those soft bewitching tones, that seldom fail  
To win, had ne'er been utter'd. She did steer  
Her gentle course along life's dangerous sea  
For sixteen pleasant summers quietly.

Her shape was delicate: her motion free  
As his, that “charter'd libertine”—the air,  
Or Dian's, when upon the mountains she  
Follow'd the fawn: her bosom full and fair;  
It seemed as Love himself might thither flee  
For shelter, when his brow was parch'd with care;  
And her white arm like marble turn'd by grace,  
Was of good length and in its proper place.

Her hair was black as night: her eyes were blue:  
Her mouth was small, and from its opening streamed  
Notes like the silver voice of young Carew,  
Of whose sweet music I have often dream'd;

\* Shakespeare.

And then (as youths like me are wont to do),  
 Fancying that every other damsel scream'd,  
 Started to hear Miss C. again. I sit  
 In general (to be near her) in the pit.

• \* \* \* \*  
 Give me (but perhaps I'm partial) Miss Carew.

• \* \* \* \*  
 Oh! witching as the nightingale first heard  
 Beneath Arabian Heavens, wooing the rose  
 Is she, or thrush new-mated, or the bird  
 That calls the morning as the last star goes  
 Down in the west, and out of sight is heard  
 Awhile, then seems in silence to repose  
 Somewhere beyond the clouds, in the full glory  
 Of the new-risen sun.—

However other *damsels* "scream" in Mr. C.'s ears, we own we are so patriotic as to give the preference to our own sweet Miss Byrne. Yet this is very rapturous towards Miss Carew—poor Barry Cornwall! as *far gone* as your own hero!! O! what a destructive thing to the wit of a young poet is a pretty girl with a nightingale-voice—and on the stage too!! We pity you—we have discovered from yourself the reason you have no wit, for you openly confess

———— That boys suffering 'neath the lash of Cupid  
 Are sometimes even more than sad; they're stupid.

Diego at length, having no hopes from his cruel fair-one, resolves, if possible, to forget her by absence, and thus divert his passion.

He said, "Dear Mother, on my honour (not  
 In its new meaning) from Madrid I'll go,  
 And if I think more of her I'll be shot.

So he and his mother set out for Cadiz—on the journey he strives to smother Cupid with port and sherry (no doubt a very good remedy), and by every other means possible—but Aurelia's power over him was yet so strong, that he often lavished the endearments intended for her on his old mother, whom he fancies into his beloved. The stanza is rather laughable.

Then round his mother he would twine his arms  
 Gently, and kiss and call her his Aurelia,  
 And gaze and sigh, "inimitable charms!"  
 And then "what ruby lips," until 'twas really a  
 Joke, for, altho' it fill'd her with alarms  
 To see him rave and take his glass thus freely, a  
 Bystander must have laugh'd to see a woman  
 Of fifty kiss'd: in Spain 'tis quite uncommon.



At length he arrives at Cadiz "to see the place, and how he liked the ladies." He dislikes the shocking gallantries of that "right noble city, as Lord Byron writes," though sometimes his anger is abated when he looks on the sweeping tresses and beautiful foreheads of the Spanish fair, and when he suns himself in their warm full eyes; to be sure he wished now and then for his Aurelia's look—yet that was but seldom. How he passed his time at Cadiz, the author tells in the best style of his light manner;—it is not contemptible.

Our lover, Don Diego de Montilla,  
In moody humour pass'd his time at Cadiz,  
Drove out to Arcos, or perhaps Sevilla,  
Saint Lucar---Trafalgar (which I'm afraid is  
Not now in fashion)---danced the sequevilla,  
Sometimes with castanets to please the ladies,  
Ate, drank, and sail'd upon the dark-blue waters,  
Where mothers begg'd he'd take (for health) their daughters.

They used to say, 'my poor Theresa's grown  
Lately so pale and grave, poor dear; and she  
Has lost all appetite:' and then they'd moan  
And wipe their eyes where tears were sure to be,  
And leave their daughters to the Don, alone,  
To be cur'd by sea-air and gallantry.  
The Don was satisfied, and never gazed,  
Or talk'd of love: the girls were quite amaz'd.

They look'd and sighed as girls can look and sigh  
When they want husbands, or when gossips tell  
That they shall have a husband six feet high,  
(Tho' five feet nine or ten might do as well,)  
With curly hair, Greek nose, and sweet black eye,  
And other things on which I cannot dwell.

Yet Diego, in his lonely and reflecting moments, begins to think of the young, amiable, and innocent Aurora, whose impression banishes the image of her haughtier sister from his bosom. "A gleam of the sad truth" came across his mind, that while he was living in hopelessness and self-denial of happiness on account of the proud Aurelia, the tender and silent Aurora was dying for him. This *presentiment* strikes him so strongly, that he resolves to return and save her; he fled to her at the first news of danger, but alas! before he arrived, she paid "the penalty of love," she was dead—yet, before she died, "she left one letter for her love," declaring her passion, and bade them give it to Diego "when her hand was cold." The description of the dying of this heart-broken, innocent girl, is a passage of exquisite tenderness and

beauty, except when it is blemished now and then with an indescribable runarway kind of style that Mr. C. frequently deals in.

She faded like the soft and summer light,  
That mingles gently with the darkness, and  
Seems woo'd, not conquer'd, by the coming night,  
Meeting his dim embrace, but not command,  
Until it sinks and vanishes, and the sight  
On mockeries of the past alone is strain'd ;  
Thus Jove drawn out in all Corregio's charms,  
Wraps the sweet Io in his shadowy arms.

Of't would she sit and look upon the sky,  
When rich clouds in the golden sun-set lay  
Basking, and lov'd to hear the soft winds sigh,  
That come like music at the close of day,  
Trembling amongst the orange blooms, and die  
As 'twere from very sweetness. She was gay,  
Meekly and calmly gay, and then her gaze  
Was brighter than belongs to dying days.

And on her young thin cheek a vivid flush,  
A clear transparent colour sate awhile ;  
'Twas like, a bard would say, the morning's blush ;  
And round her mouth there played a gentle smile,  
Which, tho' at first it might your terrors hush,  
It could not, tho' it strove, at last beguile ;  
And her hand shook, and then rose the blue vein  
Branching about in all its windings plain.

The girl was dying. Youth and beauty, all  
Men love or women boast of, was decaying,  
And one by one life's finest powers did fall  
Before the touch of death, who seem'd delaying,  
As tho' he'd not the heart at once to call  
The maiden to his home. At last arraying  
Himself in softest guise, he came : she sigh'd,  
And, smiling, as tho' her lover whisper'd, died.

Diego, on her death, forgets his former passion—lives a melancholy, ascetic life for some short time in solitude. Among the descriptions of the manner in which a man dead to all the enjoyments of the world would while away the dark remainder of a melancholy existence, the following stanza is naturally-beautiful :—

But oftener, to a gentle lake that lay  
Cradled within a forest's bosom, he  
Would, shunning kind reproaches, steal away,  
And when the inland breeze was fresh and free,

There would he loiter all the livelong day,  
*Tossing upon the waters listlessly.*  
 The swallow dash'd beside him, and the deer  
 Drank by his boat and eyed him without fear.

Thus in solitude, melancholy, and decline, thinking of nothing but his heart-broken Aurora, he lived in sorrow till exhausted nature relieved him of his troubles in the oblivious sleep of death.

One day he came not at his usual hour,  
 (He had long been declining) and his old  
 Kind mother sought him in his lonely tower,  
 And there she found him lying, pale and cold:  
 Her son was dead, and love had lost his power,  
 And then she felt that all her days were told.  
 She laid him in the grave, and, when she died,  
 A stranger buried her by Diego's side.

Thus we have given an outline of this story ; it would be a sweet and simple tale, were it all told seriously. There are many beautifully-descriptive and tenderly-pathetic passages in it, but too often disfigured by affected derision of, and cold trifling with, every thing that is dear to the human heart. We confess this is the character and essence of the poetry, and if Mr. Cornwall succeeded in it as felicitously as he has in a better order (which he certainly has not), we would blame him no less. The stanza we think pleasing, and capable of being used in every kind of poetry ; but it is peculiarly adapted to the light, gay, and witty. We give in our protest, though thus early, against the poetry with which it is associated, whose misanthropic sneer (as if there was a “ laughing devil” in it,) mocks equally at the worth and weakness, the virtues and vanities of human nature—leers at the moral obligations and implied delicacies of social intercourse, and trifles with the best and most sacred feelings of the human heart.—We protest against it—as, if encouraged, it will certainly go far to vitiate the taste of the English muse ;—and the noble Lord—its *magnus Apollo*—will, in his latter works, injure the poetry of England more than in his former fine productions he has exalted its character. We make this assertion with a full conviction we could prove it, but it would lead into a long and metaphysical disquisition, and our limits refuse us this opportunity ; and we know, with every reflecting mind, our assertion will be found to be made on strong presumption. Of Mr. Cornwall's smaller poems, if we remember right, we have seen many before in periodical publications.—Some of the songs are pretty. *The Last Day of Tippoo Saib* is a spirited sketch, but there are some of them



written in a very bad taste. We own we do not like the *Pantheon* in rhyme—we know the old poets were very fond, when their scenes or characters were classical, of allusions to mythology,—and beautiful indeed some of them are. But we think we can trace Mr. Cornwall's allusions and descriptions in most cases to a worse school. He evidently writes many things in the tone of these writers, who are now known by the designation of the *Cockney School* of poetry, which has been most humourously attached to them by that most humorous and very clever work, Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine*.

Some of our readers, perhaps, might wish to be informed of the essential difference between it and the other schools of poetry. We will tell them—*affectation*. The writers of this class are a minor order of *Lakers*, who, aiming after the grand conceptions of the bards of the lakes, imitating their metaphysical association of mind and matter, or connexion between the visible creation and the imagination;—these feelings, “linked in a strange identity with outward accidents of nature,”—who, striving to soar to that

——— Sense sublime,  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.\*

Mix up all this with a sufficient number of wood-nymphs and water-nymphs, fawns, satyrs, &c. &c. &c. Dian never left out—a good many allusions to her visit on the Latmian mountain, (which, we hear, one of the tribe has turned into a poem, called “*Endymion*,”) then string all together by a coarse, uneven, ill-twisted thread of language, made up of the cant of Bond-street, joined with a ludicrous affectation of the quaintness of sentiment and quaintness of phraseology that is to be found in the most obsolete and quaint passages of our old writers.—They are a minor order of *Lakers*, who affect from nothing but bad pictures to give true and vivid descriptions of nature—who, instead of being elevated by the beautiful and sublime natural scenery of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and the fine basin of Wynandermere, receive their ideas of the beauty of external nature from the smoked and stunted trees of the suburbs—from the dunces’ diving-ditch mentioned by Pope, or some of the other fetid pools of the metropolis—or, to give a truer picture of the *Cockney*-bard, and of his study and description of nature—behold him at his tea, the liquid element in the saucer is Wynandermere in miniature, while his eye, not “in a fine frenzy rolling,” glances with-

\* Wordsworth.

out a wink, "from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," on the blue scenery of the smoking tea-cup, so that they afford a fine parody on this passage of Juvenal ;

————— epotaque flumina Medo

Prandente,

Which we would thus resolve,

Lakes are drunk dry, while Cockney bards drink tea.

Such is the Cockney school of poetry. As Cowper and Akenside are jointly the founders of the higher *Lakers*, and perhaps we should join Thompson, who seems sometimes to be the model of their descriptions, so Akenside's very *foolish*, and very *metaphysical*, and very *mythological poem*, of the "*Hymn to the Naiads*," (but this was following up "the fine *imagination* of the Greeks," ) is the poetical precedent of the Cockney minstrelsy. Our poet has written many things in the worst style of their worst manner. Let him beware of that—he is possessed of powers to place him above it and them.

Mr. Cornwall is very fond of dreaming, too, and what is very silly, of telling us his dreams—both in rhyme and blank verse. Queen Mab is often with him, but she is very seldom the *fancies'*, or the *fairies' midwife*, for his dreams are generally too historically true to be inspired by their fine and fantastical influence.

Mr. Coleridge has treated us with "*Kubla Khan*," and the "*Pains of Sleep*." Mr. Cornwall should call his visions the *Pleasures of Sleep*, for every lovely goddess of the heathen heavens, and every fine shape of "unimaginable beauty," of classical antiquity, (as himself says, "*beautiful things that men have died for*") visit the sleep of this happy dreamer. We need but mention the three rival goddesses of Ida, Sappho, Cleopatra, Aspasia, Cornelia, &c. &c. &c. All we can say about this, is, that if old Marloe's *Faustus* had been so favored, he might not have sold his soul to the devil for the phantoms of the beauties of antiquity—he might have seen the white-armed Helen, and caressed her too, without the devil being by, in all her loveliness, when she came brighter and

————— Fairer than the evening air,  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.\*

We should be very sorry to deprive Mr. Cornwall of his sweet dreams. We, critics, wish all the tribe of Parnassus sweet dreams, for we are afraid, in their waking hours, we often make them feel sad realities. We would only wish they would keep them to themselves, and not be telling them to us, for we can assure them we will not be the most

\* Marloe's *Doctor Faustus*.

pleasing interpreters. It is enough for us, in all conscience, to be troubled by their day-dreams, and not to be hag-ridden by their night-mares.

Out of a number, we will notice a few of Mr. Cornwall's blemishes—some of them are puerilities of the weakest kind,—for instance, what school-boy but would be ashamed to versify his *Pantheon* thus—we think the boy that could write these lines in a school-exercise, would be more worthy the *birch* than the *laurel*.

Lucina first (that tender name divine)  
Child of the dark-browed Proserpine!  
Star-crown'd Dian! daughter of Jove  
Olympian! Mother of blind love!  
Fair Cynthia! tower'd Cybele!  
Lady of stainless chastity!

We may say to this as the witty and poetical clown in "*As you Like It*" says to Rosalind, on hearing her read some love-rhymes to her name, "I'll rhyme you so eighteen years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted. It is the right butter-woman's rate to market." Now we will address Mr. Cornwall, as Rosalind does the clown after his extempore-parody chimes. "This is the very gallop (we should call it the dog's-trot) of verses; why do you infect yourself with them?"

In the "*Death of Acis*," a modern tale of metamorphosis, (and if we remember our school-boy days, Ovid told the boisterous love of the one-eyed giant for the azure sea-nymph as well, perhaps indeed better;) there is a passage that dives pretty deeply in the Bathos.

Shouted the giant Polypheme: the seas  
Drew backward, as affrighted at the sound.  
The green woods moved, and the light poplar shook  
Its silver pyramid of leaves.

The following line is very silly, and quite in the style of the gentlemen, of whose peculiarities we have been speaking a little above.

And some, (these were the harmless Naiades)  
By running waters.

This line too is *Cockneyish*,

The *finest Player* stills his charmed lute.

And this line is deficient in quantity and rhythm and every thing else that could constitute it poetry,

Sang thus to the white Galatea.

To our ears *fawn* and *morn* are not legitimate rhymes, as Mr. C. thinks they are, for he uses them more than once;



—————“panted like a fawn,  
 And his eyes sparkled like approaching morn.”  
 Pronounced, as you see, *mawn*.—And again,  
 “Am I not he, to whose sweet song the *fawn*  
 Dances with mad delight,  
 And on her cloudy pillow resting through the night,  
 Queen Dian listens 'till the *morn*?”

We see *dawn* would have answered here as well for *reason*, and we think, a great deal better for *rhyme*. This is a very vulgar *Anglicism*, or rather a *Cockneyism*, for we think very few, even of the most vulgar English poetasters, would be guilty of such *sin in rhyme*. There are others to be found of the same order, such as *Honour* and *Donna*, &c. &c. As one specimen of the accurately-descriptive truth, and keen observation of nature peculiar to the Cockney-poets, we will give the following,

First came the Roman Lady, from *whose bosom*  
 The Gracchi twins *were born*.

We will make no comment on this,—but we perfectly agree with Mr. C. when he says, “I’m, in the Doctor’s language, stupid yet.” We have heard indeed of the Cæsarean operation, and we own Rabelais has one of his heroes born through the ear; but we are quite unacquainted with Mr. Cornwall’s *very new* method of parturition. We have now done with this gentleman.

It may be right to inform such of our readers as are not conversant in poetical intrigue, that Barry Cornwall is an assumed name. This is evident from himself,

“Now if you write *incog*—that has an air;  
 (Yet men may, as *I have*, for this good reason.)

Who he is, we will not venture to say. Some have supposed it to be Mr. Lamb, from his fine specimens of, and deep and learned criticisms on, our old dramatists, and the proof he has already given of his power in imitating their manner. We do not pretend to be one of the *wise ones*, but we think we could make a shrewd guess at who Mr. C. is from his own lines,

“I’ve but small wit, and therefore will not venture  
 On wit, and fighting—’tis a noisy game,  
 From this too, I’m bound down by *my indenture*,  
 (At least *I swear* I am, and that’s the same.)

Now, since he told us truth in the former part of the sentence,—there is strong presumptive evidence he has done so in the latter; and if he has,—we think he is one of these apothecary’s apprentices of London, who serve Apollo in a double capacity, who handle the pestle as

well as the plectrum ; who make up music as well as medicine, and compound poetry as well as physic ; and who, if they go on as they are now, will be able, in their profession, to heal nothing but the *bite of a Tarantula*. However, this is all conjecture, and is much weakened by the poet's telling us he is

———— “ Going far away  
To see the blue and cloudless day  
Shine on the fields of *Italy*.”

We wish him a safe return, and then, or on his next publication, we think he may very boldly discover his name. We will tell him he has done honour to it, and if not *already known* among the English poets, he will raise it to a very honourable distinction.

We believe, (however, we will not venture to assert it,) the gentleman is a Mr. PROCTOR, an attorney in London.—The cause of this *nom de guerre* may be the injury a poetical reputation might cause him in his legal profession. Yet we are sure he felt more pleasure in writing some of these beautiful productions than in the dry details of a *brief* or the cold calculation of a *bill of costs*.

—————  
“ *Glenfergus*”—*A Novel*—3 vols. 8vo.—*Edinb.* 1820.

The historian of “*Glenfergus*” has not favored us with his name, but whether from modesty or vanity, we shall not presume to decide ; however, from the affectation of the Waverley-style and the unsuccessful assumption of the Scottish dialect in a few of his pages, we are much inclined to infer the latter. We expected at least to see a fair copy, but if the would-be imitator tracks his nameless, though well-known precursor, it is like *Salus* in the race—“*longo intervallo*”—and without endangering our prophetic reputation, we may doom him to the same fate—“*jacuit revolutus arena*”—“*immundoque fimo*.”

After half a dozen desultory efforts, as many comfortable naps, and an equal number of nights, we got to the end of the production : nor do we record this feat in praise of our own marvellous patience ; it is for the mere purpose of warning the palled and sick-palated novel-reader that even the interest which steals him through the lumber of a circulating library, is wanting to the work before us. Indeed we should have spared ourselves and our readers the trouble of a remark, but that stupidly-ascribed praise has called forth our disapprobation. Any thing like a true delineation of character—a bold and spirited description, or

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stupidly-ascribed praise has called forth our disapprobation. Any thing like a true delineation of character, a bold and spirited description, or a natural and well-conducted incident, we have sought for in vain. It is, in fine, a formless and featureless combination of novel gibberish and novel absurdity.

In order to give our readers, however, some idea of the patch-work, we shall bring forward a few of the *personæ dramatis* as the praise-worthy novelist has paired them, for he seems to have adopted Bryan O'Lyn's resolution, as his grand object appears to be to "marry them all." We are first introduced to a "fair lady of romance," an antiquated nymph in search of a swain, and "the sentimental and fanciful" Clarinda (of forty) is posting through the Lowlands of Scotland by "scenes most enchantingly exquisite, cliffs mantled with ivy, and meadows carpeted with the softest velvet," to her brother's "castellated, towered and turreted" *cottage* at Glenfergus; where he resides after amassing considerable riches in India.

Flora and Amelia Bonclair, his daughters, and (with their maiden aunt), the heroines of the piece, are, to be sure, all accomplished and all beautiful. The father is summoned at the assizes to attend the circuit as juryman, and the young ladies *necessarily* accompany him.—They reach the town only on the morning of the court-day, and find all the rooms of the principal Inn engaged; however, they suffer no inconvenience, as "a young gentleman, of an animated and spirited appearance," gives them up his apartments. The "smart, the lively and lovely Amelia, (who is) all tenderness and all heart," as she admires the young barrister from her window, is struck in particular with the circumstance of his "running away from a fee," which an old lady in tears offers him. Learn from hence, thou man of law, the true method of gaining a sweetheart.

Presently we find the court assembled, and the ladies listening to the Advocate; he makes a speech, which, for the benefit of law-students, is given in detail,—gains the cause for his clients, and—God help poor Amelia! his forensic eloquence might have shot even the romantic heart of Flora; but that her dreams of titles, and the gorgon shield of the "sublime and sentimental," scared away the little archer.

After the closing of the court, Amelia, in the crowd, is separated from her friends, and "finding herself in *contact* with the Advocate, who seems desirous to speak"—she, perhaps afraid lest he should not, loses no time, but compliments the stranger at once upon the success of his eloquence.—

"You flatter me," replied the Advocate: "I am sure you could derive but



little pleasure, though I observed you paid great attention. Courts and pleadings are but dull matters for ladies."

"I could have listened to you much longer," said Amelia. There was, or seemed to be, a peculiar emphasis in the "you," which touched the Advocate to the heart; and he was about to reply, when an officer of the court summoned him to wait on the Judge. *Involuntarily* he stretched out his hand, and it was *involuntarily* taken by Amelia: and while he said "adieu," he added, "beware of that titled thing who sat beside you in the gallery." Amelia had left him a few paces ere she considered what he said. There was something mysterious in the words, and she wished to ask him an explanation: She turned, and found that he paused to look after her: But the Minister came to conduct her to her father and sister, who stood waiting in the street. The Advocate waved a second adieu, and without knowing or heeding what she did, she returned it."

We have given this much of an extract, to impress our readers with a more general idea of our author's *novel-art*, who, by the easy unlocking of a fair-one's lips, can so effectually despatch his point, and *naïl* the affections of the party by "an *involuntary*" taking of the hands. We shall leave untasted the mashed mess, the *crambere petita* of underplot, with which he serves us so plentifully, "ready cut and dry": nor shall we even sip of his tea-cup conversations, which (by-the-bye) we would advise our author to compile an index of, in his second edition; and it cannot fail to prove an invaluable encyclopædia, not to the gentlemen, (for we shall suppose them possessed of some little knowledge,) but to the ladies, who, by committing several of the pages on each subject to memory, may gain a facility in gabbering upon points of theology, mathematics, belles-lettres, surgery, anatomy, &c. &c. His scenery too, which might at first appear well-laid, and richly coloured, but upon a nearer view must present awkward, ill-daubed, and grotesque figures, clumsy and ill-assorted draperies, and natural objects jumbled together without either art or design, all these we shall pass unnoticed, and endeavour to unweed the story; we have therefore to explain the accident which again brings the lovers into "*contact*."

The three ladies go a rambling across the fields to the side of the Awin, and in passing the wooden bridge meet two of their acquaintances—the Rev. Gideon Cymbal, an old widower, and Dandy-George, his nephew, (a wretched caricature.) The old ones go together, and a system of flirtation is instituted, which, mail-coach-like, is happily *set down* at the sober stage of matrimony. As the young ones pursue their way, Flora expresses an ardent wish for something like a bird's nest in a birch tree, which fixes her attention; "the thing" of gallantry, in consequence "slackens his *pericuticulars*" and essays to climb the birch by the "steps" of a spruce, which grew behind it; but by an unlucky spring and the more unlucky "elasticity of the birch," the dandy *distressed* "dangles in mid-air."

“ However, George dropt down in a furze bush, with no other injury than a plentiful scratching. Every one had not fared so well ; for just as George made his first and wildest oscillations, and the ladies raised their song of terror, a young man chanced to be passing on horseback. Unfortunately his horse started, and after a momentary effort on the part of the rider to urge it forward, and on that of the horse to throw the rider, both fell. Amelia now screamed, and all, but fainted. The horse rose and stood still ; but the rider rose not.”

Thus, by a couple of *well-timed* and *well-conceived incidents*, the young man is carried to Bonclair-cottage, and safely closetted in Amelia’s “ castle.” An Edinburgh licentiate could not more *technically* have told us that “ the arm was fractured, and the head of the *humerus* was forced from its socket in the glenoid cavity of the scapula ;” nor an apprentice to the pestel have more nicely treated the process of bleeding, bandaging and fracture-setting, with which the author most *quackishly* doses us.

Without mentioning the interest which the stranger universally excited, or “ the severity of Amelia’s feelings, and the dreadful agony of her mind,” when she discovers in him her Advocate of eloquence, we shall pass to his convalescence, and in order to settle preliminaries between them, shall give the gentleman the trouble of again dictating to his “ lovely amanuensis” the letter he sends home,

My dear Father,—You will, no doubt, be surprised at the suspension of my correspondence ; and still more, that I now employ a hand which, I sincerely regret, is not mine,” (“ I must omit the ‘ I sincerely regret,’ if you please,” said Amelia. “ But I do not please,” said Charles.—“ Then write it yourself.”—“ I can’t, and I won’t.” “ Well, I submit.”) “ But be not offended, as for some days past it has literally not been in my power to write. Just opposite the house where I now am,—the house of Mr. Bonclair, whom I have heard you mention,—my horse was thrown down by accident —” (“ Mention that the accident was the fault or folly of us and of Mr. George Cymbal,” said Amelia. “ It was no fault on your part, it was carelessness on mine : I was looking towards your house, ashamed, but determined to call.” Amelia blushed.) “ I received a slight injury in my arm ; but, through the prompt attention of Mr. George Cymbal, nephew to the Minister of Knockfergus, Dr. Wild, of Fergustown, was instantly brought to my assistance ; and I was carried to the house of Mr. Bonclair, where, by the skill of my doctor and the kind attention of the family, who have treated me with undeserved attention—” (“ I won’t write that,” said Amelia ; “ make it friendly attention,”) “ I am now in a fair way of recovery.

“ I know not, indeed, how I can repay this excellent family ;” (“ No,” said Amelia, “ let it be ‘ I shall feel grateful to this family,’”) “ and particularly to Miss—,” (“ No,” said Amelia ; “ close the sentence,” “ Be it so,” said Charles,) “ In particular, I shall never forget the attention of—” (He paused and looked at Amelia—“ of old Effie, the nurse,” said she. “ No, that is not what I mean,” said Charles. “ Then let it be ‘ the nurse,’ without the ‘ old Effie,’” said Amelia. “ Make

it what you please," said Charles) — " of the nurse. Dr. Wild informs me, that though I be completely out of danger, the slight fever which I had, being gone, and no chance of a relapse, yet I must not attempt returning home for a few days." (' Days !' said Amelia ; ' weeks, I fear, must elapse before you get better.' ' I care not,' said Charles, ' only I must not alarm my father.' ' True, very true,' said Amelia, ' only' — ' Only what ?' said Charles ; ' only nothing,' replied Amelia.) " Indeed I feel as much myself ; for though I might be able to ride with my arm in a sling, yet I feel the leg on which my horse fell so much sprained and bruised, that I can make no use of it. From what I learned, both by report and from experience, I shall, however, feel much pleasure in this mansion of politeness and hospitality." (' These words are too strong,' said Amelia.)

" You owe this letter to the kind condescension" (' Of the nurse,' said Amelia : ' A dash then,' said Charles :) " of her who acts as my amanuensis. Be assured, I have forgotten no part of my duty to you, or to my dear mother ; and I hope that I shall be always enabled to write — ' Your dutiful Son.'" " You must subscribe it yourself," said Amelia, " and I will hold the paper." Charles wrote his name with his left hand as well as he could, and there is not sufficient evidence upon record for denying, that, in delivering back the pen to Amelia, he did not seize her hand and press it to his bosom ; and that she looked very much astonished, and called him impertinent. It may be, indeed, this is mere slander ; for, instead of getting angry and retiring, as in such a case she could not but have done, Amelia staid to fold the letter and to address it to " The Rev. Robert Saltoun, D. D. Bandinnas."

We would recommend to novellists, of all things, the introduction of a number of letters into their volumes ; nor can we forbear hinting that so great a deficiency may be remedied in the future *Scottish* publications ; for, omitting Richardson, (who has so *fully* availed himself of its advantages) we need look no farther than *Glenfergus* for the purposes it may be converted to : thus easily may be brought together those who have " but seen and loved," to a " delightful *tele-a-tete* ;" a number of individuals may be named, each in due time, to be the subject of some " short and simple story," not to mention the sober correspondence it may communicate, the family and private history of correspondents, the variety of feeling, flirtation and chit-chat it may be palatably interlarded with, and above all, the endless employment by its means to those most useful of artists, the paper manufacturers and printers.

Our limits will not allow us to transcribe other of the *useful* letters from *Glenfergus*, or to notice the story and " hair-breadth 'scapes" of Saville and Emma ; and as we consider the specimens we have already given sufficiently *satisfactory* for most of our readers, and we greatly question whether our patience would stand the trial of recapitulating particulars, we shall beg leave to decline any further detail ; and close our remarks on " this strange eventful history" with our opinion, that the author appears to us not deficient of some talent ; but, with respect to novel-writing, it is completely misapplied ; and though the work under conside-



ration must have cost some labour, yet the subjects are digested in so unsavoury a manner as merely to remind us of Hercules in the stables of Augeas.

## REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

(INSTRUMENTAL.)

### ALDAY'S SYMPHONIES.

The second symphonie, which the limits of our last number would not allow us to descant upon, commences in D minor, with a forcible unison passage, succeeded by a very interesting and well-conceived flow of harmony, the melancholy of which forms a striking contrast with the spirited ALLEGRO VIVACE, (*a la militaire*) which follows. The MOTIVO is exceedingly elegant and playful, but the harmony of the 44th and 48th bars is not so critically correct as to suffer us to pass it without observation; the descent of the bass producing in the 44th bar, for the *first* three crotchets, and in the 48th bar, for the *last* three crotchets, consecutive fifths with the air. The internal parts might, from their decided character, convey the idea that the 2d note of the first violin is the air; yet this is inaccurate, as it is evidently the upper note on which the composer's intention rests: probably the error originated in haste, as we are fully convinced, from the general style and arrangements of what has come before us, that Mr. Alday is too good a theorist to allow, on consideration, any thing in the shape of an inaccuracy to appear: we merely mention it, as is our incumbent duty, to give an impartial account of what passes under our observation. The 2d part of this movement evinces a deep knowledge of the science, and is conceived with energy. The return to the subject is happily executed, and gives it at the same time a new character. On the recurrence of the MOTIVO, the 3d and 7th bars contain the same inaccuracies as the 44th and 48th bars.—It is, however, a most brilliant and effective movement. Of the succeeding ANDANTE we cannot speak too highly; it is truly original, commencing in a fanciful style, and proceeding in modulation of the richest, grandest and most efficient nature. The return to the subject (completely, "*nouvelle*") is given to the bassoon, whilst the 1st violin performs a graceful variation; the effect is highly delightful. Were we to dilate on the merits of this movement to the extent it deserves, we should have to particularize each individual bar; we think it a production of the first-rate order, increasing in beauty and interest to the end. The MINUETTO

and TRIO evince deep research, and a thorough knowledge of the theory; they are full of originality, and deserve particular mention.

The RONDO, which commences in a light and familiar style, contains many happy ideas. On the whole, this symphony contains so many beauties, that it must always be a desideratum to the selection of every lover of instrumental music.

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SINFONIA, for the *Piano Forte*,—Composed and Inscribed to Miss FLEMING, by JOSEPH A. WADE.

It is with great pleasure we take up our pen to notice this effusion of native and resident talent. Mr. Wade, we are led to understand, is an Amateur, but this composition (with the exception of a few inaccuracies which we shall point out,) would do credit to any of the profession. It is evident Mr. Wade possesses great capabilities, which we hope he will mature. The introductory GRAVE movement in A minor commences in a bold and energetic style, and leads to a MODERATO, the subject of which is very elegant. This movement abounds in modulation, (were we inclined to be cynical, we would say, *too much abounds*,) and bears evident marks of genius. We think the 2d bar of page 4 would be much improved, if the harmony of the preceding one was continued as a minim, and the flat seventh taken on the last crotchet of the bar.

This observation applies also to the 2d bar of page seven.

In the ADAGIO, considerable license has been taken, the movement commencing in F natural minor. It has, however, considerable merit; the enharmonic changes produce very pleasing effects. The MINUETTO, (which, from its style would have been more properly designated *Scherzo*,) is lively and animated. The resumption of the subject, in the second part, before the chord of the extreme flat seventh which immediately precedes it is resolved, has a bad effect; it would be improved, by raising the bass in the eleventh bar to F, and introducing the chord of E in the twelfth bar. We object also to the harmony of the twenty-second bar; it would be more grammatical to have the chord rising from the D sharp; and in the twenty-third bar, the chord rising from E.

The CANONICO, (which follows as the Trio) is happily conceived, and we only regret that the Author did not pursue his idea further.

The RONDO commences in a brilliant strain, and contains a great diversity of modulation, which, although occasionally abrupt, is evidently the emanation of a mind richly stored. The *tout ensemble* of this

composition is such, as to recommend it highly to public notice: we strongly recommend it both to the Professor and Amateur.

(VOCAL.)

"Hail to thy cold and clouded beam,"—*A Ballad, the words by* WALTER SCOTT, Esq. *the Music by* Miss M. C.

The ballad before us, and which has every prospect of becoming a favorite, is composed by one of our fair countrywomen. The melody is pleasing, and possesses a good deal of originality. The symphony is not strictly rythmical, as it contains no more than six bars. The first two bars of the ballad are particularly expressive: the aggregate effect is such as promises us much pleasure in the perusal of the Authoress' future compositions. The accompaniment is flowing, and does not at all disturb the melody.

"God Save the King, with new Words,"—*By* G. COLEMAN, Esq., *arranged for* 1, 2 or 3 *Voices, by* Sir J. STEVENSON, M. D.

On the melody before us we need scarcely comment: it is one of those that combines simplicity and grandeur in its structure. Though composed on but six notes, and containing a singularity in point of the phrases, having three of 2 bars, and two compound of 4 bars each, yet the greatest composers have held it up as a model and exercise to the student, and, in fact, have themselves written variations on it.—We know of no finer specimens of what the air is capable of producing by the assistance of harmony, than the variations by Humel and Kalkbrenner.—Sir John Stevenson has not done the justice to this national air, in the arrangement as Quartett or Chorus, that we should expect from so celebrated a pen—there appears a carelessness unworthy of such a subject. We neither like the appearance or effect of the first or seventh bar of page 3.

The Melody before us is a composition of a very ancient date.—The old words were written by G. Saville Carey, Esq.; we must confess we prefer them to the new, which are as follow.—[The first verse of the old song is retained as Quartett, and then Chorus.]

Verse 2d,—Solo.

Lord, while thy chast'ning hand,  
Wide thro' this loyal land,  
Sorrow doth fling;  
Each Briton's heart-felt tear,  
Shed o'er the father's bier,  
Bids us the son revere,  
God save the King!

3d,—Duet.

Long may war's clangour cease!  
Long may the the Dove of Peace  
Here spread her wing!  
Lull'd thus in sweet repose,  
Oh! from domestic foes,  
Oh! from black treason's blows,  
Heav'n guard the King!

4th—Trio.

While George's praise we sound,  
Rally his Throne around!  
United cling!  
Think who upheld his Sire!  
Who quell'd the Despot's fire!  
Rais'd Briton's Glory high'r!  
'Twas George our King!



## CONCERTS.

Mr. Hamerton's Benefit Concert took place on the 15th March, at the Rotunda. It was numerously and respectably attended. The first act consisted of Sacred Music, from Haydn's celebrated CREATION.—The Trio of "*On thee each living soul awaits*,"—and chorus, "*Achieved is the Glorious work*"—were performed in superior style.—We are astonished at not having noticed these in former selections; they possess a richness of counterpoint seldom heard. The second act, a miscellaneous collection, not however of the most novel cast, (with the exception of the "*Fairy Glee*," which was played too fast to admit of the performers giving due effect to the words) seemed to meet general approbation. Mr. Spray's song, "*When the Rose Bud*," was given with his usual taste and feeling. Mrs. Smith's Italian song "*Ah Tornar*," (Cimarosa) afforded much satisfaction, and evinced her familiar acquaintance with that style of music. The audience were enraptured with Master Ormsby's "*Sweet Bird*," not only from his style of singing it, but from the correct and pleasing manner in which it was accompanied by Mr. Weidner on the flute. We wish Mr. W. would, the next time, favour us, by giving the accompaniment on the octave flute, or flageolet; the latter would be preferable. Sir John Stevenson's "*Original Boat Glee*," delightfully accompanied on the violin by Mr. Barton, drew great applause. For Miss M'Donald's Irish air, "*The Harp that once through Tara's Hall*", accompanied on the Harp, we are inclined to make every allowance—she was evidently much embarrassed. Mr Pigot's Concerto on the violoncello drew great applause, not only from the merit of the composition (Romberg's), but the style of performance. Mr. Panormo favoured us with two new pieces on the piano-forte, "*Bruce's Address*," which has much claim to originality, particularly the part descriptive of the battle; and *A Medley*, in which he introduced "*God Save the King*" and "*Patrick's Day*"; the former played with the left hand, the latter with the right. This piece shews great nerve and wonderful execution in the performer; but (in our opinion) has no further merit. It evinces a sacrifice of taste, as it is impossible that two airs diametrically opposite to each other, both in style, time, and accent, can blend well. In point of harmony, the effect upon the ear was bad; what must be the effect upon paper. The principal vocal performers were, Mrs. Smith and Miss M'Donald; Messrs. Spray, Weyman, Hamerton, Allen, and Master Ormsby. Leader—Mr. James Barton. Conductor, Mr. Blewitt.

Mr. Hodson's Concert will take place on the 12th.—Master Ormsby's on the 15th.—Mr. Panormo's, on the 18th, and Master Attwood's on the 22d April.

## Poetry.

THE

## SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS;

OR,

## THE QUEST OF SULTAUN SOLIMAUN.

FROM THE SALE-ROOM.

[This poem, which is not generally known, appeared in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1815 ; we believe it is from the pen of a celebrated and well-known *Scottish* author ; it contains so much *point*, and is so well adapted to the present year, that we cannot forbear transcribing it.]

O, FOR a glance of that gay muse's eye,  
That lighten'd on Bandello's laughing tale,  
And twinkled with a lustre shrewd and sly  
When Giam Battista bade her vision hail !\*  
Yet, fear not, ladies, the naïve detail  
Given by the natives of that land canorous ;  
Italian license loves to leap the pale,  
We, Britons, have the fear of shame before us,  
And, if not wise in mirth, at least must be  
decorous.

If Rennell has it not, you'll find, mayhap,  
The isle laid down in Captain Sindbad's map,—  
Famed mariner ! whose merciless narrations  
Drove every friend and kinsman out of pa-  
tience,  
Till, fain to find a guest who thought them  
shorter,  
He deign'd to tell them over to a porter—  
The last edition see by Long. and Co.,  
Rees, Hurst, and Orne, our fathers in the  
Row.

In the far eastern clime, no great while since,  
Lived Sultaun Solimaun, a mighty prince,  
Whose eyes, as oft as they performed their round,  
Beheld all others' fix'd upon the ground ;  
Whose ears received the same unvaried phrase,  
" Sultaun ! thy vassal hears, and he obeys !"  
All have their tastes—this may the fancy strike  
Of such grave folks as pomp and grandeur  
like ;

For me. I love the honest heart and warm  
Of monarch who can amble round his farm,  
Or, when the toil of state no more annoys,  
In chimney-corner seek domestic joys—  
I love a prince will bid the bottle pass,  
Exchanging with his subjects glance and glass ;  
In fitting time, can, gayest of the gay,  
Keep up the jest and mingle in the lay—  
Such monarchs best our free-born humours  
suit,

But despots must be stately, stern, and mute.

This Solimaun, Serendib had in sway—  
And where's Serendib ? may some critic say.—  
Good lack, mine honest friend, consult the  
chart,  
Scare not my Pegasus before I start !

Serindib found—deem not my tale a fiction—  
This Sultaun, whether lacking contradiction—  
(A sort of stimulant which hath its uses,  
To raise the spirits and reform the juices,  
Sovereign specific for all sort of cures  
In my wife's practice, and perhaps in yours.)  
The Sultaun lacking this same wholesome  
bitter,

Or cordial smooth for princes' palate fitter—  
Or if some Mollah had hag-rid his dreams  
With Degial, Ginnistan, and such wild themes  
Belonging to the Mollah's subtle craft,  
I wot not—but the Sultaun never laugh'd,  
Scarce ate or drank, and took a melancholy  
That scorn'd all remedy profane or holy ;  
In his long list of melancholies, mad,  
Or mazed, or dumb, hath Burton none so bad.

Physicians soon arrived, sage, ware, and tried,  
As e'er scrawl'd jargon in a darken'd room ;  
With heedful glance the Sultaun's tongue they  
eyed,  
Peep'd in his bath, and God knows where  
beside ;

And then in solemn accents spoke their doom,

\* The hint of the following tale is taken from *La Camiscia Magica*, a novel of Giam Battista Casti.

" His majesty is very far from well."  
 Then each to work with his specific fell :  
 The Hakim Ibrahim instanter brought  
 His unguent Mahazzim al Zerdukkaut ; \*  
 While Roompot, a practitioner more wily,  
 Relied on his Munaskiff al fillifly.\*  
 More and yet more in deep array appear,  
 And some the front assail and some the rear ;  
 Their remedies to reinforce and vary,  
 Came surgeon eke, and eke apothecary ;  
 Till the tired monarch, though of words grown  
   chary,  
 Yet dropt, to recompense their fruitless labour,  
 Some hint about a bowstring or a sabre.  
 There lack'd, I promise you, no longer speeches,  
 To rid the palace of those learned leeches.

Then was the council call'd— by their advice,  
 (They deem'd the matter ticklish all, and nice,  
   And sought to shift it off from their own  
   shoulders,)

Tatârs and couriers in all speed were sent,  
 To call a sort of eastern parliament

Of feudatory chieftains and freeholders—  
 Such have the Persians at this very day,  
 My learned Malcolm calls them coroultai ;  
 I'm not prepared to show in this slight song  
 That to Serindib the same forms belong,—  
 E'en let the learn'd go search, and tell me if  
   I'm wrong.

The Omrahs, † each with hand on scimitar,  
 Gave, like Sempronius, still their voice for  
   war—

" The sabre of the Sultaun in its sheath  
 Too long has slept, nor own'd the work of death ;  
 Let the Tambourgi bid his signal rattle,  
 Bang the loud gong, and raise the shout of  
   battle !

This dreary cloud that dims our sovereign's day,  
 Shall from his kindled bosom flit away,  
 When the bold Lootie wheels his courser  
   round,

And the arm'd elephant shall shake the ground:  
 Each noble pants to own the glorious sum-  
   mons—

And for the charges—lo ! your faithful com-  
   mons !"—

The Riots who attended in their places,  
 (Serendib language calls a farmer Riot)

Look'd ruefully in one another's faces,  
 From this oration auguring much disquiet,

Double assessment, forage, and free-quarters ;  
 And fearing these as China-men the Tartars,  
 Or as the whisker'd vermin fear the mousers,  
 Each fumbled in the pocket of his trowsers.

And next came forth the reverend convocation,  
 Bald heads, white beards, and many a tur-  
   ban green ;

Imaum and Mollah there of every station,  
 Santon, Fakir, and Calendar were seen.

Their votes were various—some advised a  
   mosque

With fitting revenues should be erected,  
 With seemly gardens and with gay kiosque,  
 To recreate a band of priests selected ;

Others opined that through the realm a dole  
 Be made to holy men, whose prayers might  
   profit

The Sultaun's weal in body and in soul ;

But their long-headed chief, the Sheik Ul-  
   Sofit,

More closely touch'd the point ;—" Thy studi-  
   ous mood,"

Quoth he, " O, Prince ! bath thicken'd all  
   thy blood,

And dull'd thy brain with labour beyond mea-  
   sure,

Wherefore relax a space and take thy plea-  
   sure,

And toy with beauty or tell o'er thy treasure ;  
 From all the cares of state, my liege, enlarge  
   thee,

And leave the burthen to thy faithful clergy."

These counsels sage availed not a whit,

And so the patient (as is not uncommon  
 Where grave physicians lose their time and  
   wit)

Resolved to take advice of an old woman ;

His mother she, a dame who once was beau-  
   teous,

And still was call'd so by each subject du-  
   teous.

Now, whether Fatima was witch in earnest,

Or only made believe, I cannot say—

But she profess'd to cure disease the sternest,

By dint of magic, amulet, or lay ;

And, when all other skill in vain was shown,  
 She deem'd it fitting time to use her own.

" *Sympathia magica* hath wonders done,"

(Thus did old Fatima bespeak her son,)

\* For these hard words see *Dr. Herbelot* ; or the learned editor of the *Receipts of Avicenna*.

† Nobility.



"It works upon the fibres and the pores,  
And thus, insensibly, our health restores,  
And it must help us here.—Thou must endure  
The ill, my son, or travel for the cure.  
Search land and sea, and get, where'er you  
can,

The inmost-vesture of a happy man,  
I mean his SHIRT, my son, which, if worn  
warm

And fresh from off his back, shall chase your  
harm,

Bid every current of your veins rejoice,  
And your dull heart leap light as shepherd  
boy's."

Such was the counsel from his mother came.  
I know not if she had some under game,  
As doctors have who bid their patients roam  
And live abroad, when sure to die at home;  
Or if she thought, that somehow or another,  
Queen Regent sounded better than Queen  
Mother;

But, says the Chronicle, (who will go look it,)  
That such was her advice—the Sultaun took  
it.

All are on board—the Sultaun and his train,  
In gilded galley, prompt to plough the main;  
The old Rais\* was the first who questioned,  
"Whither?"

They paused—"Arabia," thought the pensive  
prince,

"Was called 'The Happy' many ages since—  
For Mokha, Rais." And they came safely  
thither.

But not in Araby, with all her balm,  
Not where Judæa weeps beneath her palm,  
Not in rich Egypt, not in Nubian waste,  
Could there the step of happiness be traced.  
One Copt alone profess'd t' have seen her  
smile,

When Bruce his gullet fill'd at infant Nile;  
She bless'd the dauntless traveller when he  
quaff'd,

But vanish'd from him with the ended draught.

"Enough of turbans," said the weary king,  
"These dolimans of ours are not the thing;

Try we the Giaours, these men of coat and  
cap, I

Incline to think some of them may be happy;  
At least they have as fair a cause as any can,  
They drink good wine and keep no Ramazan.  
Then northward, ho!" The vessel cuts the sea,  
And fair Italia lies upon her lee—

But fair Italia, she who once unfurl'd  
Her eagle-banners o'er a conquer'd world,  
Long from her throne of domination tumbled,  
Lay, by her quondam vassals, sorely humbled;  
The Pope himself look'd pensive, pale, and  
lean,

And was not half the man he once had been.  
"While these the priest, and those the noble  
fleeces,

Our poor old boot,"† they said, "is torn to  
pieces.

Its top† the vengeful claws of Austria feel,  
And the Great Devil is rending toe and heel.‡  
If happiness you seek, to tell you truly,  
We think she dwells with one Giovanni Bulli;  
A tramontane, a heretic, the buck,  
Poffaredio! still has all the luck;  
By land or ocean, never strikes his flag—  
And then—a perfect walking money-bag."  
Off set our prince to seek John Bull's abode,  
But first took France—it lay upon the road.

Monsieur Baboon, after much late commotion,  
Was agitated like a settling ocean,  
Quite out of sorts, and could not tell what  
ail'd him,

Only the glory of his house had fail'd him;  
Besides, some tumours on his noddle biding,  
Gave indication of a recent hideing.||  
Our prince, though Sultauns of such things  
are heedless,

Thought it a thing indelicate and needless  
To ask, if at that moment he was happy.

And Monsieur, seeing that he was *comme il  
faut*, a

Loud voice mustered up for "Vive le Roi!"  
Then whisper'd, "Ave you any news of  
Nappy?"

The Sultaun answered him with a cross-ques-  
tion:—

\* Master of the vessel.

† The well-known resemblance of Italy in the map.

‡ Florence, Venice, &c.

§ The Calabrias, infested by bands of assassins. One of the leaders was called Fra Diavolo.

i. e. Brother Devil.

|| Or drubbing, so called in the Slang Dictionary.

" Pray can you tell me aught of one John Bull,

That dwells somewhere beyond your herring-pool ?"

The query seem'd of difficult digestion,  
He shrugg'd, and grinn'd, and took his snuff;  
And found his whole good breeding scarce enough.

Twitching his visage into as many puckers  
As damsels wont to put into their tuckers  
Ere liberal fashion damn'd both lace and lawn,

And bade the veil of modesty be drawn,—  
Replied the Frenchman, after a brief pause,  
" Jean Bool!—I vas not know him—yes, I vas—

I vas remember dat von year or two,  
I saw him at von place called Vaterloo—  
Ma foi ! il s'est tres joliment battu,  
Dat is for Englishman,—m' entendez vous ?  
But den he had wit him one damn son-gun,  
Rogue I no like—dey call him Vellington."  
Monsieur's politeness could not hide his fret,  
So Solimaun took leave and cross'd the streight.

John Bull was in his very worst of moods,  
Raving of sterile farms, and unsold goods ;  
His sugar-loaves and bales about he threw,  
And on his counter beat the Devil's tattoo.  
His wars were ended, and the victory won,  
But then, 'twas reckoning-day with honest John,

And authors vouch 'twas still this worthy's way,

" Never to grumble till he came to pay ;  
And then, he always thinks, his temper's such,  
The work too little, and the pay too much."\*

Yet, grumbler as he is, so kind and hearty,  
That when his mortal foe was on the floor,  
And past the power to harm his quiet more,

Poor John had well nigh wept for Bonaparté !

Such was the wight when Solimaun salam'd,—  
" And who are you," John answered, " and be d—d ?"

" A stranger, come to see the happiest man—  
So, Seignior, all avouch—in Frangistan."†

" Happy ! my tenants breaking on my hand,  
Unstock'd my pastures, and untill'd my land;  
Sugar and rum a drug, and mice and moths  
The sole consumers of my good broad-cloths—

Happy ! why cursed war and racking tax  
Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs."

" In that case, Seignior, I may take my leave ;  
I came to ask a favour—but I grieve!"—

" Favour !" said John, and eyed the Sultaun hard,

" Its my belief you came to break the yard—  
But, stay, you look like some poor foreign sinner ;

Take that, to buy yourself a shirt and dinner."  
With that he chuck'd a guinea at his head ;

But, with due dignity, the Sultaun said :

" Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline ;  
A shirt indeed I seek, but none of thine.  
Seignior, I kiss your hands, so fare you well."  
And John said, " Kiss my breech and go to hell !"

Next door to John there dwelt his sister Peg,  
Once a wild lass as ever shook a leg  
When the blithe bagpipe blew ; but soberer now,

She doucely-span her flax, and milk'd her cow.  
And whereas erst she was a needy slattern,  
Nor now of wealth or cleanliness a pattern,  
Yet once a-month her house was partly swept,  
And once a-week a plenteous board she kept.

And whereas eke the vixen used her claws,  
And teeth, of yore, on slender provocation,

She now was grown amenable to laws,  
A quiet soul as any in the nation ;

The sole remembrance of her warlike joys  
Was in old songs she sang to please her boys.

John Bull, whom, in their years of early strife,  
She wont to lead a cat-and-doggish life,  
Now found the woman, as he said, a neighbour,  
Who look'd to the main chance, declined no labour,

Loved a long grace, and spoke a northern jargon,

And was d—d close in making of a bargain.

The Sultaun enter'd, and he made his leg,  
And with decorum curtsied sister Peg ;

(She loved a book, and knew a thing or two,  
And guess'd at once with whom she had to do)  
She bade him " sit into the fire," and took

Her dram, her cake, her kebbock, from the nook ;

Asked him " about the news from eastern parts ;  
And of her absent bairns, puir Highland hearts !  
If peace brought down the price of tea and pepper,

\* See the *True-born Englishman*, by Daniel De Foe. † Europe.

And if the nitmugs were grown ony cheaper; Hard was his lot and lodging you'll allow,  
 Were there nae speerings of our Mungo Park; A wigwam that would hardly serve a sow;  
 Ye'll be the gentleman that wants the sark? His landlord, and of middlemen two brace,  
 If ye wad buy a web o' auld wife's spinning, Had screw'd his rent up—to the starving place;  
 I'll warrant ye it's a weel-wearing linen." His garment was a top-coat, and an old one,  
 His meal was a potatoe, and a cold one;  
 But still for fun or frolic, and all that,  
 In the round world was not the match of Pat.

Then up got Peg, and round the house 'gan  
 scuttle,  
 In search of goods, her customer to nail,  
 Until the Sultaun strain'd his princely throttle,  
 And hollowed, "Ma'am, that is not what I  
 ail.  
 Pray are you happy, ma'am, in this snug glen?"  
 "Happy!" said Peg, "What for d'ye want to  
 ken?  
 Besides, just think upon this by-gane year,  
 Grain wadna pay the yoking o' the plough."  
 "What say you to the present?"—"Meal's  
 sae dear,  
 To make their brose my bairns have scarce  
 aneugh."  
 "The devil take the shirt," said Solimaun,  
 "I think my quest will end as it began.  
 Farewell, ma'am; nay, no ceremony, I beg"—  
 "Ye'll no be for the linen then?" said Peg.

Now for the land of verdant Erin  
 The Sultaun's royal bark is steering,  
 The emerald isle, where honest Paddy dwells,  
 The cousin of John Bull, as story tells.  
 For a long space had John, with words of thun-  
 der,  
 Hard looks, and harder knocks, kept Paddy  
 under,  
 Till the poor lad, like boy that's flogg'd unduly,  
 Had gotten somewhat restive and unruly.

The Sultaun saw him on a holiday,  
 Which is with Paddy still a jolly day:  
 When mass is ended, and his load of sins  
 Confess'd, and Mother Church hath from her  
 bins  
 Dealt forth a bonus of imputed merit,  
 Then is Pat's time for fancy, whim, and  
 spirit;  
 To jest, to sing, to caper fair and free,  
 And dance as light as leaf upon the tree!  
 "By Mahomet," said Sultaun Solimaun,  
 "That ragged fellow is our very man!  
 Rush in and seize him—do not do him hurt,  
 But, will he nill he, let me have his shirt!"

Shillela their plan was well nigh after baulking,  
 (Much less provocation will set it a-walking.)  
 But the odds that foil'd Hercules foil'd Paddy  
 Whack;  
 They seiz'd, and they floor'd, and they stripp'd  
 him—Alack!  
 Ub-bubboo! Paddy had not—a shirt to his  
 back!!!  
 And the king, disappointed, with sorrow and  
 shame,  
 Went back to Serindib as sad as he came.

## THE PEREGRINATIONS OF SHOLTO SHULADA.

(Continued from page 156.)

### CANTO THE SECOND.

Why should I dread the critic's nod,  
 Or shrink from surly satire's rod?  
 My simple tale has different aims,  
 From such as criticism claims:  
 I would not light dissension's brand,  
 To scorch and desolate the land;  
 No kindling joy my soul could own,  
 To hurl a monarch from his throne;  
 To make the worthless little—great,  
 And hail the downfall of a state;  
 Nor would I seek to undermine  
 With blasphemy, the sacred shrine

Of pure religion; nor its laws  
 Subvert, to gain the vile applause  
 Of heartless mobs, whose murderous mood  
 Delights in rapine, lust, and blood,  
 The peaceful hamlet to assail,  
 And drive contentment from the vale;  
 To break the holy bonds that bind  
 The morals pure, the taste refined,  
 And virtue in the youthful mind.  
 To gain this honorable end,  
 Too many lyric labours tend;



And bards, whose writings justly claim  
The meed of everlasting fame,  
Grown giddy with the world's applause,  
Disclaim obedience to the laws  
Of Truth and Reason—God and Man ;  
Their fabrics build on Folly's plan,  
And in a dreary desert waste  
The seeds of genius and of taste ;  
Which, scatter'd o'er a genial soil,  
Would well repay their hallow'd toil :  
Nor deem they, while (with magic glow,)  
Their numbers charm, as soft they flow,  
How many in the thoughtless throng,  
That move life's weary waste along ;  
The ardent youth, the blooming maid,  
By arts like these, have been betray'd.  
Better had bounteous Heav'n denied  
Talent,—when this 'tis misapplied !

Be mine the task, in humbler strain,  
To follow in the Muse's train ;  
And while I trace the devious track,  
Let me not tremble to look back ;  
Then, if I reach Parnassian height,  
What varied beauties meet my sight !  
Nature and all her stores reveal'd,  
Nought from my ravished sight conceal'd ;  
While soft conviction shall impart  
This blessing to my grateful heart ;  
That, o'er the glowing scene, I ne'er  
For Virtue spread the artful snare ;  
Nor sought with poisons, well refined,  
To canker and corrupt the mind ;  
So, to my efforts shall be given,  
The sanction of approving Heaven !

From cloud to cloud as lightning flies,  
With magic swiftness thro' the skies ;  
So Redmond's bridal spread around  
The joyful tidings welcome found ;  
And while the busy rumour ran  
From cot to cot, from clan to clan ;  
Forth from the hill, and sheep-clad dale,  
And furrow'd dell, and sunny vale,  
The motley crowd attain the beach,  
Eager in Nature's simple speech  
To prophecy that Redmond's choice  
Should cause their vallies to rejoice ;  
She thank'd their zeal with downcast eyes,  
While shouts ascended to the skies ;  
But Redmond *weightier* methods used,  
And freely gave what none refused ;

Some swore they'd spend the Spanish  
chink,

Their good young *master's* health to drink ;  
While others, with expressive leer,  
Wished Inis safely thro' the year !

There is a truth, both you and I know,  
That nought so soon as ready rhino  
Will Virtue of its birth-right rob,  
Or gain the suffrage of the mob ;  
But here 'twas plyed with equal force,  
To check enthusiasm's course :  
In Nature's laws was Redmond vers'd,  
For soon he saw the crowd dispers'd  
In various groups to different places,  
With happy hearts and merry faces ;  
Here *sans-culotted* macaronies  
Would stop to chat with neighb'ring cronies ;  
And rosy, ruddy, hare-legg'd beauty,  
Would claim the youthful herdsman's duty,  
To lead the fair, with anxious look,  
O'er stepping stones across the brook ;  
With rural tale the way beguile,  
And lift the lass o'er every stile ;  
Till at the well known sign they stare,  
Of pendent bottle pois'd in air ;\*  
Where crowds from different hamlets stop  
To close the evening with a hop !  
Yet oft such merry meeting leads  
To bridal vows—or broken heads !  
And when the hot blood swells each vein,  
Unhallow'd love will sometimes reign.  
But let me draw oblivion's veil  
O'er scenes that Virtue's throne assail,  
And learn what fortune may betide  
Young Redmond and his blooming bride !

Far from the town, a snug retreat  
Was call'd Shulada's Country Seat ;  
Thither the lovers bent their way  
On palfreys—deck'd with trappings gay ;  
That, proudly prancing, paw'd the earth,  
As conscious of their rider's worth.  
As Redmond rode, on either side  
Were placed his mother and his bride ;  
Three servants and a fav'rite maid  
Fill'd up this happy cavalcade ;  
For old Shulada—though his heart  
But ill could brook so soon to part  
From *one*, the source of all his joy,—  
His proudest hope—his only *boy* :—  
Yet, long inured to traffic, he  
Resolv'd to stay behind—and see

\* The usual sign of the road-side dram shop, or sheeben-house, in the province of Connaught.

The bark her freighted treasure yield,  
 So long from curious eye conceal'd :  
 The seamen soon the well-pack'd store  
 Conveyed in boats from ship to shore ;  
 Which, warehoused by the ready crane,  
 Insured Shulada's future gain.  
 The mariners, from labour free,  
 Resigned themselves to revelry ;  
 While, mounted on his faithful horse,  
 Alone Shulada shapes his course  
 By mountain-pass, o'er gushing stream,  
 Thro' tangled woods, where sunny beam  
 Ne'er pierc'd the canopy that's spread,  
 Of mingling leaf and branch, o'er head :  
 Where circling wheel had never roll'd,  
 And silence lords it uncontrouled.  
 While gloom and solitude pervade  
 The soul, the glad eye greets a glade,  
 That, through the op'ning branches seen,  
 Presents a bosom clothed in green ;  
 A stream, that winds in merry maze,  
 Along its painted margin plays ;  
 Till (barr'd by an obstructing ridge  
 Of beetling rock, which bears a bridge  
 Of fallen trees—by Nature's hand  
 Thrown careless o'er the stream from land ;)   
 That stream its gentle mood forgets,  
 Nor brooks restraint, but fumes and frets,  
 And foaming seeks the deep profound,  
 From crag to crag, with stunning sound ;  
 But soon its giant force is spent,  
 And in the river's limits pent,  
 Where nought its sparkling waves propel,  
 It seeks the dark and wood-crown'd dell ;  
 And to the shady shelter creeps,  
 And in its spacious bosom sleeps.  
 While no rude rocks its slumbers break,  
 It shines a sylvan fairy lake.

A modern mansion, snug and warm,  
 And built in castellated form,  
 With towers, and gates, and draw-bridge  
 wide,

A symbol of ancestral pride,  
 Shulada rear'd above the flood,  
 And, half embowered in the wood ;  
 Upon the embrasures were seen  
 Brass patereroes, bright and clean ;  
 And oft, within the leafy shade,  
 O'er all,—a flag its folds displayed.  
 This warlike show accorded ill  
 With old Shulada's trading skill ;  
 But such display, he hoped, would tend  
 To cheer a relative and friend ;  
 His spouse's brother, who within  
 His walls had always welcome been ;

And having ceased (at last) to roam,  
 Had found for years, that house, his home.  
 Of noble Scottish lineage famed,  
 And Sholto Balmerino named ;  
 His grandsire suffered in the cause  
 Of Caledonia's trampled laws ;  
 When conquest spoke with venom'd breath,  
 And confiscation followed death ;  
 The youthful Sholto, with his sire  
 And infant sister, fled the ire  
 That would exterminate his race,  
 And sought in Spain a hiding-place : —  
 But grief soon placed in early tomb  
 The sire—and sealed his orphan's doom.  
 Shulada's father, pitying, saw  
 The victims of oppression's law ;  
 And to his fostering bosom took  
 The female innocent, whose look,  
 Tho' silent, spoke ; while angel grace  
 Seemed seated in her cherub face :  
 She grew, in beauty's charms arrayed,  
 A sweetly fascinating maid.  
 When young Shulada felt love's smart,  
 And owned her mistress of his heart ;  
 His father, pleased the flame to view,  
 Cementing hearts he loved so true,  
 Tho' on the couch of sickness placed,  
 With smiles the happy union graced ;  
 He bless'd them with his parting breath,  
 And found an ecstasy in death.  
 When Spain by civil broil was shook,  
 The weaker side Shulada took ;  
 The issue of the fatal field,  
 The muse already hath revealed.

The glowing flame of martial fire,  
 The soul-inspiring, fond desire  
 To gain a gallant name in arms,  
 For Sholto's orphan'd ear had charms ;  
 When doom'd to mourn his father's fate,  
 (The victim of tyrannic hate,)   
 He scarce had reach'd his fifteenth year,  
 Yet his brave heart ne'er knew a fear ;  
 Born in a camp, his dawn of life  
 Was passed in battle, noise, and strife ;  
 He first reposed his infant head  
 Upon the blooming heather-bed, }  
 O'er which the veil of Heav'n was spread ; }  
 His warrior nurse, with faithful care,  
 First fed him with the soldier's fare ;  
 And all his childish sports and toys,  
 Were rattling drums' and trumpets' noise.  
 Of home and ancient rights bereft,  
 His sire no patrimony left ;  
 But, dying, gave the ardent youth  
 His faithful steel, and spotless truth ;

He press'd his fainting father's hand,  
Then dropt a tear upon the brand;  
The sparkling gem in secret stole,  
Deep from the fountain of his soul;  
Yet while it glist'ning graced his eye,  
His bosom heaved a bursting sigh;  
Oh, sure the sighs of filial love,  
A sacred offering must prove;  
And ne'er shall balmier breeze be giv'n  
To waft a parent's soul to Heav'n.  
'Twere vain to trace the warrior's course,  
His combats with prepond'ring force;  
His lot the rapid stream to swim,  
With loss, of baggage,—or of limb!  
While o'er the slaughter'd heap he mounts,  
Nor e'er encircling dangers counts;  
Anxious to gain the gaping breach,  
The waving standard proud to reach;  
Though Death alone can loose the grasp  
That holds the banner in its clasp.  
Nor shall I paint the city sacked,  
Where ev'ry step by Rapine's track'd:  
The ear assailed with piercing cries,  
While helpless beauty vainly flies;  
As fury, lust, and madness reign,  
And all the soldier's laurels stain.  
The warrior's boast of well-fought wars,  
His rich reward of num'rous scars;  
While Valour's wreath bedecks his brows,  
His tale of love, or deep carouse,  
Sholto will tell—I dare engage,  
For ever garrulous is age.  
'Tis now enough,—no more he'll roam,  
For, shelter'd in a sister's home,  
The vet'ran, tired of noise and strife,  
Now spends the remnant of his life;  
Yet still delights,—as through the hall  
On wooden leg he stumps—to call  
The willing servants round—to hear  
The tale of many a former year;  
And oft their ready aid he'll claim,  
'To make his brazen batt'ry flame;  
And while thro' all the woodland round,  
Sweet Echo spreads the thund'ring sound,  
His thoughts in happy visions play,  
And Sholto shakes his years away.

'Twas thus, when thro' the darkling shade  
Appear'd the happy cavalcade;  
And while they by the river wound,  
And reach'd the lake's most distant bound;

The sigh; old Sholto's bosom warm'd,  
And straight his liv'ried troops are armed;  
And at the well-known sign, discharge  
The patereroes, small and large;  
This grand salute was fired—in sooth,  
In honour of his fav'rite youth;  
And while he on the draw-bridge stands,  
To greet the pair, with outstretch'd hands;  
You might the tear of love descry,  
Stand trembling in his aged eye.  
“Redmond, I give thee joy,”—he cried,  
“And welcome to thy lovely bride;  
Upon my life a comely pair,  
And worthy to beget an heir  
For all my brother's hills and dales,  
And rivers, woods, and flowery vales;  
What say you, lass?—I'll lay my head,  
That e'er nine fleeting months are sped,  
A chubby boy will bless your vows,  
And seal the transport of your spouse;  
A godsire's care is all I claim,  
And pray let Sholto be his name?”

How swiftly fly the happy hours  
That lovers pass in shady bow'rs;  
Or when, beneath the spangled sky,  
While gentle breezes softly sigh,  
They wander by the bubbling stream  
That glitters with the moonlight beam;  
While vows of love, and passion warm,  
Tho' often told—for ever charm;  
Till Time with fatal scythe appears  
To crop their charms,—and steal their years.

Thus Redmond and his bride were bless'd,  
To all endear'd—by all caress'd;  
Yet happiest, when they fondly stray'd  
By moonlight, through the greenwood shade;  
And oft the mazy path they'd take,  
That open'd on the silv'ry lake;  
Unknown to cities' arts and wiles,  
They lived but in each other's smiles:  
And as they wound the woodland way,  
Young Redmond thus in tender lay,  
The ardent passion would impart,  
That burn'd within his glowing heart.

The plaintive bird, that fills the grove,  
Each lover's sympathy must claim;  
For ever warbling notes of love,  
That sweetly sound, like “*Je vous aime!*”\*

\* P. Bougeant, in his *Language des Bêtes*, fancies that your birds, who continually repeat the same note, only say in plain terms, “*Je vous aime, ma chere,*”—“*ma chere, je*



The faithful turtles swell their throats,  
Nor wand'ring seek the flights of fame;  
Content to hear each other's notes,  
That soothe the burthen "Je vous aime!"

Could angel songs reach mortal ear,  
The seraph sounds would be the same;  
And floating spirits would appear,  
To fill the Heav'n's with "Je vous aime!"

Gladly I'll join the tuneful choir,  
To keep thy heart is all my aim;  
Then while I gently touch the lyre,  
Responsive whisper, "Je vous aime!"

And then would Redmond fondly sip  
The honied nectar of her lip;  
Her head upon his shoulder hung,  
And silent was her witching tongue;  
But oh! there dwells in woman's sigh,  
In ev'ry beam of woman's eye,  
A language with expression fraught,  
More powerful than e'er was taught  
By sweetest bard of olden time,  
That floated thro' the realms of rhyme.  
Breathes there a man so cold of heart,  
Who ne'er has felt a lover's smart;  
Let Inis' eye in silence speak,  
Her ruby lip impress his cheek;  
Or let him lead her thro' the grove,  
When midnight moon-beams light to love;  
And if he feels not all the fire  
That warms the heart with chaste desire;  
Oh let him to some desert roam,  
Where Love disdains to seek a home;  
His aid I claim not,—and my verse  
I'd ne'er to icy souls rehearse;  
But when the streaming eye o'erflows  
With sympathy for other's woes;  
Or when I find the heart elate  
With joy at happy lovers' fate;  
Gladly on wedded truth I'll dwell,  
Of Inis' happy days I'll tell;  
Till far within the rounded space  
That Time performs his annual race,

An infant graced her folded arms,  
And added to his mother's charms;  
The cherub smiled,—and Redmond's joy  
Was boundless, when he clasp'd his boy.  
There is a bliss which few can paint,  
For all the pow'r of words is faint  
To shew the father's brow o'ercast,  
Until the hour of doubt is past;  
With panting heart,—with eager ears,  
The glad some notes of joy he hears;  
Kind Heav'n has heard his ardent pray'r  
His chiefest joy on earth to spare,  
And bless his wishes with an heir!

'Twas in the spring, and (all around,)  
Kind Nature seem'd to hail the sound;  
The finny tenants of the flood,  
The playful warblers of the wood,  
Shook off their winter's load of grief;  
And budding flow'r, and spreading leaf,  
That basked in Phœbus' genial rays,  
In silent sweetness seem'd to praise  
The kind, the bounteous hand that gives  
The soul of life to all that lives;  
And Sholto Balmerino felt  
His tough old heart with rapture melt;  
He wiped the tear that fain would start  
To tell the secret of his heart;  
And strongly urg'd his former claim,  
To give the infant heir a name:  
His claim the happy pair approved,  
For well was Balmerino loved:  
With pious zeal and ardour warm'd,  
The holy priest the rites perform'd;  
The blessed drops that sprinkling fell,  
Sealed on his brow a mystic spell,  
And stamp'd the smiling infant's right  
To Christian's hope of life and light;  
And as the name old Sholto bawl'd,  
Sholto Shulada he was call'd!  
The ceremony at a close,  
The smiling infant needs repose;  
And many of my readers too,  
May have the same relief in view;  
Therefore to one and all—adieu!  
"What more the hero of my tale befall,"—  
Anon the willing muse will tell.

---

vous aime,"—and that those of greater genius, with various trills indeed, only run division upon the same subject; but that the "*fond*" from whence it all proceeds, is *toujours* "*je vous aime*."

## ANACREONTIC.

Give me roses, give me wine,  
 Give my sweet lyre and sweeter girl —  
 There's nothing else on earth divine,  
 For what is gold—or what is pearl?  
 Ambition what? what fame or pow'r?—  
 What is the victor's laurel-meed?—  
 The shadowy glories of an hour—  
 What is a sceptre?—'tis a reed.—  
 Fling me beneath some blossomy shade,  
 There the red vine-juice let me quaff,  
 There sweep my harp and kiss my maid,  
 And at life's cares and crosses laugh.—  
 For what is purple? what is pall?—  
 What pomp or pride, but phantom'd fleetness?—  
 One bowl of wine is worth them all,—  
 One kiss of Sappho's has more sweetness.—  
 What is the proud and pillar'd dome  
 The work and wonder of an age?—  
 Of splendid cares 'tis but the home,—  
 Give me the ivied hermitage.  
 Embower'd within a myrtle grove,  
 A sweet stream murmuring by the door;—  
 There give me roses, wine and love,  
 And mirth, and music, and—no MORE.

J. B. CLARKE.

Mr. EDITOR,

I beg leave to transmit to you the following curious copy of verses, taken from an ancient MS. entitled,

## SERPENTINI VERSUS DE CHRISTO.

Pendent	Chri	stud	memo	dolo
is	sti	cas	rare	rem
Demon	infe	ut val	supe	furo
Pecca	sati	genera	crim	morte
tor	ens	vit	ine	m;
Salva	mori	repara	sangu	vita
Qu	ang	di	tri cum	fune stra
os	uis	rus	sti	re vit,
H	sang	mi	Chri de vulne	la

Φιλομαθης.

We think that there must have been some mistake in the *original* MS., we have therefore taken the liberty of reading *sati* instead of *mori* in line 3d, and *cum* instead of *de* in line the 5th.—EDITOR.

We must beg the indulgence of our fair readers for the non-insertion of the FASHIONS.—We contracted, at a heavy expense, with a London Editor, who undertook to supply us with the article, but has not completed his promise.

We comply with the suggestion of our friends, and omit the foreign and domestic intelligence; the articles ranking under those heads being already before the public, through the medium of the newspapers.—EDITOR.

THE  
**Dublin Magazine;**

OR,

GENERAL REPERTORY

OF

**PHILOSOPHY, BELLES-LETTRES,**

AND

MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION.

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[No. IV.

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Εἰς τὰ τετρα καὶ χηστία.

LUCI.



HISTORY OF THE WESTERN ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND,

*From MACCULLOCH's Western Isles, Vol. 1: 178.*

There are some circumstances in the population of Lewis connected with the ancient History of these islands; which are not to be observed elsewhere among them, nor perhaps any where so distinctly throughout the Highlands. A few remarks on these may not be unamusing to the reader, who can scarcely fail to have acquired some interest in the general history of the Western Islands, independant of that which arises from their physical structure.

Numerous fishing boats are generally to be seen about the Butt, manned each by nine men rowing eight oars in double banks, a practise no where else to be observed. The people themselves are also strikingly dissimilar to the general population of the islands; preserving their unmix'd Danish blood in as great purity at least as the inhabitants of Shetland: and probably with much of the



manners and appearance of the times when this country was an integrant part of the Norwegian Kingdom. They constitute even now an independant colony among their neighbours, who still consider them as a distinct people, and almost view them in the light of foreigners. The district which they possess is by far the most fertile and valuable part of the island, and they occupy it in the ancient slovenly system of joint tenantry. They are reputed industrious fishermen, but they only fish for their own consumption; appearing to abound in food, as they are all fat and ruddy. They possess almost universally the blue eye and sanguine complexion of their original ancestors, and with their long matted hair never profaned by comb or scissars, cannot be distinguished from the present race as we still meet them manning the Northern ships. Notwithstanding their rude aspect and uncouth dress, they are mild in manners, and are esteemed acute and intelligent. It is perhaps a remarkable circumstance that they retain no peculiar traces of the Northern tongue; and indeed that throughout a country half peopled by the descendants of Norwegians, and when almost every local name is of Northern origin, so few remains of the language should now be found. In this instance at least, the existing language offers no clue for tracing the revolutions of tribes, whatever lights may be derived from topographic appellations.

From whatever source these islands were originally peopled, and under whatever barbarous form of Government their scanty population existed during the period in which the Romans held Britain, it is known that they were subjected to the piratical incursions of the Norwegian rovers during the eighth century. It is probable that in the time of those incursions, settlements were formed, and some of those names imposed which still continue to predominate among the islands. Little certain information can however be procured respecting these invasions till towards the end of the 9th century, the period of the conquest of Harold Harfagre, and the subsequent revolt of Ketil; under whose sway a Norwegian Government was consolidated in the Western Islands. The new kingdom of Man, which immediately succeeded, absorbed within itself the whole of them; yet some obscurity hangs over the nature and extent of this sovereignty, as it appears, that although during the whole of this period they were subject to the kingdom of Norway, and were under the immediate command of Lieutenants

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sent from that country, they paid tribute to the Earls of Caithness and Orkney. Antiquaries have vainly endeavoured to throw a light on the obscurity of these times; but in truth the elucidation of the exploits of these roving freebooters, unless it may be supposed to derive some merit from its difficulty, seems as little interesting as the history of those who now roam through the Islands of the Pacific Ocean, brandishing the wooden spear and the war club. A gleam of light appears on the arrival of Magnus, the bare-footed, who being called to the assistance of Donaldbane about the end of the eleventh century, conquered and laid waste the islands, consolidating his dominion over them and adding to it the Peninsula of Cantyre. Between this period and the time of the battle of Largs, fatal to the Norwegian power in Scotland, they seem to have remained under the dominion of Norway, nominal at least if not real; since on several occasions it appears that its lieutenants or viceroys assumed the kingly title, and either renounced their allegiance altogether, or sought protection from England or from Scotland, as the politics of those days, not less intricate, if less important, than those of our own, might vary. The battle of Largs fought in 1263, terminated in the concession of all the Norwegian possessions in Scotland to Alexander the III<sup>d</sup> who thus acquired by treaty that which his predecessors had hitherto been unable to conquer or retain.

It is perhaps to a subsequent period that we must look for the introduction of the present language and the disappearance of the Scandinavian, if indeed it be at all capable of proof that the language of the aboriginal settlers was not the same Celtic as that spoken by the Irish and the Highlanders; the present Gaelic dialect. If this should be admitted, the difficulty of accounting for the loss of the Scandinavian is removed; since it is easy to imagine that the temporary and partial settlement of the country by the Norwegians had failed to produce a permanent or marked change in the language; and that the descendants of these conquerors, being the minor portion of the population, conformed in course of time, as the Normans did in England, to the prevailing tongue. The existence of local names of Northern origin is compatible with this supposition. But I am aware that this is delicate ground, and that formidable antiquaries, who imagine that they have traced the migration of the Scoto-Irish and the more

recent establishment of their dialect, to later periods, are in array against this supposition.

The History of the Islands which follows the period of their cession to Scotland is better known and more popular; since it contains the rise of the great chieftains who so often resisted the authority and troubled the repose of the Scottish Monarchy, and whose descendants are still the heads of clans not long deprived of their independance. The Macdougals and the Macdonald were the original chieftains who, by immediate descent from the Thane of Argyll and the king of Man, divided the whole of the Isles between them, the Northern becoming the kingdom of the Macdougals, and the Southern that of the Macdonalds. For nearly a century, the history of these barbarous chieftains and their descendants is unknown, although there is sufficient evidence of their independance of the Scottish crown, at that time feeble and fully employed in maintaining itself both in foreign wars and against the encroachments of its own subjects. The war 1335 is marked by the open defection of John, Lord of the Isles, who with some of his immediate ancestors is also known by the title of the Earl of Ross. The independance of this petty prince, is proved by the record of a treaty formed with Henry IV. and by the subsequent unsuccessful invasion of the North of Scotland by Donald his brother. During the remainder of the reign of James I. and that of James II. inroads of the same predatory and barbarous nature were frequently renewed, and with various success; being always attended with atrocities of the most cruel description. On a subsequent occasion we again find the Court of England in treaty with the Lord of the Isles for his assistance in the conquest of Scotland, but this alliance was annulled by the change which took place in the policy of Edward IV. with regard to James III. the reigning Scottish monarch. James thus at leisure, directed his attention to the conquest of this troublesome and rebellious subject, and in consequence of the submission of the Earl of Ross, he was reinvested with the Lordship of the Isles, but on condition of feudal acknowledgment and service. The period which follows this, presents a continued renewal of insurrection and rebellion, or of quarrels and battles among the petty chiefs, who appear to have acquired at this time a sort of separte independance, the origin, or the counterpart at least, of those family feuds that occupied the



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Highlands in general to a late period. These produced a state of perpetual war between various little kings ; each of whom, supreme in his own territory, scarcely acknowledged the power of the sovereign who ruled the kingdom. The voyage of James V. through the islands produced a temporary tranquillity ; and the examples then made of several chieftains, whose names are on record, prove that the number of these independant sovereigns had considerably multiplied since the grant made by James the III. to the Lord of the Isles. That tranquillity soon ceased. After the death of James, fresh rebellions and a renewed state of anarchy arose, while the piracies and depredations of these ferocious people rendered them the terror both of Ireland and of the neighbouring coasts of Scotland. During these troubles the power of the Campbells, employed by the policy of the times against the chieftains, rose on their ruin ; and among other deprivations, Isla was taken from the Macdonalds and granted by James the VI. to Sir John Campbell of Calder.

The history of the commonwealth, and that of the reign of William III. still however show, that the same turbulence and the same notion of independance continued to prevail among the clans ; but it is unnecessary to protract their history to a later date, as the termination of their independance and their reduction under the legitimate power of government have passed almost in our own times.

Such was the system that produced the feuds, the battles, and the massacres, of which every bay, and every cave still furnish some traditions. Yet there are those who can look back with complacence to a history abounding with the most outrageous acts of cruelty ; to a system compounded of tyranny and slavery to perpetual war and famine and desolation ; to the absence of all the arts, the habits and the feelings of civilized life ; the contempt of laws, and the most profound ignorance of all which distinguishes an European from a Cherokee. A change of terms is often the test of truth, and in recollecting the realities of Indian warfare, the pleasing dreams in which we are apt to contemplate the feudal Highland government, evaporate,

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## LOCH SCAVIG IN THE ISLE OF SKIE,

*From the Same.*

The cliffs rise but little from Loch Brittle to the entrance of Loch Scavig, where the coast assumes a new character, the declivities of the hills reaching the sea at a considerable angle, and and without intervening cliffs—The scenes which here occur are as remarkable for their difference of character from the preceding as for their grandeur; nor must they be passed without notice though it is impossible to convey any idea of this spot which before my visit had never been seen by a stranger, and was indeed known to few even of the inhabitants of Sky. Scarcely any but the Shepherds had trod these sequestered retreats, the dwelling of clouds and solitude; fit haunts for the poetical deamons of the storm.\*

\* I have on a former occasion described the nautical circumstances under which I did not reach Barra Head: it will not be useless to describe those under which I accomplished the first visit to Loch Scavig. The itinerary of a traveller is of advantage to his successors, while a single anecdote is often more characteristic of a people than a laboured description.

The expedition was to proceed from Gillan, on the west side of Sleat; and, as a Highland boat is not soon set in motion, the crew was bespoke on the preceding evening. It was in vain that the orders were given for six in the morning. The men were not collected till nine—a Highlander being seldom ready, even for the harvest-field, before ten o'clock. After the ordinary useless discussions, we proceeded to the beach; but the tide had ebbed, and the boat was dry. It could not be launched without further assistance. Before the requisite assistance was procured an hour had elapsed. Being at length launched, it was discovered that out of the four oars required only one was present. It was necessary to procure the complement from a neighbouring village, and this was scarcely accomplished in another hour. Some hopes at last appeared that the day would not elapse in preparations, but of the pins required for rowing, only two could be found swimming in the water, which filled half the boat. Sky not being a land of wood, some time passed before this little but indispensable requisite could be obtained for which the teeth of a harrow were at length procured. We were now fortunately under way, the first stroke of the oar had been given when an unlucky breeze springing up, one of the crew proposed that we should return for a sail. It was in vain to oppose this motion, too favourable to the natural indolence of this people, although it was not easy to conjecture how a sail was to be rigged on a boat which had neither step for a mast nor provision for a rudder. It was wrong to wonder at the latter defect as the use of this contrivance is quite unknown in many parts of these Islands. In less than two hours the trunk of birch tree was procured, which being fastened to one of the thwarts with some twine, was converted into a mast worthy of the first navigator. A broomstick, secured to this mast, in a similar manner, formed the yard, and

Loch Scavig is inaccessible on the north side, and equally so on the south to all but the active mountaineer. The traveller whose object is picturesque beauty, should enter it from Shathair. In this direction the view from sea is extremely fine, the dark ridge of the Cuchullin, with all its spiry and serrated projections, flanked by the equally dark and lofty ridge of Blaven forming a varied and rugged outline on the sky. On entering the bay these summits disappear as they retire below the high skirts of the hills, which descend into the sea varied by projecting points and rocky islets, and surrounding the spectator with a continuous surface of bare and brown rock scarcely presenting a symptom of vegetation. The falling of a cascade, the deep dark green of the water, and the wheeling flight of the sea birds that frequent this retired spot are the only objects which vary the uniformity of colour, and of character it every where displays. On landing similar scenes meet the eye in every direction, no intruding object occurring to diminish the effect produced by the gloomy grandeur and savage aspect of the place.

Passing the river which runs foaming over a sheet of smooth rock into the sea, a long valley suddenly opens on the view, enclosing the beautiful lake Cornisk, on the black surface of which a few Islands covered with grass appear with the vividness of emeralds amid the total absence of vegetable green, on every side the bare rocky acclivities of the mountains rise around, their serrated edges darkly projected on the blue sky, or entangled in the clouds which so often hover over this region of silence and repose. At all seasons and at all times of the day darkness seems to rest on its further extremity :

the sail was composed of a pair of blankets pinned together by wooden skewers and fastened to the broomstick by the same means. The want of sheet and tack was supplied by a pair of scarlet garters which one of the men stripped from his chequered stockings, and thus a ship was at length generated, not much unlike those of the heroic ages of which memorials are still existing in the sculptures of Jona. It was two o'clock before this rigging was perfected and we were ready for sea.

The want of a rudder being supplied by an oar, and the sail unable to stand near the wind, we made no way except to leeward, and there was a prospect of reaching Rùm instead of Scavig; neither arguments nor authority being of the least avail with a people who, in spite of their practice are utterly ignorant of the properties or management of a boat. On a sudden a fortunate squall unshipped the helm brought the sail a-back, and the whole apparatus, too feeble to upset the boat, was carried overboard. We reached our destination when we should have been returning, and passed the greater part of the night at sea.



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a gloom in which the eye, discerning but obscurely the forms of objects, pictures to itself imaginary recesses and at a distance still unterminated. A remarkable contrast is hence produced in viewing alternately the two extremities from any central point. The entrance, less obstructed by mountains, presents the effect of morning rising illuminate the depths of the opposite extremity, which appears as if perpetually involved in the shadows of night.

\* Silence and Solitude seem for ever to reign amid the fearful stillness and the absolute vacuity around: at every moment the spectator is inclined to hush his footsteps and suspend his breath to listen for some sound which may recall the idea of life or of motion. If the fall of a cascade is by chance heard, it serves by its faint and interrupted noise to remind him of its distance, and of the magnitude of the mountain boundary; which, though comprehended by a glance of the eye, and as if within reach of the hand, is every where too remote to betray the course of the torrent.

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#### JOURNAL OF A WEEK'S RESIDENCE IN PARIS.

*Continued from page 201.*

On our way thither observed a noble Corn Exchange, built by Napoleon. It is a large circular building, with a spacious dome, and composed entirely of stone and metal to prevent accidents by fire. During his stay in Paris, Napoleon, I understand, was accustomed to visit it almost daily. We dined with a friend at the *Bœuf à la Mode*; in the evening promenaded, sipped Café, and hired two chairs a piece on the Boulevards des Italiens, to be in true ton. Actuated by a whim of the moment, my friend and I agreed to start for Versailles, and sleep there this night, in order to visit the Priansons, &c. on the morrow. It was now 9 o'clock, and very few Voitures on the stand. We were glad to get into one already well loaded, and off we set. The Voitures are in shape

\* It is not surprising that Cornick should be considered by the natives as the haunt of the water goblin or of spirits still more dreadful. A seaman, and a bold one, whom, on one occasion, I had left in charge of the boat, became so much terrified at finding himself alone that he ran off to join his comrades, leaving it moored to the rock though in danger of being destroyed by the surge. I afterwards overheard much discussion on the courage of the "Southron" in making the circuit of the vally unattended. Not returning till it was nearly dark it was concluded that he had fallen into the fangs of the Kelpie.

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somewhat like our Post-chaise, but in other points differ *toto cælo*; they hold six inside and three outside in front: one of these latter ought to be the Voiturier; but in the present instance he seated himself on the top of the vehicle, so that there were in all ten of us to be dragged by one hard-worked, ill-fed garran. My friend and I sat in front, and a peevish, elderly French gentleman, with his night-cap on, between us and immediately beneath the driver, while the reins, hanging down, would ever and anon flap in his face, and he as repeatedly exclaim to the driver, who seemed equally deaf to his threats or intreaties. In fact, the fellow proved to be sleeping above on his post, of which the poor horse would take advantage, and make towards the adjoining ditch, wishing naturally to get rid of us all. On such occasions my friend and I would naturally catch at the reins, our neighbour ejaculate broken curses, and the most heart-rending cries of misery and despair issue from the inside, till the driver, awaking, would assure them all that there was no danger. We had frequently to alight; and at last, patience being worn out, we followed the example of the other passengers, and quitted the Voiture, without paying the fellow a sous. We did not reach Versailles till near one next morning, and had some difficulty to get a bed. The police immediately demanded our passports.

Tuesday, September 21st.—Versailles is a handsome, regular town, containing many fine houses, occupied formerly by the noblesse "*Priami dum regna manebant.*" At present it is a favourable residence of the English, both on account of the salubrity of the climate, the beauty of the environs, and the facility of procuring the necessaries and superfluities of life. They have a library and reading rooms, and also a chaplain. The great boast of Versailles is its palace and the grounds attached, the expence of which was prodigious, insomuch, that when all was compleated, Louis XIVth burnt the accounts lest his extravagance might raise an insurrection among his subjects.

If ever the descriptions of Fairy Land were realized, it was on the celebration of the Fete St. Louis here about three weeks ago, when crowds of people of all ranks flocked hither from every side to witness it. Description falters in attempting to handle such a subject, and to those that wish to know more about it, I would recommend to be there on the 30th of next August. From the terrace in front of the palace you enjoy a magnificent prospect, both

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of the immediate pleasure ground with its artificial ponds, parterres, alleys, &c. of the more distant woods covering the hills around as far as the eye can reach. Having seen the palace already, we now repaired to the Prianons, and first to the greater one. Here we found several others detained till a sufficient number of visitors should arrive, to make it worth a conductor's while to shew the apartments. The system of exacting fees so disgraceful in England (where it will cost you a serious sum to reach the top of St. Paul's) is not much followed in this country, where all the national exhibitions and public buildings are most liberally open to all and more particularly to strangers.

Among those at the Prianon, we recognized a fellow-traveller from Calais to Paris; he was a London shop-keeper and to judge from the confined nature of his ideas, had never been beyond the suburbs previous to this trip, for which he made as little preparation, as he would for one to Windsor. On the journey he sadly missed *the fine beef and mutton of Old England*, and the smooth rapid motion of the *Dover Coach*. But nothing vexed, or apparently surprised him more, than that he could get no one to understand him, though he spoke plain English,\* and it was well that they did not, for his language was none of the most civil, as he seemed to expect nothing but submission among this conquered people. From some gluttonous term that he made use of, he went under the nick-name of "Belly-vengeance."

The Guide now conducted or rather hurried us through the apartments, and his description was too voluble and rapid to be very satisfactory. The building has only a ground floor and consists of two wings, one assigned to the King, the other to the Queen, (originally to Louis the XIVth's Mistress). Elegance and simplicity is united with grandeur throughout. The Petite Prianon with its grounds is constructed a l'Anglaise and well deserves a visit; there is near it a superb little theatre used by the Queens for private performances, to which none but persons of rank were admitted. We returned to the town of Versailles highly gratified, and here new pleasures awaited us. We called to take leave of a Gentleman by whom we had been

\* During one of his phillippics on this point a gentleman observed to him that the grand misfortune which the generality of the French laboured under, was their ignorance of the English language, and that it was the source of much *misunderstanding* between the two nations.



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entertained here during the Fete St. Louis. He is one from Ireland and has imported hither the Irish hospitality. We were of course invited to dine with him and his family, and we had the satisfaction of a dinner a l'Anglaise (plain roast and boiled) and a Dessert a la Francaise, peaches, grapes, liqueurs, &c.

Thus fortified we left them in the evening, and took the road to St. Germain, about 8 miles distant. This is a most noble road, and leads through a handsome well wooded country, and close under the Aqueduct of Marly. We had not time to visit it, as it was growing late, and the sky beginning to threaten rain; a threat it was not slow in executing, as our French hats could well attest. There is some cursed gum, I understand, used in the manufacturing of these, in consequence of which when wet they become quite soft, and can be twisted into any shape whatever. I preferred carrying my hat under my arm to shelter it from the rain. About 8 we reached St. Germain where we housed ourselves in a comfortable Auberge. The first thing we called for was a glass of *Eau de vie* the well merited French name for Brandy; this, as we say of the whiskey in Ireland, was "meat and drink to us:" it repelled the damp from our hearts, and every pulse resumed its functions with double vigour. The next thing we demanded was our beds, and these we found in all points correct, except that the sheets were wringing wet: but these we pulled off, and here let me draw the curtains.

Wednesday, September 22nd —Rose at nine, and got a very good, and, as it proved, very cheap breakfast of *Cafè au lait*.—The town is large covering the side and top of a hill over the Seine, the streets wide enough and regular. It is chiefly noted for its Palace (once the residence of King James II. and his court,) a large old-fashioned respectable edifice, faced with brick, having a fine park and woods attached. In the park we saw a large body of well-mounted Cavalry going through their evolutions. The Officers give the word of command in an exhilarating tone, void of sternness; and rather like an hurra—an exhortation than a command.

Saw on the Parade some pretty English girls, seemingly very willing to encourage an acquaintance.—We set out to see the Marly aqueduct, but to enjoy the ramble took a circuitous route that lead us through extensive vineyards. In several the peasantry appeared very busy, and we invariably remarked that, the female labourers in France greatly out number the male. Indeed no wonder consider-

ing the incessant drain of the latter to supply the continual wars that France has been involved in. The women from being exposed so much to the intense sun are all brunettes, they have good features, animated with expressive black eyes, but figures representing more strength than grace, and disguised in antiquated though neat dresses—there are no inclosures or fences in this part of France and the only security the proprietor seems to have is the honesty of his neighbours. Indeed trespassing is prevented by the general system of housing and the stall-feeding of cattle and sheep, except when allowed to range under the eye of an herdsman. We were now roving through forests of vines, without any thing whatever to protect the ripe clusters from our grasp, but our own honour: alas! this was but a feeble barrier, and no wonder if the temptation proved too strong for a brace of Hibernians, who had never seen grapes before, except for shew in a glass house or for sale. In fact we did not spare them. A friend of mine, indulging himself in this amusement one day, in the South of France, as he thought unobserved, and being about to quit the vineyard when pretty well tired, was stopped by the owner, who had connived at him the whole time, and obliged him to pay well for his frolic—we escaped this mishap, and reached Marly's height unobstructed.

The aqueduct, a conspicuous land mark to the adjacent country, is a lofty strong work consisting of 36 arches, the supply of water is obtained from the Seine, by means of vast machinery at Marly, and conveyed to Versailles, through large metal pipes.—We now descended to Marly, and seated ourselves in the back of a Voiture for Paris—it soon filled. An unwieldy curmudgeon wedged himself into the corner beside me, and soon commenced snoring most melodiously, my friend and I interrupted this music by a violent and simultaneous exertion of our sternutatory powers, the report of which made him start up, and by the expressions that fell from him, in the first moments of his consternation, he seemed to think the Voiture had broken down: however he composed himself again, recommenced his solo, and continued it during the rest of the way; not however without several interruptions from some quailm or other. When this seized him, he would stop the Voiture, and much to the annoyance of those in front, (who should clear his way) alight for a few minutes. We entered Paris by the Champs Elysees and Barriere de Nenilly. Here Napoleon in the plenitude of his vanity and

madness projected a triumphal arch through which he intended that his troops on their return from a glorious campaign in Russia should enter Paris, loaded with bear skins, and Hyperborean spoils. Providence directed it otherwise, and this record of his folly and ambition was never completed. The conscription swept away the masons, stonecutters, architects, &c. to fill up a gap or two in his shattered army—we were landed in the magnificent Palais Louis Quinze about 5 P.M. and having taken coffee, I spent some time at Galignan's reading rooms. Met here my friend R. who brought me to Frescati, one of the temples dedicated to fortune. Her votaries consisted of Bloods, dupes, and sharpers, intermixed with several frail cyprians; there was one circumstance however which I cannot but commend, namely that orgeat lemonade, &c. is served about gratis, to whoever calls for it. No wonder that the Proprietor should be so liberal if the half of what I hear be true, that he makes on an average £4000 a day by this establishment. Returned to our lodgings, where I heard the people of the house had been alarmed at our absence, as we had not given notice of our intended trip. I believe they had been looking for us at the Morgue.

Thursday, September 23rd.—Met by appointment a party of the Bons with the intention of visiting the Catacombs one of them had been there already, and now took us in tow. Hired a Fiacre and arrived at the Fauces Tenari about 12. Bought wax bougets (as is usual) to light us through the Catacombs, at the only house licensed by government for the sale of them, and waited an hour for the arrival of more visitors. In the interim, amused ourselves with a snug-looking little Anglais, the cut of a methodist preacher, who had come on the same errand with two decent elderly women. He asked our advice touching the 2½d Bougets, the expence of which he seemed anxious to avoid. We however in a friendly way persuaded him into the house, and when there clapt three of them into his hand urging the chance and danger of being in the dark under ground; and these, though against the grain, he could not refuse buying. Presently a number of visitors, almost all English, arrived, with whom, under convoy of the guide, we decended into the abyss, all armed with lighted Bougets, from which the wax streamed plentifully on our clothes, each on those of the person preceding him in a descent of about eighty steps.

Thence we went through a winding passage, from which others branched off on both sides, following a broad black mark along the



damp roof, the clue of this subterranean labyrinth. Death now stared us in the face, every cheek was pale, a cold dew suffused each brow, and even the boldest were seen to tremble; in other words skulls and bones were piled on each side of the avenue with horrid ingenuity, the vaults were cold and damp, and we were all chilly. As if this was not sufficient, an inscription would frequently occur, reminding us of the frailty of our being. One savoured strongly of infidelity, thus, "Silence! Mortels! neans! æternite!" "Silence Mortals! nothingness! eternity!" After much meandering we at last arrived at the place whence we had set out, and gladly emerged into light again, the visit produced various effects on us. Like the cave of Trophonius many that had entered merry and jesting, returned grave and demure as old tabbies. On one of our party it produced no such metamorphose. As soon as we ascended found many more visitors waiting for the guide, one of these asked my friend "was there not an offensive smell below," and received for answer, that "it entirely depended on the company he should descend with." Several of us dined together, and one of the party committed a laughable blunder. He desired the Garçon to bring him some aiguilles, the boy stared a little, but brought him some needles, (aiguilles) as he called for, instead of eels, (Anguilles) which were intended. In the evening went to the Theatre Port St. Martin, where the Chefs Ecossais has been performed every night for some time past with great popularity. Wallace is the hero—the actors but middling, and the piece chiefly remarkable for shew and scenery, which is indeed splendid and appropriate. Each scene was as much applauded on its appearance, by the good humoured spectators, as a first-rate performer.—Returned home at 11½ with a rigare in my mouth.

Friday, September 24th.—Revisited the Garden of Plants, a never failing fund of amusement presents itself there in the menagerie, compared to which those at Exeter Change and the Tower put together are but a puppet show. Here was a great variety of lions, tigers, wolves, bears, &c. The Gardens are laid out with elegance, and stocked with exotics, with plants and trees; among others a stately cedar of Libanus, which however like many other towering princes lost its head during the blind fury of the Revolution. The Museum opening at 3 P.M. next called my attention, and I entered with two or three hundred others, both gentle and simple, but all

extremely decent in dress and demeanour; the Museum is extensive, consisting of two floors, running the whole length of a spacious building; the first is a treasury of mineralogical, chonchological, geological and other analogical pursuits; there is among other curiosities a magnificent specimen of pure chrystal, of about the size of an ostrich's egg, the natural form of which is perfectly globular. These matters, however, are more particularly interesting to connoisseurs and scavans; but the department of animated nature containing objects of more general concern was the grand point d' appui; I may call it Animated Nature, where every object appears full of breath and vigour. There are specimens of all the known animals in all their varieties arranged by Buffon from the Bat or Cat to the Hippopotamus or Cameleopard, from the Sparrow to the Bird of Paradise.

Paraded the Gardens once more, chipped some bark off the noble cedar as a memorial, and saw several animals confined in stalls, the patient Dromedary, the unruly Zebra, the stern Buffalo, and the gentle playful Kangaroo.—In the evening repaired to Tirol, where much and various amusement was going forward; we rattled down the precipitous descent of the Montagnes Russes, experienced the horizontal and meridional circumvolutions of the merry-go-round and the whirligig. There were Puppet-shows, Charlutans, Quadrilles and Waltzing to no end—the whole concluded with a grand display of Fire-works and Rope-dancing, similar to those at Vauxhall.—We returned home at 11, but no efforts could prevail on our room door to open, not even all the pick-locks and sacrè's and diablè's the smith made use of. We at last forced open a little round window over the stairs, and, on getting in, found the key had been left in the lock. Previous to this, some ladies who lodged on the same floor with us, had taken a great interest in our situation, insomuch that rather than we should lie on the stairs, they would have—but no matter, our own beds were good enough.—

Saturday, September 25th.—Having little on hands to day, I took a ramble round the Boulevards, and made a circuit of the greatest part of Paris, lying within them. They are called the Suburbs; and new Boulevards run outside these Suburbs enclosing the whole. The Boulevards are lined by a double row of stately trees on each side and form a delightful promenade, especially those on the north side of the city, where numerous

objects occur, to amuse the eye and excite curiosity; and various inventions of luxury, to gratify every taste. The southern are more spacious and handsome but comparatively deserted; on one of them indeed there was much bustle occasioned by a horse-sale, attended chiefly by country people, the women seemed as much engaged in it as the men. The long tails of the horses for sale were tied up into a knot, in which a little straw was fastened. The tails were loosened when the horses were disposed of. On such occasions the parties, as in Ireland, would repair to a neighbouring Auberge, and cement the bargain with a dram.

Here I crossed the bridge of Austerlitz, the most eastern, as that of Iena is the most western in Paris, both fine bridges built and named by Napoleon. In the evening with a couple of friends visited some of the wonders of the Palais Royal. The Caf  des Avengles where an orchestra of blind musicians perform very respectably, and a female sings intolerably. The Caveau du Sauvage, where a little stage is erected and the principal performer is a fellow in the garb of a savage, who plays on three drums at once, till he has fairly bothered his audience. The Caf  de Paix is fitted up into a very neat and showy little theatre. The only entertainment here is rope-dancing and some paltry theatricals. The only admission required at those places is to call for refreshments, such as a bottle of beer, &c. The first of them is frequented by the vilest, the second by a somewhat better sort, and the last by the good, bad and indifferent. We also visited the Caf  des mille Colonnes. The walls here are completely hidden by the number of mirrors, which reflect a few elegant columns in the rooms a thousand fold. We made our obeisance on entering, as in duty bound, to the Queen of the Caf , a brazen faced beauty seated at the bar, and bedizined with great pomp. She had a beau on each side, one a young fop more occupied in admiring himself than her, the other a battered antique who seemed very sweet on her—after some exquisite brandy punch, we made a second obeisance, and departed. Visited next the gaming rooms, and found the same eternal routine of Rouge and Noix and Roulette proceeding—None but games of hazard are played, and all possibility of fraud seems excluded. At one table the stakes were very high, 1 or 2000 francs at a time. An English gentleman (melancholy to relate) was a principal actor here, and indeed played his part with much success. No gratuitous lemonade; so I soon “cut my stick” and went home.



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Sunday, September 25th. —We were present at the celebration of high Mass at the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Females form by far the major part of the congregations in this country. Hence we adjourned to the Oratoire. At twelve o'clock the French Lutheran Service commenced, a great portion of which was occupied in Psalmody ; in this the audience joined apparently with much devotion. A sermon followed from a clergyman of a venerable aspect and with a ribbon of some order in his coat. The congregation was full, respectably and in general fashionably drest.

Dined in the Palais on a great variety of French dishes and were not a little amused by the waiter, who pretended to a knowledge of English, though he understood little more of it than a Parrot, "that is good" "very good" he would frequently throw in. After this we drove to the Combat of Animals, a shameful exhibition, occurring on one day in each week, and that day Sunday. I am happy to say that it was but thinly attended this evening and only by the meaner sort of persons. I should hope that, it is of too gross a nature to be a favourite spectacle among the better informed. Butchers seemed to take the principal interest in the matter. The Arena was an inclosed square, open above, and surrounded by the cages or dens of the Animals ; over these were the Galleries where the spectators sat. The details of the entertainment were dog-fighting, bear, bull and ass-beating, stag, and wolf—hunting, &c. A monkey was tied on the back of an ass, and the dogs let loose. Jack, by kicking, tramping and biting, defended himself gallantly, while poor Pug, by his squalling and chattering, highly amused the human brutes. The wolf could hardly be induced to face the dogs, and these in turn kept rather at a respectful distance from him ; they at last interchanged a few scratches, and were separated. The owners indeed always for their own interest prevented the combatants from injuring one another. The fray only ended with light ; what a fine nursery for the babes of sans—culottism and massacre thought I, as we withdrew. Our next destination was the Jardin Delta, where the usual display of Fire-works, Quadrilles, Legerdemain, &c. prevailed. There are Montagnes Russes here, very precipitous, and conducted by much curious machinery, set a going by four horses moving round in a circle, the Carsore Sledges contain two persons, and it is common for a lover and his fair one to rattle down most lovingly together. There happened to be several of these fond couples preparing to mount the Sledges while we stood at the

starting-post. One belle had already stept in when my friend (a hair-brained youth) taking advantage of some little bustle seated himself beside her, and the attendant, supposing all right, launched them off together, much to the vexation of her gaping beau, whatever might be our feelings. I saw no more of my friend this evening, and I soon quitted the place. F.

## NEW INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

*Method of making Ivory Paper for the use of Artists, by Mr. S. Einsle, of Strutton-ground, Westminster.\**

It appears that colours may be washed off the Ivory Paper more completely than from Ivory itself, and that the process may be repeated three or four times on the same surface, without rubbing up the grain of the paper. It will also with care, bear to be scraped with the edge of a knife without becoming rough. Traces made on the surface of this paper by a hard black-lead pencil are much easier effaced by means of Indian rubber than from common drawing paper; which circumstances, together with the extremely fine lines which its hard and even surface is capable of receiving, peculiarly adapt it for the reception of the most delicate kind of pencil drawings and outlines. The process by which it is manufactured is as follows: take a quarter of a pound of clean parchment cuttings, and put them into a two-quart pan with nearly as much water as it will hold; boil the mixture gently for four or five hours, adding water from time to time to supply the place of that driven off by evaporation; then carefully strain the liquor from the dregs through a cloth, and when cold it will form a strong jelly, which may be called size (No. 1.)

Return the dregs of the preceding process into the pan, fill it up with water, and again boil it as before for four or five hours; then strain off the liquor, and call it size (No. 2.)

Take three sheets of drawing paper (outsides will answer the purpose perfectly well, and being cheaper, are therefore to be preferred) wet them on both sides with a soft sponge dipped in water, and paste them together with the size No. 2. while they are still

\* From the transactions of the *Society for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce*; for 1819. The sum of 30 guineas was voted to Mr. Einsle for this communication; and specimens of the Ivory paper are preserved in the *Society's Repository*.

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wet, lay them on a table, and place upon them a smooth slab of writing slate, of a size somewhat smaller than the paper. Turn up the edges of the paper, and paste them on the back of the slate, and then allow the paper to dry gradually. Wet, as before, three more sheets of the same kind of paper, and paste them on the others, one at a time; cut off with a knife what projects beyond the edges of the slate and when the whole has become perfectly dry, wrap a small flat piece of slate in coarse sand-paper, and with this rubber make the surface of the paper quite even and smooth. Then paste on an inside sheet, which must be quite free from spots or dirt of any kind; cut off the projecting edges as before, and when dry, rub it with fine glass-paper, which will produce a perfectly smooth surface. Now take half a pint of size (No. 1.) melt it by a gentle heat, and then stir into it three table-spoonfuls of fine Plaster of Paris; when the mixture is completed, pour it out on the paper, and with a soft wet sponge distribute it as evenly over the surface as possible. Then allow the surface to dry slowly, and rub it again with fine glass-paper. Lastly, take a few spoonfuls of the size (No. 1.) and mix it with three-fourths its quantity of water; unite the two by a gentle heat, and when the mass has cooled, so as to be in a semigelatinous state, pour about one third of it on the surface of the paper, and spread it evenly with the sponge: when this has dried, pour on another portion, and afterwards the remainder; when the whole has again become dry, rub it over lightly with fine glass-paper, and the process is completed; it may, accordingly, be cut away from the slab of slate, and is ready for use. The quantity of ingredients above mentioned is sufficient for a piece of paper  $17\frac{1}{2}$  inches, by  $15\frac{1}{2}$ . Paris Plaster gives a perfectly white surface; oxide of Zinc, mixed with Paris Plaster, in the proportion of four parts of the former to three of the latter, gives a tint very nearly resembling ivory, precipitated carbonate of Barytes gives a tint intermediate between the two.

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Mr. Morosi, member of the imperial institute of Milan, has determined, that when a jet of water is directed against a round, flat disc, much force is lost by the lateral streams which shoot off in all directions; if however, a rim be raised round the disc, the force exerted by the jet of water will be more than doubled. This discovery promises to be of great advantage in the construction of water-wheels, &c.

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A great improvement has been made on scissors for surgical and other purposes, by giving the blade knife edges.

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MESSRS. PERKIN'S AND FAIRMAN'S SIDERO-GRAPHIC PROCESS,  
*From Journal of Science, No. 17.*

“ Mr. Perkin's plan is briefly this; he has discovered a peculiar method of rendering steel extremely soft and sectile, so as to furnish a better material for the engraver to work upon than even copper itself. Upon a plate of steel thus softened we will suppose an engraving has been executed by one of our first artists, at considerable labour and expense; it is then returned to Mr. Perkins, who by a process peculiarly his own as the former, renders it as hard as the hardest steel, without in the least degree injuring even the most delicate lines of the engraver. A cylinder of *soft steel* is then prepared of proper dimensions to receive an impression *in relief* from the hardened engraved plate, upon its periphery, a process effected by rolling it over the hardened plate in a singularly constructed press, invented by the patentees for the purpose. This cylinder now bearing a perfect impression, in relief of the original engraving, is next submitted to the hardening operation, and is then ready for use; that is, being properly placed in the press, it is rolled over a plate of copper, upon which it indents any required number of copies of the first engraving, every copy thus produced, being of course, a perfect fac-simile of the original; so that in this way any number of copper-plates may be engraved in a very short time from an original of the most exquisite workmanship, each of which, we believe we may safely pronounce, shall be quite equal to an original copper-plate engraving from the same hand, and of the same merits.”

The above invention is peculiarly applicable to the prevention of forgery. We shall endeavour to procure a specimen of the Siderographic engraving for our next.

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## MINERALOGY.

*Situs of the Sapphire &c.*—Dr. Davy has visited the southern parts of the island of Ceylon and those spots where gems chiefly abound. He saw the natives at work in search of them in alluvial ground. Here he ascertained that the native rock of the Sapphire, Ruby,







Cat's eye, and the different varieties of the Zircon, is Gneiss. These minerals and Cinnamon-stone occur imbedded in this rock. In one place he found a great mass of rock, consisting almost entirely of Zircon in a crystalline state, and deserving the name of Zircon Rock. It is only a few miles distant from a rock called the Cinnamon-stone-rock, from its being chiefly composed of this mineral in company with a little Quartz and Adularia.

*Chemical formation of Strata.*—Professor Jameson in various papers in the public journals, and in the memoirs of the Wernerian society, maintains that the chemical formation is not peculiar to rocks of the primitive class, but extends to the transition and secondary classes, many of the members of which whether they appear in vast imbedded masses, like Garnet and Porphyry, or in beds or veins, Professor Jameson considers as chemical and contemporaneous in the formation. Gerhard, in the memoirs of the Royal Academy of Berlin, for 1819, advocates the same opinion, and it has been extensively employed by Dr. Hibbert in his account of the Shetland Isles, published in the Edinburgh Phil. Journal.

*Trap Rocks of Scotland, &c.*—Dr. Ami Boué M. W. S. in a letter to Professor Jameson proposes the following arrangement of the trap rocks of Scotland &c. according to their probable origin.

*“ Evidently Volcanic.”*

1. Calder Basalt, and the one resembling it which was found near Edinburgh.—2. the Giant's Causeway.

*“ Probably Volcanic.”*

1. Staffa—2. some parts of the island of Mull—3. Arthure's seat in part—4. Dalmahoy hills—5. Lamlash isle—6. the trap veins in Arran, and in the neighbouring districts in Ireland and Scotland—7. the Dumbarton and Frisky Hall rocks, and some Renfrewshire rocks—8. Craig Lockhart; this remarkable rock has much the appearance of a volcanic tuffa, formed in some measure by means of volcanic water.

*“ Doubtful Rocks.”*

1. Castle rock of Edinburgh, and the Calton-hill—2. Stirling Castle rock—3. Salisbury Craig—4. Blackford hill—5. North Berwick Law. Traprain Law, and Girleton hills—6. the rock of Rue Valey point in Arran—7. some trap-rocks of Linlithgow—8. the Pitch-stones of Arran—9. The Amygdaloids and Claystones.

*Exclusion of Amber from the Mineral Kingdom.*—Dr. Brewster from an attentive examination of the optical properties and mechanical condition of Amber, as exhibited in various specimens, has concluded, that “it is an indurated vegetable juice, and that the traces of a regular structure, indicated by its action upon polarized light, are not the effect of the ordinary laws of chrysalization by which *Mellite* has been formed, but are produced by the same causes which influence the mechanical condition of Gum-Arabic, and other gums which are known to be formed by the successive deposition and induration of vegetable fluids.”

### CHEMISTRY.

Mr. E. Davy has found that when Sulphate of Platinum is boiled in Alcohol a precipitate is formed which, when dry is black, insoluble in water, and unaltered by the action of air. When heated it is reduced with a slight explosion. It is insoluble in Nitric Acid and Sulphuric and Phosphoric Acids, but dissolves slowly in Muriatic acid. By steeping in Ammonia the property of fulminating is acquired. Alcohol quickly decomposes it, producing a heat sufficient to ignite the reduced Platinum; whence Mr. Davy suggests its use as an instantaneous light produced. This same Chemist also finds, that the sulphate of Platinum is an excellent test for Gelatin, with which it forms a precipitate,

Dr. Thompson in the *Annals of Philosophy* for April, describes a specimen of Persian Naphtha and his analysis of it, in the following terms: “It is colourless as water, has the specific gravity of .753, and precisely the same smell and taste as the Naphtha which is made in this country from the distillation of coal. Indeed our artificial Naphtha and the Persian Naphtha resemble each other in all their chemical properties as far as I have compared them together. I have never got any Naphtha made in this country from coal quite so light as the Persian. The specific gravity of the lowest which I have met with was .817, but probably had it been rectified once or twice more, it would have become as light as the Persian

The statements respecting the extreme volatility of Naphtha, have not been confirmed by my experiments. The Persian Naphtha boils when heated to  $320^{\circ}$ . If we continue the boiling, the Naphtha becomes dark coloured, and the temperature may be made to rise as high as

338°. and perhaps even higher. Indeed in a silver vessel I raised its temperature to 352°.

The same increase of temperature takes place when oil of Turpentine is kept boiling. There are two consequences which may be drawn from these facts; and one or other of them must be the true one. Either Naphtha and oil of Turpentine are composed of two distinct fluids differing in their volatility; or they are partially decomposed at the boiling temperature. From the increase of colour which takes place when Naphtha is boiled, one would be disposed to adopt the second of the two alternatives.

When a grain of Persian Naphtha is decomposed in the usual way by means of Peroxide of copper we obtain 1.35 grains of water and 6.5 cubic inches of carbonic acid gas. Now the Hydrogen in 1.35 grains of water is very nearly equal to 7 cubic inches. The carbon in 6.5 cubic inches of carbonic acid is equal to 6.5 cubic inches.—Hence it follows that Naphtha is composed of 6.5 or 13 vols. of carbon and 7 or 14 vols. of Hydrogen. By substituting atoms for volumes, which may be done in this case without any error, it follows that Naphtha is a compound of 13 atoms of carbon =  $9.75 + 14$  atoms of Hydrogen 1.75; hence making the atom of Naphtha 11.5. The specific gravity of the vapour of Carbon is .316, and that of Hydrogen .0694, therefore  $6\frac{1}{2}$  cubic inches of Carbon weigh .822 grains, and 7 cubic inches of Hydrogen .148 grains making together .970 grains. “There is, therefore, in this analysis a deficiency of 3 per cent. I am disposed to ascribe this to a small portion of Azote, which Naphtha seems to contain; but I have not been able to satisfy myself experimentally of its existence. My experiments are conducted in copper tubes, subjected to a red heat. This always drives off a quantity of air, varying from .5 to .7 of a cubic inch, according to the degree of heat to which the tube and the peroxide of copper is subjected, and which it is not possible to raise always to the same degree of intensity. This air, always contains  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of Oxygen, the rest being Azote. The reason of this difference between its composition and that of common air is the length of the red-hot copper tube through which it is obliged to pass, and which is partially oxidized at the expense of the Oxygen of the common air present. Now, .03 gr. of Azotic Gas would not amount to .1 of a cubic inch, which being less than the variation of the quantity of air driven off by heat when nothing is heated but the



tube filled with Oxide of Copper, I have no means of determining whether so small a quantity of Azote is disengaged or not.

I have observed of late, that in order to insure accuracy in the quantity of water evolved, it is necessary to expose the Peroxide of Copper to a red heat just before making the experiment; for Peroxide of Copper has the property of imbibing a little water from the atmosphere, which it gives out again when heated to redness."

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## ORNITHOLOGY.

### *The American Mocking-bird.*

The plumage of the Mocking-bird (*turdus poly-glottus*) though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it, and had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice, but his figure is well proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening, and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In the measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals. In force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves mounted on the top of a tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of a dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises preeminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to his music alone, to which that of the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various song-birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at most five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardour for half an hour, or an hour, at a time. His expanded wings and tail glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action arresting the eye as his song most irresistably does the ear, he sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy, he mounts and

descends as his song swells or dies away. While exerting himself, a bystander, destitute of sight, would suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds perhaps not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates: even birds themselves are frequently imposed upon by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mate; or dive, with precipitation, into the depth of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk.

The Mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. The barking of a dog, the mewing of a cat, the creaking of a wheel barrow, follow with truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully; he runs over the quiverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the virginia nightingale, or red-bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

The excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the brown thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and the warblings of the blue bird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screamings of Swallows or the cackling of hens: amidst the simple melody of the robin, we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the whip-poorwill; while the notes of the killdeer, blue jay, martin, and twenty others succeed with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover, with astonishment that the sole performer in this singular contest is the admirable bird now before us. During this exhibition of his powers, he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only

to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of night, as soon at the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us the live-long night with a full display of his vocal powers making the whole neighbourhood ring with his inimitable melody.

The above is extracted from Wilson's American Ornithology, 9 Vol. fol. but few copies of this beautiful and original work have reached England.

### CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR MAY.

The Sun's apparent diameter on the 4th. is  $31' 46''$ , and on the 25th  $31' 37''$ . He enters Gemini on the 21st at 5h. 7m. A. M.

The Sun rises on the 1st at 4h. 31m. and sets at 7h. 30m.—To reduce the solar to mean time on this day, subtract 3m. 5s.—his declination on the 1st is  $15^{\circ} 8' N$ .

The Moon's latitude, on the 1st at noon is  $5^{\circ} 9'$ , in  $3^{\circ}$  of Capricornus; and it then decreases to the 8th, when she passes the ecliptic in her ascending node between 7 and 8h. P. M. in  $1^{\circ}$  of Aries. Her northern latitude now increases to the 15th, when it is, at noon, nearly  $5^{\circ} 6'$ , in  $4^{\circ}$  of Cancer: and it decreases afterwards to the 22d when she passes the ecliptic in her descending node between 4 and 5h. P. M. in  $30^{\circ}$  of Pisces. Her southern latitude then increases to the 29th when it is, at noon,  $5^{\circ} 2'$  in  $29^{\circ}$  of Sagittarius.

The Moon will be in conjunction with Saturn at 8h. 57m. P. M. on the 9th; with Jupiter on the 7th; with Herschell on the 2d and on the 29th; with Mercury on the 10th; with Venus on the 16th at 1h. 18m. A. M.; with Ceres on the 18th; with  $\beta$ , Tauri on the 14th, at 11h. 49m. A. M.; with Pollux on the 16th at 9h. 23m. P. M.; with  $\alpha$  Virginis on the 24th at 10h. 47m. A. M.; and with  $\alpha$  Scorpionis on the 27th at 11h. 18m. P. M. The Moon will be in Perigee on the 8th and in Apogee on the 20th.

The Moon's apparent diameter, on the 1st at midnight, is  $31' 34''$ ; and it increases to the 8th, being on the 7th and 8th about  $32' 30''$ . It then decreases to the 20th during which day it is about  $29' 36''$ ; and then increases to the end of the month, being, on the last midnight,  $32' 20''$ .



Her Phases for the month are as follow :

Last Quarter, Friday 5th, 1h. 21m. P.M.

New Moon, Friday 12th, 8h. 40m. A.M.

First Quarter, Saturday 20th, 0h. 53m. A.M.

Full Moon, Saturday 27th, 9h. 21m. P.M.

Mercury is a morning star, at his greatest elongation on the 10th. His latitude, on the 1st is  $2^{\circ} 26'$  S. in  $18^{\circ}$  of Aries; and it decreases to  $1^{\circ} 32'$ , in  $24^{\circ}$  of Taurus, his motion being direct through about  $36^{\circ}$ . The unfavourableness of his position and southern latitude, will keep him invisible to the general observer. On his day of greatest elongation he is only about  $5^{\circ}$  above the horizon in the east at sun-rise, and this is daily decreasing.

Venus is an evening star, at her greatest elongation on the 20th. Her latitude, on the 1st is  $2^{\circ} 48'$  N. in  $26^{\circ}$  of Gemini, and it encreases to  $3^{\circ}$  in  $8^{\circ}$  of Cancer, on the 13th. It then decreases to about  $2^{\circ} 45'$  in  $24^{\circ}$  of Cancer, her motion being direct through about  $30^{\circ}$ . On the 1st enlightened part 7.2321. Dark part 4.7679.

Mars is an evening star, his latitude, on the 1st is  $1^{\circ} 58'$  N. in  $6^{\circ}$  of Leo, and it decreases to about  $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  in  $20^{\circ}$  of this sign, his motion being direct through about  $15\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ .

Ceres is an evening star, her latitude, on the 1st is  $10^{\circ} 22'$  N. in  $6^{\circ}$  of Leo, and  $9^{\circ} 36'$  N. on the 25th in  $14^{\circ}$  of this sign, her motion being direct through about  $10^{\circ}$ .

Jupiter is a morning star appearing in the S. E. His latitude on the 1st is about  $1^{\circ}$  S. in  $16^{\circ}$  of Pisces; and it increases to nearly  $1^{\circ} 8'$ , his motion being direct through about  $4^{\circ} 45'$ .

Saturn is a morning star. His latitude on the 1st, is  $2^{\circ} 12'$  S. in  $9^{\circ}$  of Aries; and it increases about  $5'$ , his motion being direct through about  $3^{\circ}$ . From the unfavourableness of his position and southern latitude, he is only about  $6^{\circ}$  above the horizon in the east, at sun-rise on the 1st but this height is daily increasing.

Herschell is on the Meridian at 3h. 17m. A. M. on the 1st and at 2h. A. M. on the 18th. His latitude on the 1st is  $11'$  S. in  $29^{\circ}$  of Sagittarius, and it continues nearly the same the whole month, his motion being retrograde through about  $1^{\circ}$ .

## BIOGRAPHY.

THE REV. WILLIAM HOLLINGS.

This excentric character was a native of the city of Hereford; brought up in the grammar school there, he entered at Oxford and graduated in Brazennose college. Taking holy orders, he officiated for several years as curate of Uillingswick, in that county, under Doctor Talbot, but left the situation in disgust, and under a vow that he would never resume his clerical functions. This resolution was strictly adhered to during the remainder of his life; it originated in the disappointment and mortification which he experienced in the refusal of the patron to appoint him to the vacant benefice, on the recommendation of the parishioners in the year 1789.

His understanding was good, his education respectable, and his conversation not unpleasant. Cleanliness did not distinguish his person, and his dress was singular and shabby. Avarice was the ruling passion of his mind, and its sway was never disputed but in the instance already mentioned; of his voluntary dereliction of professional employment. His house and furniture strictly corresponded with the appearance of their master; no domestics of any description were admitted within his walls, lest they should rob him; and every office, culinary or otherwise, was performed by himself. His diet was cheap and homely—a penny worth of tripe and a quart of water in which it had been boiled, occasionally constituted, with the aid of a six-penny loaf, two meals of more than usual indulgence. The cookery was simple and efficient; it consisted in soaking the crumb, hollowed out from the loaf, in the liquor of the tripe, for the first day's repast; and in placing the tripe itself in the cavity of the loaf, for the next day's junket. A steak from the butcher was an extravagance of very rare occurrence; his gun and his fishing-rod afforded a casual supply; but his principal reliance was the bounty of his relatives, or the donations of the numerous friends, who, from their own assiduities, or from his professions, considered themselves reasonable expectants of his property. He left his bed at the earliest hours, in search of some kind or other of game; if he was observed in a wood, his gun was his excuse; if near a river, a rod; while the fishing basket on his back answered the double purpose of containing his powder and concealing the hole in his coat. On one of these marauding expeditions (when hares were often mistaken

for rabbits, and tame ducks for wild ones) he had the good fortune to discover, in his favourite walk on the bank of the river Lugg, the mutilated remains of a large-sized pike, which after glutting the appetite of the otter, was destined to be the prey of our Hero, and supplied him with, at least half a score dinners of unusual splendour. On another occasion of a similar nature, he was apprehended whilst sitting near the confines of a wood and watching for game within a circuit of the adjoining field, which he had carefully marked out by sticks placed in the ground, to shew the distances at which he might depend on the effects of his gun, with the least possible risk of discharging it to no purpose but the loss of the powder and shot. The game-keepers conducted him in custody to the Lord of the Preserve; mutual congratulations ensued on the apprehension of the grand poacher who had so long eluded their vigilance, and his capacious and distended pockets were unloaded before the party. Great however, was their surprise and disappointment when, instead of the game expected, these ample pockets were found to contain a miscellaneous collection of potatoes, sticks, turnips, glass-vials, and hogshead-bungs, all purloined from a neighbouring cottage in which he had obtained shelter from a storm. Thus if feather and furr and fishes failed, his resources were not exhausted; the turnip-fields or the hedges could always assist him, and on his removal from one house to another he filled three hogsheads with the broken sticks which he had thus acquired, and he nearly preserved that quantity in his garret to the time of his death, by his almost daily or rather nightly supplies

In his rural walks he formed many intimacies with the cottagers of the district, and under the pretence of remembering them in his will he often put them to the expence of maintaining him for a week. From his more able friends he frequently solicited the gift of a hare, which he turned to good account, by fixing a long residence with those to whom he presented it. An unpleasant rebuff once attended an application of this kind.—The late Mr. D.—of Hinton, made it an indispensable condition of complying with his request, that the applicant should prove, that on some occasion of his life he had given away that which cost him the value of the hare. It is superfluous to add that the condition was impracticable, the request was unsuccessful, and Mr. D—— was never forgiven,



The appearance of Mr. Hollings was grotesque in the extreme : the capacity of the pockets seemed to be the principal object in the construction of his coat ; it was formed of cloth of the coarsest texture, originally of a black colour, but the effect of time had strongly tinged it with the *verd antique*, so valuable in the eye of the antiquary. His waistcoat was of similar materials, and being prudently fitted up with long pockets, in compliment to his coat, was met above his knees by a pair of worsted boot stockings ; and this happily spares the description of any intermediate garment. His hat was round and shallow. His hair was sandy, and, despising the vain controul of a black and bushy wig, acquired for him the appellation of "Will with the golden whiskers." Thus adorned, and equipped with his rod and basket, his picture has been taken. Mr. Hollings's mother lived with him till her decease, which happened about thirty years since. She left a set of *chemises* nearly new ; and the circumstance of her son's wearing and washing them afterwards might have been concealed from history, had he not often been observed to place them on the drying-line in his garden. Other parts of the wardrobe of his father and mother, which even Mr. H —'s ingenuity could not adapt to his own personal use, were found in the house at his death, and afford no bad specimen of the costume which prevailed in the reign of George II. His garden has been alluded to. That garden contains a pear-tree of unusual merit, and to prevent any injury from complying with the wishes of his friends for a supply of its grafts, he regularly procured, at the proper season, a large bough from some inferior stock, and substituted its branches for those of the favourite tree. He once possessed more extensive property in land, which being situated in the front of a worthy Baronet's demesne, was purchased at a price nearly double its worth ; but Mr. H — long repented the sale, from an idea, that, under all the circumstances of the case, a still greater price might have been extorted. Mr. Hollings was never married ; but, notwithstanding all his eccentricities, he had the merit of a great devotion to the female sex ; and the faithless promise of his mother's black silk cloak has induced many a fair one to indulge him with her society. Our sketch is now drawing to a close. About ten weeks since, he abruptly and harshly pressed immediate payment of interest and principle from a tradesman who had assisted another person with his name in borrowing £100. The

interest was paid, and an acknowledgment given on unstamped paper. The party feeling himself aggrieved, laid an information against him, and the penalty of five pounds was exacted. This was his death-blow: in his own words, "from that moment he could neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep." Under this mental depression he lingered about five weeks, gradually declining in health and spirits, until the morning of the 26th March, when (his street door having been forced) he was found dead in a miserable house, in a miserable room, and on a miserable bed; without attendant, without fire, without sheets, without curtains, and without any other visible comfort! The scene which succeeded bids defiance to description; none but they who have witnessed the effects of a London hoax, filling all the streets with applicants of all descriptions, can form an idea of what now occurred. Wives, widows, maids, urged the promises they had received. Parsons and proctors, Lawyers and doctors, assembled on the spot: one person required remuneration for drugs, another for drams, a third for dinners, and a fourth for cyder; in short, the demands, the expectations and the confusion seemed universal; and on unfolding his will, it appeared, that, with the exception of a few trifling legacies, his relatives were wholly excluded, his expectants disappointed, and a property of about £3000 divided, to their great surprise, between a respectable yeoman in the country, and a gentleman in the city, who had managed his pecuniary concerns. Of the hospitalities of the former he had occasionally partaken; and his favour towards the latter was partially excited by the return of a £5 note which Mr. H. had deposited in his hands beyond the sum intended. On this occasion Mr. Hollings emphatically exclaimed, "Then there is one honest person in the world." Thus lived, and thus, on the night of the 25th March, 1820, died the Rev. William Hollings, of St. Owens-street, Hereford. He was buried at Wilkington, under the salute of a merry peal of bells, as directed by his will, and ordered to be repeated, on a suitable endowment, during twelve hours, on every anniversary of his funeral. If he be unentitled to the credit of much positive good, perhaps he cannot be charged with the commission of much positive evil.

D.

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## MISCELLANEA.

When Joseph II. of Austria was lying under that illness which in 1790 proved fatal to him, having been a considerable time under the hands of his Physicians who had always given him hopes of his recovery. He sent for Baron Von Quarin. This celebrated Physician is reported to have been infallible in his decisions on life and death; at least he was seldom mistaken in this point. "A private person," said the Monarch on his arrival, "may be ready to die at any time; but for an emperor some preparation is necessary. I expect you to acquaint me with your opinion of my situation." Quarin, after a long and thorough examination, told him without reserve, that he could not possibly recover. Joseph thanked him for his candour; and asked him how long he thought he might still live? the physician replied, that persons in his situation might be snatched away between one day and another, but that he could scarcely survive a fortnight at most. The emperor shook hands with him, and after repeating his thanks, dismissed him. When he afterwards felt his dissolution approaching, he sent Quarin 10000 Guilders (above 1000*l.*) together with a note in his own hand-writing, expressive of his gratitude for the sincerity and candour with which he had treated him. The Emperor's death was principally caused by a fall from his horse.

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### EPITAPH ON A FAT TALLOW-CHANDLER,

*Inscribed on a stone in a Church-yard of Cork, bearing date 1755.*

Here lies in earth an honest fellow,  
 Who died by fat, and lived by tallow,  
 His light before men always shone;  
 His mould is underneath this stone;  
 Then taking things by the right handle,  
 Is not this life a farthing candle?  
 The longest age but a wax taper,  
 A torch blown out by every vapour;  
 To day 'twill blaze, to morrow blink,  
 And end like mortals in a stink?  
 Reader, the grease that melts beneath this sod  
 Slipt through Death's fingers quietly to God.

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At a Session in the old Bailey where Sir Giles Rooke had often presided with no less integrity than sensibility, an occurrence took place which pourtrayed, in a very striking point of view, the goodness of his heart. A young female, with an infant child at her breast, of an interesting countenance, was indicted for stealing a saw valued only at ten pence, from an old iron shop. The case was made out so clear as not to admit of any doubt; yet the jury, in whose breasts "the milk of human kindness" evidently flowed, consulted some time together before they could prevail on themselves to have their opinion declared. At length the foreman, with seeming agitation, for it was considered by every one that she had committed the



offence through extreme want, delivered the verdict of *Guilty*; upon this Sir Giles addressed them as follows, which will long be recollected with pleasure by all who heard him:—"Gentlemen of the Jury, the verdict you have given is a very proper one; under the circumstances of the case you could not conscientiously have given any other. But I have witnessed your struggles. The court, therefore, feeling with you, will inflict the most lenient sentence the law can admit of, which is, that the prisoner be fined one shilling, and on payment thereof be immediately discharged, and if the unfortunate woman has not one in her possession, I will give her one for that purpose." The latter part of the sentence operated like an electric shock on all present. A spirit of emulation ensued who should be the first to relieve her, and jurymen, counsel and audience, vied with each other in contributing.

#### PARISH REGISTERS.

The parochial Registers had origin in England with Cromwell, Earl of Essex, under Henry VIII. in 1538; but they were little regarded till 1558, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, when they were ordered to be regularly kept in all churches, &c. and for better preservation, to be written on parchment. But Mr. Ralph Bigland remarks that they were, generally, very carelessly kept, and in many parishes the entries were so irregularly made, illegibly written, or defaced by damp, or neglect, as frequently to occasion great expense, disappointment and loss.

The bills of Mortality of London, it must be observed, are placed under the superintendence of the company of parish clerks of London, in whom is vested an exclusive authority to collect, print, publish, and sell them.

This corporation is very ancient; it was incorporated by letters patent of the 17th Henry III. in 1233, by the style of the *Fraternity of St. Nicholas*; and was re-incorporated by charter of the 9th of James I. In 1625, it obtained a decree from the Star Chamber, allowing a press to be kept in their hall, for the printing of the weekly and general bills of mortality of the city and liberties of London; and for this purpose, the archbishop of Canterbury appoints a printer. All which privileges were subsequently confirmed by a charter granted by Charles II.

These bills were instituted with the sole, but prudent intention of preventing the diffusion of the plague; and were, at first, only occasionally issued whenever it prevailed. The first bill appeared in 1562; but the first of the series of weekly bills or deaths was not issued till December, 1603. In 1606, there were regular returns made of christenings as well as of burials. From 1604 the bills took cognizance of all diseases and casualties: but no account of either was published prior to 1629, in which year also a distinction was first made between the sexes. It appears probable, that the first intention of introducing a list of diseases in the bills, was only to distinguish the plague from other distempers. In 1728, the important addition was made of a specification of the ages of all who died, from under two years of age and upwards. Since then there has been little alteration in their form—As to the catalogue of diseases in the London weekly bills of Mortality, it is a national disgrace, and is wholly irreconcilable with our acknowledged preeminence in medical science and civilization. Nor can any effective reformation of it take place, while its contents and arrangement depend upon sources so ignorant

and venal as the present. The information as to the disease of which a person dies, is collected and verified in the following way: the church-wardens of each parish within the London bills of Mortality appoint two old women to the office of *searchers*; who, as soon as they hear the knell for the dead, repair to the sexton of the parish, to learn the residence of the deceased. They demand admittance into the house to examine the body, in order that they may see that there is nothing suspicious about it, and *judge* of what disease the person died; and *they* report to the parish clerk. The regular charge for the performance of this office is *four-pence* to each searcher; but if an extra gratuity be tendered, they seldom pass the threshold or hall of the house, and are content with whatever account is given; or should they actually view the corpse, it is easy to imagine what credit is due to the judgment they pronounce.

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#### HOW FAR THE HAPPINESS OF A PEOPLE IS AFFECTED BY ANY PARTICULAR FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

SIR,

In a former number of your Magazine I endeavoured to shew that Civil Liberty was not necessarily dependent upon any particular form of Government, that it was variable in its nature, according to the state of the country, the tempers, and, I might say, the genius of the people; and that a poor state might enjoy a greater share of it than a rich one.

I shall now proceed to inquire how far the happiness of a people is likely to be affected by any particular form of Government; an inquiry which I trust may not be altogether unprofitable at a time when too many thoughtless and inconsiderate men are infatuated with democracy, as if that alone could afford them protection and prosperity. For mine own part, if I was asked, which was the best form of Government, I should say, that which was best administered: and let him who doubts of this open the page of history, and view the same governments differently administered; let him view the Roman Republic, under the dictatorship of a Cincinnatus and a Sylla; let him compare the reigns of a Caligula and a Nero with those of a Titus and a Trajan; or, without going back to those remote periods, let him view the happiness of the people under the wise, although arbitrary, administration of Queen Elizabeth, and compare it with the disastrous reign of the first Charles.

It must be remembered that the design for which every Government is formed, whether it be monarchical or republican, is to promote the happiness and prosperity of the people; and the use of

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political institutions is to prevent the Government thereby constituted from swerving from this design. But we are oftener deceived by names than we are aware of, and this frequently happens in republican states, where the people, attending only to the name, boast of the liberty they enjoy, without once considering in what true liberty consists, and, charmed with a vacant sound, they cheerfully submit to the greatest burdens and greatest tyranny which regal despotism could impose. In every case, it is better to submit to the dominion of one master than of many. The more obscure the individuals who may be invested with power, the more likely they are to use that power to promote their private interests. Hence it would appear that a monarchical government ought to offer to the people the greatest happiness, prosperity and liberty. The reason is obvious and simple. The monarch resting upon a firm and independent basis, and being from his exalted station placed above the jealousies and intrigues which usually assail those in an humbler sphere, should have no other interest to consult but the welfare of his people. It might then be asked, if the personal interest of a monarch is so intimately blended with the interests of his people, why should they not resign themselves implicitly to his will and guidance?—to this I answer, that were it possible for human nature to be perfect, were it possible to find a man combining infallible wisdom with incorruptible integrity and virtue, that man, however unlimited his power, could only exert it for the good of his people, and, consequently, the wider his scope of action the more would he be enabled to promote their welfare. But the causes which point out the necessity of limiting and defining the power of the monarch are various and intricate. In the first place, such a system of government as I have represented must suppose the state to be composed of but one order of men, amongst whom a perfect equality, unanimity and disinterestedness should prevail, and at the head of whom appears the monarch, the only person in his dominions possessed of power and authority. But as reason and experience point out the impossibility of this sort of equality subsisting in the social state, it forms the first objection to unlimited power. There follows another, and a still more important one; man by his nature frail, a prey to every passion, and acting more from momentary impulse than a settled plan for the insurance of more solid, though more distant benefits, requires a curb to his lawless desires; nor ought we to suppose that a monarch could be more pure and conscientious where



self-gratification was placed within his reach. The people, therefore, when they resign into the hands of their sovereign a portion of their liberty, for the better security of themselves and their property, do it under certain bounds and restrictions which they require him to observe; and in return for which they promise him obedience and assistance in the execution of those laws which his wisdom may suggest to be necessary for their welfare. This is a kind of compact found in the most despotic government. I shall only instance one, namely, Turkey, where it is usually said that the will of the prince is the law of the land; nevertheless, to mount the Ottoman throne it is absolutely necessary to profess the religion of Mahomet, and if a prince willed ever so much to become a convert to any other religion, he could not do it. In this instance then, the will of the prince would not be the law of the land; nor indeed is it in many other things; for the religion of Mahomet, combining in itself both the moral and the civil code, does in some degree, supersede the necessity of other laws—so much so, that a good Mussulman cannot certainly be a bad prince.

But it has been thought, and justly thought, necessary in many governments, as a further security for the enactment of wise and beneficial laws, that those who were to be affected by the law should have a share in the legislation. This is what may be more properly termed limited monarchy. Now, though many salutary effects may, and do arise from this participation of legislative power, possessed by the people, either by themselves in mass, or by their representatives, it is an error to suppose that, in every instance the laws so enacted, are more pure, more disinterested, or more beneficial to the community than those which might spring from the simple source of undivided power. For, supposing the legislative body to be a representative assembly, every man therein has, first, his own interest to consult, in the next place, much must depend upon his wisdom, judgment and foresight; if a weak man, he may be tampered with or deluded by those whose interest it is to seduce or to deceive him; and, if hasty and intemperate, he might see things through a false medium. But I would not on this account detract from the merits of such a policy, I would only say, that to render it efficient and salutary two things are necessary, purity of principle, and a parity of interests between those who make the laws, and those who are to be governed by them. Where either of these are wanting, it is in the

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power of the monarch, and certainly it is his interest, to temper and correct what is faulty. That monarchs, jealous of their subjects, have sometimes pursued a different course, and that with advantage to their prerogative, is true : but it is an insidious policy that seeks stability by sowing the seeds of dissention between the different orders of society. What is gained in power is lost in strength, and the best prerogative of a sovereign must be the assurance of the love and union of his people.

I have already observed that it is the business of political institutions to prevent those vested with power, whether legislative or executive, from swerving from the design for which Civil Government was established. From this it might be supposed, that a Government properly constituted could not be corrupt. But from Moses, the first legislator, down to the present time, although we have seen Civil Governments of all kinds and denominations, we have never yet found one into which corruption did not, sooner or later, get access. The very seeds of it are sown from the beginning—the ambition, the avarice, the interestedness of man : these are the noxious weeds which destroy the salutary fruits of Civil Government.

As we find then that there is something exceptionable in Monarchy, whether absolute or limited, let us examine what fairer prospect of purity there is to be found in a Republic. Two things have very much fixed the admiration of mankind on this form of Government ; the successful career of ancient Greece and Rome ; and the supposed prosperity which America enjoys, and which is attributed to this particular form. For the first I shall say, that the examples of Greece and Rome have no analogy to the present countries of Europe or the present state of society. Those nations were purely military ; they had but one object in view, the success of their arms : and, despising every kind of mechanical employment, they kept innumerable slaves, in order that they themselves might be what they termed free. But those who imagine that the success of the Roman arms arose from her republican Government are, I apprehend, much mistaken ; we must seek for it in that enthusiastic spirit, that ardor for military glory, to the attainment of which every thing personal, every thing interested was sacrificed ; an ardor which gradually subsided as the comforts of wealth and the pleasures of ease and luxury began to be felt. No sooner did the Roman citizens find another object for their ambition than the love of country, the love

of fame became a secondary consideration ; and although the legislative power of the Roman people, for some time after the tribunes were established, was almost unbounded, their laws were very far from being lenient or just. In fact, it could not well be otherwise in a nation of soldiers.

I shall now take a transient view of America, which is considered by many as a model of perfection. That America is rapidly advancing in wealth and population, and that crimes seldom occur there, every one will admit ; but is this to be attributed to her form of Government ? Might she not have obtained the same advantages under a Monarchy ? In a country where there is a vast extent of ground still uncultivated, and where there is a constant and a ready market for the produce of the soil, there must be an extensive field for the industry of man, there must be a constant demand for his labour, nor can any one be driven by distress to the commission of crimes, hence there is but little necessity for severity in the laws ; for I am one of those who think, that though laws may punish, they seldom prevent the commission of crime. If it be asked, whether there is not a fairer chance of just and impartial laws where the people are their own legislators and their own governors, than where they have to trust to the caprice and exactions of men placed above them in power ; I answer no : for in a Democracy that very equality of which they boast engenders, jealousy, hatred and animosity, the necessary consequence of competition and rivalry ; besides as no man expects to enjoy power for any length of time, he will endeavour to make the most of it, while he does possess it. Montesquieu observes, that a Republic requires more virtue, that is public virtue, than any other Government, thereby implying that it was more open to corruption. But all Democracys do, sooner or later, tend to Aristocracy ; and this will be the case with America whenever she has acquired a sufficiency of commercial wealth ; and an Aristocracy of wealth is the worst of all Aristocracies—it is then we find

“Laws grind the poor, and rich men make the law.”

“It may happen,” says Montesquieu, “that in a Democracy  
“founded on commerce, great fortunes may be acquired by individuals, and the manners remain uncorrupted ; because the spirit of  
“commerce draws after it frugality, œconomy, moderation, labour,  
“wisdom, tranquillity and good order ; therefore, so long as this  
“spirit subsists, the riches which it produced cannot have any bad



“effect. The evil comes when the excess of wealth destroys this “spirit of commerce. The disorders of inequality are then seen “to arise, which before were not felt.” As it is the nature of a Democracy that the citizen, his property, his family, all belong to the state, it follows, that, however great his legislative liberty, he can have but little civil liberty, since the object of civil liberty is to give to each member of the society the free and undisputed enjoyment of that which he lawfully possesses. In a Despotic Government the life and property of the subject are not his own; they depend on the will of the despot; in a Democratic Government they depend on the will of the state. These two extremes seem to offer to the individual the least degree of civil liberty; there is, however, this difference between them, the citizen sometimes has a voice in the disposal of his own property, and a share in the property of the other citizens, but the slave never has.

In a Republic it is dangerous for any great man to render any great services to the state by which he might acquire a degree of eminence, power and popularity: it is dangerous both to the individual and the state; for the former being so far raised above his fellow-citizens, must excite their jealousy, lest, availing himself of his talents and popularity, he should usurp a greater share of power than the constitution and liberty of the state permitted, as did Pisistratus at Athens; and, warned by that example, the Athenians, as we learn from Cornelius Nepos, jealous of the popularity of Miltiades after the battle of Marathon, and his great influence in the Chersonesus, sentenced him, on a frivolous pretence, to pay an enormous fine, which immured him in prison for the remainder of his life. Nepos, after recounting his great merit, has these words, “*Hæc populus respiciens, maluit eum innoxium plecti, quàm se diutius esse in timore.*” Indeed we find that Republics have, at all times, been the most ungrateful to their servants.

Although I have shewn that every form of government has its disadvantages, and is liable to corruption, I would not have it inferred that I deem all governments to be alike. Some constitutions may retard the introduction of corruption more than others; however this is certain, that a corrupt republic is the worst of all Governments, and that a republic which is rich, or which has the means of becoming so, will not remain very long in a state of purity; or if it does, it must be by the most severe laws, and the most

rigorous execution of them. Democracy may perhaps be the best adapted for a very small territory, or for a poor one from motives of œconomy. Indeed it is the opinion of Montesquieu, that none but a small territory can have a Republican Government. "Ilest de la nature d'une republique," says he, "qu'elle n'ait qu'un petit territoire; sans cela elle ne peut guere subsister. Dans une grande republique il y a des grandes fortunes, et par conséquent peu de modération dans les esprits: il y a des trop grands dépôts à mettre entre les mains d'un citoyen; les intérêts se particularisent, un homme sent d'abord qu'il peut être heureux, grand, glorieux sans sa patrie; et bientôt, qu'il peut être seul grand sur les ruines de sa patrie." I shall conclude this by observing, that the happiness of a nation depends less upon its form of Government than is generally imagined; that rectitude of principle in the rulers and legislators will promote the welfare of the worst constituted state; and that without it the best must ere long fall to decay; and that no Government, however perfect, can prevent corruption from finding its way into its several parts.

R. N. K.

#### ANSWER TO AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR A WIFE.

MR. EDITOR,

In looking over some family papers I found a letter of which the following is a copy, it was written by a young lady in answer to one which appeared in an Oxford paper (in plain terms) advertising for a wife.

The sentiments of this answer were too philosophic and breathed too high and enlightened a spirit; it was a reply which the advertiser could not have expected—he was silent. I transmit it to you Sir, as I am convinced that it contains the sincere opinions of the writer, and which I confess I must admire—

"Oh! she was virtuous, gentle and sincere,

"Too pure a spirit for a dwelling here.

E. R.

"Sir,

"An advertisement of a singular description which appeared in the Oxford paper of last Saturday, has induced me to take up my pen to address the author; whose sentiments (I will not hesitate to say) are truly pleasing to me; and to such a person I have long and anxiously desired to procure an introduction which might lead to matrimony and domestic happiness.

"This novel but sincere declaration, is made by one who has learned to condemn the narrow prejudices of the world; who neither speaks, acts, nor even thinks as the fashions and forms of it incline; and therefore despising the comments they may make on her conduct does not deem the invitation of correspondence from a liberal

mindful stranger (whom she trusts to be a gentleman of strict honor and delicacy) unworthy her attention.

“ I have often lamented the many miseries which have followed those unions formed according to the suggestions of avarice or false ambition, where similarity of manners, and congeniality of dispositions (the true sources of connubial happiness) were not considered by the contracting parties. These considerations have deterred me from forming any matrimonial engagements; and induced me to reject proposals (in the eyes of the world advantageous) because the makers of them, I could perceive, did not possess some qualities which I could not dispense with in a partner for life, as I think they are essentially necessary to conjugal felicity—I will endeavour briefly to enumerate them.

“ A respect for religion, and strict observance of the practical duties of christianity; as I am thoroughly convinced, that he who is truly religious—whose ruling principle is that of steadfast obedience to the laws of God, alone has a pledge to give which may be trusted; that he will discharge his duty to his fellow-creatures, and therefore I should not have to dread personal unhappiness, from his conduct towards me.—A humane spirit and benevolent disposition, ready to give up self-indulgence, rather than not contribute to the relief of the poor and necessitous.—A taste for retired pleasures, uniting a disposition to return to his home after every absence with renewed satisfaction; from a perfect conviction that *it* only is the true seat of enjoyment.—Good temper is certainly very pleasing, but I would dispense with it in a person possessed of *perfect good-nature*; which I take to be a very different quality, I know, from experience, to be very superior.—Personal attractions are very captivating, but he who regards external appearances only must lead to this conclusion—that his love must cease to exist, should sickness destroy, or time wear out those attractions on which it was founded.—How much therefore must I admire the good sense of him who is desirous to found his love on virtue and mental charms, and surely that affection can never die, can never fall, where *esteem* is the basis and while these qualities remain which constitute the strength of the foundation!

“ I am happy to find in you, Sir, an exception to the opinion of a modern author, who advises his daughters to conceal their intellectual acquirements from the men, who (he says) look with a jealous eye on a woman whose conversation discovers an improved understanding. Though no admirer of his writings (as I think they inculcate art) yet how often have I been obliged to confess his intimate knowledge of the human mind when I saw those whose countenances indicated intelligence, and all the virtuous feelings of the heart; slighted and rejected for insignificance, vanity and folly.—Alas! weak, misguided mortals! what avail the graces of the finest figure, the assemblage of all that is ensnaring, if destitute of those amiable, and endearing qualities of the head and heart? it is these alone that can constitute the tender, affectionate, faithful wife.

“ She who is only formed to shine in the gay circles of the world, who has no relish for the enjoyments of retired life, and is never satisfied but when engaged in a continual round of fashionable amusements, should sickness or distress draw near, will be very unlikely to meet its trials with fortitude and to prove a sincere and consolatory friend in the hour of affliction. It is a hard and nice subject for a man to speak of himself (says Cowley); it grates his own heart to say any thing of dis-



paragement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him. I feel the justness of this observation, and, therefore, know not how to speak of myself, though it may be expected that I should say something of my person, disposition, &c. The former is free from deformity, with the latter every pains has been taken both to improve the good seeds sown in it by nature, and to extirpate the bad ones: also to make my mind a repository of such knowledge as should prove useful and ornamental to a female. If the labours and endeavours of my friends, and the instructions of my teachers have not succeeded, I can only say that proceeds rather from the weakness of the flesh, than the unwillingness of the spirit. (In the language of the world) I am of a good family; and have always been accustomed to genteel, nay, elegant society. The amiable and accomplished nieces of the Earl of Courtown, were the companions of my youth, we were brought up together, and received our education from the best masters under the care and direction of an excellent governess.

"I come now to mention my total deficiencies, being only in my 22d year, and destitute of wealth. But while I have a sufficiency to supply all my desires (and should fate even deprive me of that) while I am left an unambitious mind and humble spirit, willing and able to procure independance by an exertion of the means within my abilities, I can never be necessitated to marry for a maintenance; or make a companion for life of him, whose disposition and conduct my heart could not fully approve.

"I remain Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

S. M.

## REVIEW OF MEDICAL WORKS.

### FARR ON SCROFULA.

*A Treatise on the nature of Scrofula, in which an attempt is made to account for the origin of that Disease, on new principles, illustrated by various facts and observations, explanatory of a Method for its complete Eradication; together with an Appendix, containing several interesting cases, by WILLIAM FARR, Surgeon, M. R. C. S. L. and late Surgeon to the Hospital in the Island at Anholt.—8vo. London, 1820.*

In the course of this work we are presented with the author's credentials. It appears that he originally studied under Mr. Brandish, whose name has been known to the medical world by his peculiar treatment of Scrofulous Cases, which, however, when publicly broached, met with rather a bad reception, having, in many instances, failed in the hands of other practitioners; whether from want of due attention on the part of the faculty, (which is rather improbable,) or from the use of medicines of inferior quality, (as thought by

Mr. Farr,) it is unnecessary for us to discuss. Our author acquired subsequent experience under Mr. Cline, to whom he acted as dresser. From these opportunities, and his own practice, Mr. Farr is certainly entitled to attention.

The disease of Struma, Scrofula, or King's Evil, is one for which, at present, we are not in possession of a remedy, much less a specific. Indeed, from its unfortunate property of being in general hereditary, and hence affecting perhaps every branch of a family, the greatest care is taken to conceal its existence, and many fall martyrs to its baneful influence from too long delaying the application for medical advice.

Hence most cases which present themselves are exceedingly malignant, and the circumstances attending them hard to be learned. The origin of Scrofula is sunk in obscurity; it must be of ancient date in those climates where variable temperature is productive of derangement in the organization of the human machine.

The Work before us we recommend to the serious consideration of the Faculty, for this reason, that *most* of its assertions seem, particularly in the present point of view, to be supported and borne out by cases. Upon a subject *so little understood* we shall not suffer ourselves to waste time in criticizing, but will rather endeavour to give an abstract of the work, leaving it to future practical experience to furnish the basis of a critique; *et quia hoc opusculum oculis tam foemineis quam virilibus proculdubio subjectum erit, plurima quæ ad Siphilum referunt omittere potius visum est.*

The TREATISE is divided into three parts; in the first the author acquaints us with his opinion on the proximate and remote causes of the disease, and on the ideas vulgarly entertained, that *it is only derived from our progenitors, and that it will as certainly be transmitted to our offspring*; points out some glandular enlargements which are mistaken for Strumons; denies the analogy between Scrofula and Lues; prescribes the necessary regimen, notices the effects of debility and external local injuries in exciting or inducing Scrofula; and mentions a species of the disease not primarily of Glandular origin.

The second part embraces the general or constitutional treatment, consisting of the internal exhibition of *Caustic Potassa*, and external *mercurial friction*.

The third, the local treatment, of which the great object is to heal without producing unsightly scars, or cicatrices. An Appendix is added, containing several cases illustrative of the former parts of the treatise.

Mr. Farr, in the commencement of his work, runs over, and dissents from, some of the leading hypothesis of the nature and cause of Scrofula. It is worth Mr. Carmichael's theory, "that the derangement of the organs subservient to digestion is the proximate cause of the disease," he is disposed to concede, "provided that such derangement of the *primæ viæ* be accompanied by predisposing causes, whether originating in original tendency of corporeal habit, a moist and cold atmosphere, poor unwholesome diet, or want of exercise." We are still left as much as ever in the dark as to what is *hereditary predisposition*. Speaking of this grand *inexplicable*, our author "does not consider its agency as bearing that extreme application which some are willing to admit, namely, that it should necessarily follow that children whose parents have been afflicted with the disease, must suffer in consequence of their unfortunate title to it from inheritance;" neither is he "disposed to coincide in opinion with those who admit the influence of hereditary disposition, and assert that its effects should be uniform in all children of the same family." However, that it does operate in a modified sense he justly allows throughout the work, particularly in the following passage:—"I have now detailed many of those Scrofulous affections, to which children and persons in early life are subject, as well as some of the various causes which tend to produce them; inducing, in the first place, disease of the mesenteric glands, and gradually communicating its baneful influence to the servical and other superficial glands, and, unless checked in its progress, extending its effects to parts of the body of a more solid texture, viz, to the ligaments and bones."

The great and proximate cause of Scrofula is by this author ascribed to a diseased state of the mesenteric glands; and he thinks that it may be justly inferred "that in all enlargements of these glands, without the existence of that morbid alteration of structure which would necessarily render them impervious, such alteration of function exists, as by its action on the passing chyle, so materially changes its properties, as to lay the foundation for Struma." The other exciting causes enumerated (if we except local injuries) are



but mediate branches, such as indigestion, low and marshy situations, sudden changes of temperature, want of due exercise, debility,

The first case is adduced to "evince the decided advantage resulting from a removal from the immediate exciting cause," which here appears to be a damp atmosphere.

Mr. F. disputes the justness of the idea, that all glandular enlargements of the Thyroid are of a scrofulous nature, and brings forward two cases in support of his arguments. Of the relevancy of the latter we have some doubt.

With respect to the possibility of completely eradicating this disease, the following are Mr. Farr's words:

"It has been for ages, and is, I believe, now the prevailing opinion in the extra professional world that this disease can never be effectually eradicated from the system; and that, though persons have been cured, to all outward appearance, and continue free from it for the remainder of their lives, yet, that they possess, a latent power of propagating it to their next succeeding offspring, or children's children. This too general, and erroneous opinion, I am fully prepared to controvert, from a variety of cases which have fallen under my observation during a period of sixteen years; in which time, several persons whom I have attended, afflicted with Scrofula, have been so far radically cured, that the disease has never re-appeared, either in themselves or their children, up to the present moment; and I know that many persons who have been patients of Mr. Brandish, have not only children, but those children are also married, and have issue now living, who are as free from Scrofula as those of the most healthy part of the community. If I was not fully aware of the truth of what I have just stated, I would not hazard an opinion upon a topic of such importance, by which I might implicate myself as a *particeps criminis*, in entailing much wretchedness on families, who might be influenced by my assertion, to connect themselves with other families, who, at some period, or other, had been subject to Scrofula." p. 14-15.

Mr. Farr has here taken upon himself a heavy responsibility and he is indeed bound to *prove* his assertions in a *more satisfactory manner* than has been done in this publication. For years past Scrofula has furnished an ample field for the exercise of Empyricism; the disease often appears, to *exhaust* itself *naturally*, and thus affords an opportunity of extolling the virtues of some inert compound. Before any

thing should be received as a specific in a case of such *vital importance* it ought to undergo the fullest investigation of a committee.

The regimen to be observed and the plan to be pursued in the rearing of children, when suspicion of a Scrofulous Mathesis is entertained, is pointed out in the first part, though it more properly belongs to the second. "I would recommend that the children of Scrofulous parents should be suckled by a healthy nurse, whose accouchement should be ascertained to have taken place at, or near the same time with that of the mother whose child she may undertake to suckle." The too common habit in nurseries, of feeding children almost exclusively on cow's milk, I most strenuously oppose; the impropriety of which is strikingly obvious, if we consider derangement of the primæ viæ as an exciting cause of Scrofula, "The diet I recommend, should consist of Farinaceous preparations, or that kind of food which generates least acid; sugar, honey, sweetmeats, common-bread, biscuit, may be adopted with advantage; and eggs boiled so that the yolks retain their softness, with which the biscuit previously moistened may be mixed. Oatmeal in any culinary form that the child will take, as it possesses qualities of an antacid nature, and also pearl barley, form a good system of nutriment: as dentition advances, animal food may be given, taking care to select the white meats, in preference to those of a firmer and more dense texture. Vegetables should be little used, malt liquors avoided; Madeira and Sherry wine, largely diluted with water, if any stimulants are required, should be preferred. Great care should also be taken, not to give children large quantities of food at any one time, that the process of digestion may not be impeded by over distention of the stomach. If notwithstanding these precautions, any redundant degree of acidity is found to exist, small doses of calcined magnesia, or even lime water may be mixed with the food. The clothing should partake more of flannel than is customary; waistcoats and drawers of this article should be constantly worn; it is of much importance also so keep the feet warm. Their exercise as they advance in life, should be of such a nature, as to put the abdominal and other muscles more immediately connected with digestion, into action." p. 21 22.

The species of the disease which cannot be traced to a glandular origin, for the most part, attacks those of riper years, commencing with the ligaments and bones; and generally appearing between the

ages of sixteen and twenty six. Blood drawn from a patient aged twenty-four (then labouring under a slight pneumonic attack) "exhibited a full proportion of crassamentum, which is not the case with that taken from persons labouring under strumous affections, in whom predisposing causes may be found to exist."

For the production of this species Mr. Farr confesses himself wholly incapable of accounting satisfactorily. The only circumstance that at all reconciles him to a want of knowledge on this point, is that he has invariably treated it with the same success as other cases of Struma.

Mr. Farr, under the head of general treatment proceeds to lay before his readers the plan of treatment, which *he* has found "so preeminently successful both in arresting the further progress and *effectually eradicating* the disease." In discharging this duty, he wishes to be understood, as excluding from its successful agency," the more protracted forms of visceral disease, which have been considered as having some relation to Struma, and he more particularly disavows any curative properties for Scrofula, that it may, *a priori*, be supposed to possess in tubercular Phthisis." He means to assert its efficacy more particularly then "as regards some morbid changes acting upon the salivary and contiguous glands, characterised by a rocky or irregular surface, with abscess, or making its appearance by chronic inflammations, and thickening of ligaments and periosteum, with caries of bones"—p. 34 and 35. "In the solution of caustic alkali made use of by Mr. Brandish the potash exists in a much more concentrated form, and the medicine weighs two ounces in the pound heavier than the liquor potassæ of the Pharmacopæia"—p. 38.

"The alkaline medicine, as I am accustomed to prepare it, varies only in a slight degree from the formula used by Mr. Brandish, I am in the habit of prescribing it to be taken twice a day, between breakfast and dinner, and at night on going to bed, in any vehicle that the patient may think most palatable, provided it does not interfere with its chemical properties"—p. 43.

This is too vague. Now, we who have never seen Mr. Brandish's work are left in the dark as to the preparing of a medicine whose efficacy seems to be pinned upon its strength, and the quantity in which it is administered. Mr. Farr does not seem acquainted with the extended limits of analysis (particularly that of inorganic bodies)



when he says that two preparations of caustic potassa, *chemically the same*, may, nevertheless, *differ essentially*, (p. 39.)

To children, from four to six years old, I generally give 1 drachm by measure; from six to eight,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  drachm; from eight to fifteen,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  drachms; and to persons of maturer age 3 drachms, and in some few instances even more."—"I am warranted by experience to affirm, that no symptoms denoting qualities hurtful to the system, either by excoriation of the mouth and fauces, arising from its action as a caustic, or pain in the stomach after it has been taken, denoting similar effects upon that organ, have ever been observed by me."—(p. 44.)

"In these cases, besides the mercurial friction to be used, animal food, warm clothing, exercise, &c. are to be enjoined, to strengthen and invigorate the constitution, and thereby prevent that debility which so constantly attends the subjects of this formidable disease."

He next proceeds to speak more at large of the Mercurial friction and observes that the decided superiority of using Mercury in this way, over its internal exhibition, appeared to him chiefly to consist in its action upon the skin, the deranged functions of which, in persons of a Scrofulous diathesis, he so often found to affect the intestinal secretions. p. 47. "For children from four to eight years old, I direct 5 grains of the *Unguent. Hydr. Fort.* of the London Pharmacopæia; from eight to twelve, eight grains; from twelve to fifteen, twelve grains; and from sixteen and upwards, from twelve to fifteen grains; which is to be rubbed in every night before going to bed; the friction to be continued, until no portion of ointment can be observed to stain a clean finger when applied to the part on which such friction has been employed. I am accustomed to direct the patient to wear a linen glove on the hand which has been used in rubbing in the ointment, which of course, should be washed off in the morning with warm water, and the arm or leg upon which the friction is made (for it is immaterial) should also be covered with a glove or stocking; but there is no absolute necessity for washing the parts rubbed oftener than every third or fourth day and here I would urge the propriety of the patient washing himself always during the use of the Mercurial ointment, in water rather warm. In order to prevent the slightest indication of Mercurial action in the system, I occasionally administer an aperient draught, composed of a solution of neutral salts, or a small quantity of rhubarb in powder."

"I have found but little occasion to vary this constitutional treatment; it is true I have sometimes discontinued it for a time, in order to try the effects of Chalybeates, in cases more particularly where the joints are concerned, as well as other remedies which have been recommended as useful in this Disease; but only in the more protracted forms of Scrofula have I adopted the means, in order to render the alkaline medicine and mercurial friction less familiar to the constitution, by a temporary discontinuance of their use," p. 48.

We now come to the local treatment. In the management of Scrofulous abscesses and ulcers so as to prevent unsightly scars and cicatrices such as often follow the common practise, Mr. Farr thinks he has succeeded. We cannot discover any novel information in his method. In incipient enlargements of the Glands, he directs the application of leeches, generally twice a week; after which, a solution of Muriate of Ammonia in vinegar and water, varying the strength in proportion to the irritability of the surface, is to be applied. When the enlargement becomes stationary, he applies the *emplastrum lyttæ*, and keeps up a perpetual discharge by the use of *Sewine ointment*, or, what he thinks sometimes succeeds better, the *Ungt. Hydr. Mit.* If resolution be not effected and inflammation proceed to abscess, he finds no application equal to a common bread and milk poultice, applied thick. He directs an opening to be made by a common *bleeding lancet*, before absorption from pressure takes place—when the abscess is relieved from its contents he recommends compresses of lint (to obliterate entirely its cavity) secured by a calico bandage, moderately tight. He sometimes injects lime water into the cyst, which he has found to facilitate the cure, but remarks that "much discrimination is requisite in determining when this, though so mild an injection, may be used, from the extreme disposition of the surface to ulcerate, when any stimulus beyond its weak powers of resistance is applied;" we are for the same reason cautioned against using *too much* pressure.

When suppuration has advanced rapidly, so that little more than cuticle intervenes between the surfaces of the abscess, he says it is better that a small opening should be made at the most prominent part, with *potassa fusa*; in order to leave a much smaller cicatrix.

In scrofulous sinuses of much extent he deprecates the practice of dilating with the knife, and proposes the use of the Seaton which excites the exhalents and obliterates the cavity by an effusion of

coagulable lymph. In recent scrofulous inflammation of the joints ; depleting measures, by blood letting, cold applications, after the abstraction of blood, are decidedly more useful than poultices.

“When the inflammation has been subdued by these means, and little remains but thickening of the superincumbent parts ; strips of Baynton’s plaster, accurately applied, from the superior to the inferior part of the joint ; or, in place of this, strips of the *emplast. sap.* or the *empl. hydr. c. amm.* securing the whole with a proper bandage, will be found of the greatest advantage”—

In numerous sinuses communicating with caries of the bones, either in hand or foot, with the thickening of the Periosteum and Baynton’s straps are to be applied, having holes made to correspond with the orifices of the sinuses. By these means, he states, that he has cured in a few weeks, what would have otherwise required so many months in bringing about exfoliation and when the disease is in the lower extremities he strongly insists upon rest in the horizontal position ; but advises air to be taken in a garden chair. In respect to topical applications he gives the preference to Mercurial ointments, either the blue ointment or the red oxyde, as standing foremost on the list.

The following paragraph concludes the 3d. part.

“I should equally disdain to solicit practice in the dispensation of secret specifics, as to screen myself from the responsibility, which every medical man incurs, who inculcates the use of new and potent medicines, at the same time, it cannot be fairly denied, that the person who has, for many years, made them a leading subject of his study and observation, is most competent to form a judgment of their application and efficacy ; and although they are certainly potent, I have not found them dangerous, and I am confident that they will not be found so, by those who may have occasion to use them, if their exhibition be guarded by professional attention, discrimination and skill.”

The appendix presents us with a number of cases *selected* to confirm the points already urged—we could have wished the Author had presented a few cases where his Treatment had failed, as it must have done in some—as it is, it savours too much of the *nostrum vender*, a character which we are sure the Author never *meant* to lay himself out for.



## THE MONASTERY.

*A Romance, by the Author of "WAVERLY."*—3 vols. Edin. 1820.

When in the concluding paragraph of our review of *Ivanhoe*, we announced the intended publication of the *Monastery*, by the same author, it was without any hope of seeing it until, at least, the beginning of next winter. Here we have it, however, ready cut and dry for the divertisement of our readers, although three months have scarcely elapsed since we sat in judgment on its predecessor. At this rate, Sir Walter bids fair to outstrip his Reviewers of all denominations; and indeed he has already done so with those slow moving gentlemen who condescend to utter their oracles only four times a year. But we—who are of a more mercurial nature—have still some chance of at least keeping him in sight for a year or two longer. Cheered by this consolatory reflection, we shall, therefore, without further preface, proceed to analyze the volumes before us.

It appears by an introductory epistle from Captain Cuthbert Clutterbuck, H. P. of His Majesty's — regiment of Infantry, that the world is indebted for the MSS. of this history to a worthy Monk of the order of St. Benedict, who entrusted their publication to the aforesaid gallant and erudite Officer. In our opinion, from the specimen which the Captain has given of his talents in this letter, the papers could not have been put into better hands; but as the most sterling merit has generally the most modesty, he had certain misgivings as to his own ability to execute the task, and accordingly forwarded the documents to the author of "Waverly," under whose auspices, and with the good help of Mr. James Ballantyne, they have appeared in the form of three very portable duodecimos.

The principal personages in the "Monastery" may be introduced to our readers in the following manner, as the most convenient that can be adopted.—First, Dame Elspeth Glendinning, and her two sons, Halbert and Edward, the former of whom may be considered as the hero of the present tale. Next, the Lady of Avenel, and her daughter Mary, driven from their castle by the English soldiers, after the death of the brave Baron Walter Avenel, who fell in one of the bloody skirmishes that succeeded the memorable battle of Pinkie-Cleugh. Then the Abbot, the Sub-prior, the Sacristan, and the whole corps of Monks of Saint Mary's Monastery. The Sub-Prior, however, is the only one of this holy fraternity who has much

to recommend him to the reader's favour; the others are no doubt a most excellent society of Ecclesiastics, as far as a diligent performance of the duties of the Refectory can entitle them to be so called; but Father Eustace, together with being truly devoted to the service of religion, is a man of a bold and capacious mind, and will, we suspect, be a character of no small importance in the Romance, which it is reported will soon appear as a sequel to the present one. The next personage of importance is Sir Piercie Shafton, an English courtier, a military *dandy*, such as that species of animal appeared in the days of "good Queen Bess." This exquisite gentleman, with his everlasting spouting of *Euphuism*, (a fashionable jargon which prevailed for a short time at the period alluded to, and of which we shall presently give a specimen,) is in our mind, rather tiresome, although evidently intended by the author to be very striking and amusing. In addition to the foregoing, we have Christie of the Clinthill, and his master, Julian Avenel, the latter of whom usurped the estate of his deceased kinsman Walter, on the flight of Lady Avenel, already alluded to: The former is a "stark moss-trooping Scot," a repetition of "William of Deloraive," "Willy of Westburnflat," &c. There are several other characters, and amongst them Lords and Earls; but as they are nearly of as little importance as many of our *tragedy* Kings and Senators, (we do not mean those who are now figuring away on the theatre of Europe,) we shall pass them over for the present, and give some account of the manner in which the individuals already named are disposed of in the work before us.—But we crave pardon! we were on the point of committing a great impropriety by omitting the most wonderful character of all, and who may, perhaps, be justly called the *heroine*—viz.—the "White Lady of Avenel," a being something a-kin to our Irish *Benshe*, a kind of *mortal* spirit, attendant on the fate of the family from which she derived her name. Let the reader take the White Lady's explanation of her essence in her own words—Poetry is the language natural to her order, and in such she always expresses herself.

"What I am I must not shew—

What I am thou could'st not know—

Something betwixt heaven and hell—

Something that neither stood nor fell—

Something that, through thy wit or will,

May work thee good—may work thee ill.

Neither substance quite, nor shadow ;  
 Haunting lonely moor and meadow ;  
 Dancing by the haunted spring,  
 Riding on the whirlwind's wing ;  
 Aping in fantastic fashion  
 Every change of human passion,  
 While o'er our frozen minds they pass  
 Like shadows from the mirror'd glass.  
 Wayward fickle is our mood,  
 Hovering betwixt bad and good ;  
 Happier than brief dated man,  
 Living ten times o'er his span ;  
 Far less happy, for we have  
 Help nor hope beyond the grave !  
 Man awakes to joy or sorrow ;  
 Ours the sleep that knows no morrow.  
 This is all that I can shew —  
 This is all that thou may'st know."

Vol. I. p. 316-317.

Now for the story.—In a wild and lonely glen within a few miles of the village of Kinnaquhair stood a small Tower occupied by Dame Glendinning and her two boys. Simon Glendinning, the husband and father, who was a vassal of the Monastery of Saint Mary—or what in former times was called a *Church-feuar*—having been slain at the battle of Pinkie, his widow prudently submitted to the English conquerors, and enjoyed peace and security while her more stubborn neighbours had their possessions foraged without mercy. In the little Tower of *Glenbearg*, or the Red Valley, the unfortunate lady of Avenel sought an asylum, and was hospitably received by its humble mistress. Here the two families lived for several years in contented obscurity, until the death of the lady, when the business of the story may be said to commence. Our readers must be informed that at this period the Reformation had taken root and flourished in England, and that it was making very rapid advances in Scotland. It seems that Lady Avenel had by some means become tainted by this heresy, and even had in her possession a small mysterious black book in the perusal of which she was frequently occupied, and which proves to be a Bible in the vulgar tongue. This important discovery was made by the holy Sacristan of the Monastery, who had been summoned to administer ghostly comfort to the Lady when her sickness became alarming. The good Monk was, of course horror-struck, and instantly seizing the awful volume,



set off to communicate the affair to the Abbot. On approaching a ford which he had to ride through before he arrived at the Abbey, Father Philip perceived a female in white sitting at the foot of a tree, and weeping. Conceiving that her distress was occasioned by her inability to cross the river, the good-natured Sacristan offered the damsel a seat on his mule. The unlucky priest had scarcely made the offer when the "White Lady of Avenel" (for it was she) sprang up behind him, and the flood being high they were swept down the stream, the white maiden singing all the while the following stanza, and three or four more which we have not room to give :

" Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,  
Both current and ripple are dancing in light.  
We have roused the night raven, I heard him croak,  
As we plashed along beneath the oak  
That flings its broad branches so far and so wide,  
Their shadows are dancing in midst of the tide.  
" Who wakens my rustlings," the raven he said,  
My beak shall ere morn in his blood be red,  
For a blue swollen corpse is a dainty meal,  
And I'll have my share with the pike and the eel."

Vol. 1. p. 179.

This adventure terminates in poor Father Philip being well soused in the river by his fair companion, and then carried home to the Monastery almost senseless, and with the loss of the black book. The reverend fraternity at St. Mary's were sadly puzzled by the tale which the unfortunate Sacristan related; and even Father Eustace the Sub-prior (God forgive him!) could not divest himself of a suspicion that his bewildered brother had by some unaccountable accident become *vino gravatus*, and that the white maiden was no other than the bouncing daughter of Hob the Miller, who had amused herself by playing some unlucky trick at the Monk's expense. Full of this more rational than charitable idea, the Sub-Prior resolved to investigate the business in person; and he accordingly paid a visit on the next day to Glendearg, determined to fulminate all the terrors of the holy church in the ears of the sick heretic; but this soul-saving severity was rendered unnecessary by the death of the patient immediately after his arrival. The good priest, however, got possession of the black book, which had been left in the glen by the white lady as soon as she parted from Father Philip: and after using some angry words to the moss-trooping

spearman, Christie of the Clinthill, who had rudely insulted him, he returned towards the Monastery with his prize. But as copies of the Scriptures, without note or comment, were much more scarce in those days than the present, (thanks to the Hibernian Auxiliary Bible Society) so it was also a matter of infinitely more hazard to carry one of them about one's person, as Father Eustace found to his cost; for he had not got clear out of the glen when he had a rencontre *a la Balaam* with the white lady of Avenel, who sang him a command to take back the book. The priest, however, had worse luck than the prophet, as Christie of the Clinthill took the liberty of passing his spear through his body as he sat upon his restive mule listening to the white Maid's music. Strange how times differ! A thrust of a pike from the breast-bone to the shoulder-blade, would, we apprehend, be considered as rather a serious accident in the present age—but in the sixteenth Century it was nothing; the worthy Sub-prior got up, after a few hours refreshing insensibility, as whole and sound as any Monk could wish to be; and remounting his mule, arrived without further difficulty and without the black book at the Monastery. There, to his great surprise, he found his friend Christie in chains; being quite ignorant of the extent of his obligation to him; but the outlaw soon set him right by informing him that after he had: as he thought—slain him, he was frightened out of his wits by the sight of the White Lady, and in that conscience stricken state galloped off to the Monastery and gave himself up as a murderer. An honest confession proved, in this instance to be good for the body as well as the soul; for Christie of the Clinthill was liberated at the intercession of Father Eustace; and that pious and excellent Monk hastened to unburthen his conscience to the Abbot, being now pretty well satisfied that he had done wrong to Father Philip, touching the miller's daughter.

At this point of the story our author makes a few lines do for as many years, during which time young Mary Avenel had become a beautiful, pale, blue-eyed, interesting girl of sixteen, with whom both the sons of Elspeth Glindinning—who had more outgrown their boyhood—were deeply, but unconsciously in love. Halbert, the elder, was about eighteen years of age, tall strong and active, a proficient in all manly exercises, and animated by a spirit which no form of danger could daunt. Edward, was inferior to his brother in those qualifications which depend upon physical powers,

but far exceeded him in the mental accomplishments which learning bestows, for which Halbert had no relish. Edward was, besides, naturally of a much more pious disposition than his brother; and this the good Father Eustace took every pains to encourage during his frequent visits to instruct the young people at Glendearg. It happened one day that Halbert stung with a fit of jealousy more than usually violent, to which he gave vent in very petulant and angry terms, and rushing out of the Tower in a state little short of phrenzy, "sped up the wild and upper extremity of the little valley of Glendearg with the speed of a roe-buck."—

"He arrived at length in a narrow and secluded *cleugh*, or deep ravine, which ran down the valley, and contributed a scanty rivulet to the supply of the brook with which Glendearg is watered. Up this he sped with the same precipitate haste which had marked his departure from the Tower, nor did he pause and look around, until he had reached the fountain from which the rivulet had its rise.

"Here Halbert stopped short, and cast a gloomy, and almost frightened glance around him. A huge rock rose in front, from a cleft of which grew a wild holly-tree, whose dark green branches rustled over the spring which arose beneath. The banks on either hand rose so high, and approached each other so closely, that it was only when the sun was in its meridian height, and during the summer solstice, that its rays could reach the bottom of the chasm in which he now stood. But it was now summer, and the hour was noon, so that the unwonted reflection of the sun was dancing in the pellucid fountain,

"It is the season and the hour said Halbert to himself; "and now I—I might soon become wiser than Edward with all his pains! Mary should see whether he alone is fit to be consulted, and to sit by her side, and hang over her as she reads, and point out every word and every letter. And she loves me better than him—I am sure she does—for she comes of noble blood, and scorns sloth and cowardice.—And do I not myself stand here slothful and cowardly as any priest of them all?—Why should I fear to call upon this form—this shape?—Already have I endured the vision, and why not again? What can it do to me, who am a man of lith and limb, and have by my side my father's sword? Does my heart beat—do my hairs bristle at the thought of calling up a painted shadow, and how should I face a band of Southron in flesh and blood? By the soul of the first Glindinning I will make proof of the charm!"



“He cast the leathern brogue or buskin from his right foot, planted himself in a firm posture, unsheathed his sword, and first looking round to collect his resolution, he bounced three times deliberately towards the holly tree, and as often to the little fountain, repeating at the same time, with a determined voice, the following rhyme:

“ Twice to the holly brake—  
 Thrice to the well :—  
 I bid thee awake,  
 White maid of Avenel!  
 Noon gleams on the lake—  
 Noon glows on the fell—  
 Wake thee, O’wake,  
 White maid of Avenel.”

These lines were hardly uttered, when there stood the figure of a female cloathed in white, within three steps of Halbert Glendinning.

Vol. I. p. 310.—313.

The account which this figure gave of herself to Halbert’s inquiry has been already quoted. But the youth having like a second Solomon, demanded wisdom and knowledge, the lady treated him with a long flight under ground, to a magnificent cavern-palace, where he achieved an adventure by which he recovered possession of the often mentioned black volume. With this treasure he returned to the Tower where he found a few visitors who had arrived since his departure. These were Hob the Miller and his handsome daughter, already alluded to, and Christie of the Clinthill whom Julian Avenel had sent as a guide to Sir Piercie Shafton, who was driven to seek an asylum in Scotland on account of political offences committed in his own country. This high-bred knight treated every one, excepting Mary Avenel, with sovereign contempt, and at the same time excited their admiration by the high sounding and absurd phraseology in which he expressed himself, three-fourths of which was unintelligible to their vulgar understandings. The following specimen of the conversation before Halbert’s arrival, will enable the reader to form some opinion of the English coxcomb; and at the same time—as our author says—“shew young ladies what fine things they have lost by living, when Euphuism was out of fashion.”

“Credit me, fairest lady,” said the Knight, “that such is the cunning of our English Courtiers of the hodiernal strain, that as they have infinitely refined upon the plain and rustical discourse of

our fathers, which, as I may say, more be-seemed the mouths of Country roisteurs in a May-game than that of Courtly gallants in a galliard, so I hold it ineffably and unutterably improbable, that those who may succeed us in the garden of wit and courtesy shall alter or amend it. Venus delighteth but in the language of Mercury, Bucephalus will stoop to none but Alexander, no one can sound Apollo's pipe but Orpheus."

"Valiant Sir," said Mary, who could scarcely help laughing, "we have but to rejoice in the chance which hath honoured this solitude with a glimpse of the sun of courtesy, though it rather blinds than enlightens us."

"Pretty and quaint, fairest lady," answered the Euphuist, "Ah! that I had with me my anatomy of wit—that all-to-be-unparalleled volume—that quintessence of human wit—that treasury of quaint invention—that exquisitely-pleasant-to-read, and inevitably-necessary-to-be-remembered—manual of all that is worthy to be known—which indoctrines the rude in civility, the dull in intellectuality, the heavy in jocosity, the blunt in gentility, the vulgar in nobility, and all of them in that unutterable perfection of human utterance, that eloquence which no other eloquence is sufficient to praise, that art which, when we call it by its own name of Euphuism, we bestow on it its richest panegyric."

"By Saint Mary," said Christie of the Clinthill, "if your worship had told me that you had left such wealth as you talk of at Prudhoe Castle, Long Dickie and I would have had them off with us if man and horse could have carried them; but you told us of no treasure I wot of, save the silver tongs for turning up your mustachios."

The Knight treated this intruder's mistake (for certainly Christie had no idea that all these epithets which sounded so rich and splendid, were lavished on a small quarto volume,) with a stare, and then turning again to Mary Avenel, the only person whom he thought worthy to address, he proceeded in his strain of high-flown oratory.—"Even thus," said he, "do hogs condemn the splendour of oriental pearls; even thus are the delicacies of a choice repast in vain offered to the long-eared grazer of the common, who turneth from them to devour a thistle; surely as idle it is to pour forth the treasures of oratory before the eyes of the ignorant, and to spread the dainties of the intellectual banquet before those who are, morally and metaphysically speaking, no better than asses."

“Sir Knight, since that is your quality,” said Edward, “we cannot strive with you in loftiness of language; but I pray you, in fair courtesy, while you honor my father’s house with your presence, to spare us such vile comparisons.”

“Peace, good Villagio,” said the Knight, gracefully waving his hand, “I prithee peace, kind rustic; and you, my guide, whom I may scarce call honest, let me prevail upon you to imitate the laudable taciturnity of that honest yeoman, who sits as mute as a mill-post, and of that comely damsel, who seems as with her ears she drank in what she did not altogether comprehend, even as a palfry listeneth to a lute, whereof howsoever he knoweth not the gamut.”

“Marvellous fine words,” at length said Dame Glendinning, who began to be tired of sitting so long silent, “marvellous fine words, neighbour Happer, are they not?”—“Brave words—very brave words—very exceeding pyet words,” answered the miller; “nevertheless, to speak my mind, a lippy of bran were worth a bushel o’ them.”

Vol. II. p. 48-52.

It may be well supposed that Halbert could but ill brook the impertinence of the English intruder; and he accordingly allowed no opportunity to escape of retorting the knight’s insolence. But no expression of the young Scot’s displeasure could for a moment disturb the composure and self-complacency of Sir Piercie, who affected to treat him as a person altogether beneath his resentment. Such indignity, and in Mary Avenel’s presence, was too much for Halbert to endure, and he resolved at all risk, to procure some means of healing his wounded feelings, and provoking the Southron to give him honorable satisfaction. For this purpose he had recourse once more to the White Maiden, who gave him a silver bodkin which she undid from her hair, with an assurance that the exhibition of this token to the knight would procure him the meeting he desired. Our hero did not long want occasion to prove the virtue of the bodkin; for on his return home he was treated with fresh contumely in the presence of the Abbot, the Sub-Prior, and several other Monks who had come to Glendearg to visit the Englishman. At the sight of the token, however, and to the amazement of all present, Sir Piercie Shafton was transported with a most unaccountable fit of rage, and like a madman rushed out of the room. On his return immediately afterwards, he whispered Halbert that he



would meet him, and then, with great composure, baffled the curiosity of the Monks by pretending that he had been from his infancy subject to fits like what they had just witnessed. Sir Piercie who was as romantically brave as he was eminently ridiculous, followed Halbert as soon as the priests were gone, and appointed to meet him at day-break next morning to end their animosities by the sword. They accordingly met, and Halbert led the way to the White Lady's holly-bush and well, as the most retired and proper place for the combat. When here, both were startled at the sight of a newly opened grave. The Southron for a moment suspected treachery on the part of his adversary; but brave and honorable himself he was easily satisfied by the youth's assurance of good faith; and they stripped for the encountre, not, however, without Halbert being firmly persuaded that his supernatural acquaintance had become sexton for the accommodation of either himself or the Knight. The fight was well contested: Sir Piercie was a most accomplished swordsman, and with all Halbert's vigour and agility, his antagonist's blade was several times within a hair's-breadth of his life. But our hero having alluded to the subject of the mysterious bodkin, during a pause in the battle, the Englishman's fury became once more ungovernable, and recommencing the attack without his former coolness, he gave Halbert an opportunity to run him through the body. Even in the jaws of death, neither Sir Piercie's generosity nor absurdity forsook him;—he desired his now repentant enemy to take his purse and fly; and then launching into a strain of delectable Euphuism, the unfortunate gentleman stretched out his limbs and closed his eyes in darkness. Halbert distracted at the deed he had committed, and despairing of all other help, again summoned the Spirit of the fountain with the accustomed formalities,—but in vain—no form obeyed the incantation—A voice however struck his ear as if shouting in the entrance of the glen; and leaving the lifeless body on the grass he flew to meet the person who thus seemed to approach. He at last met with a stranger, an aged and wearied pilgrim, whom he hurried along to the fatal spot, but strange to relate—the body had disappeared, and the grave was filled up with the earth and sods which before had lain at one side of it. The pilgrim, who had been informed by Halbert that a wounded man required his assistance, when he beheld the new-made grave and the bloody and trampled grass, concluded that the young man had

decoyed him to that frightful place to rob and murder him. But the youth having with all the fervor of truth, related the whole affair, the old man believed him; and as he could not with safety remain at Glendearg after slaying the Knight, the pilgrim promised him protection from Julian Avenel, if he would conduct him over the mountains to the Castle of that lawless Baron. Halbert undertook the task, and during their fatiguing route, learned that his aged companion was the celebrated preacher and reformer Henry Warden, whose name in these countries was second only to that of Knox for zealous opposition to the Church of Rome. When within sight of the Castle they were overtaken by Christie of the Clinthill, and along with him entered into Julian's strong-hold. Halbert was well received by Julian, on his own account, as he expected to gain the youth for a follower; and the preacher would have been well received on account of a letter of protection which he delivered from Lord James Stuart afterwards Earl of Moray had not the holy man's mistimed and misplaced zeal induced him to interfere in the domestic arrangements of the Baron. The purity of the preacher's principles could not endure that his host and Catharine of Newport should be bound by no firmer tie than that of *hand-fasting*; and having—without any regard to repeated warnings—persisted in exhorting the Baron to obtain the sanction of the Church to their union, the angry Chieftain ordered him to be cast into one of the prison-cells of the Castle. Halbert who had been thoroughly disgusted by the conduct of Julian, was also locked up; but fortunately in a room immediately above the prison of Henry Warden, whom he found means to communicate with; and having received from the good man a letter to the Earl of Moray, he escaped from the Castle by swimming the lake which surrounded it, and then proceeded on his mission towards Edinburgh.

In the mean time, the inhabitants of Glendearg were thrown into great alarm, by the absence of Halbert and the Knight; for although they went out under pretence of shooting a Buck, their real intention was suspected; and their fears for the safety of the former were strengthened to conviction by the appearance of a person who walked in about the close of the day. This person was Sir Piercie Shafton! as whole from the effects of Halbert's cut-and-thrust, as the Sub-Prior, formerly, from the moss-troopers lance. He was of course accused of murdering young Glendinning, as his clothes

were stained with blood ; and notwithstanding his most solemn declarations to Father Eustace that he had been run through the body in the morning, and in the evening found himself miraculously cured and lying wrapped up in his mantle under some birch trees near the Tower—the unlucky Knight was locked up a close prisoner until the Abbot and Chapter should decide on his fate. From this unpleasant situation he was however relieved by the ingenuity of Mysie Happer the Miller's handsome daughter, who was smitten with Sir Piercie's elegance and euphuism, and who accompanied him in his flight. Shortly after this adventure, Christie of the Clinthill arrived with Henry Warden, whom Julian Avenel sent as a prisoner to the Monks of St. Mary's, to be dealt with according to their pleasure. This was a peace offering on the part of the turbulent Baron, who dreading the resentment of Lord Jamus, for having violated his safe-conduct, wished to make friends with that powerful body of Churchmen ; and those holy men were equally anxious to secure his assistance ; as they were threatened with an attack from a body of English forces commanded by Sir John Foster, who made the protection afforded to Sir Piercie Shafton an excuse for plundering the Monastery and laying waste its lands. The Monks were further induced to this alliance, as they had intelligence that Lord Jamus himself with a large body of horse was marching towards the Halidorm, and his visit they had reason to dread as much as that of the English. Fortunately however for Henry Warden, in his first interview with Father Eustace at Glendearg, he discovered in the person of the Sub-Prior his old friend and college companion William Allan, and the priest recognized his brother student Henry Wellwood. Much warm but useless disputation took place between those excellent men as to the merits of their respective sects, which terminated in the Reformer being left at the Tower a prisoner, on his parole ; and the departure of the Sub-Prior on his way to the Monastery, where he found every thing in alarm and confusion on account of the threatened inroads. In this extremity the old Abbot finding himself unable to conduct the affairs of the Monastery with the requisite promptitude and vigour, resigned his high station, and was succeeded by the worthy Father Eustace, who, immediately on his accession to that dignity, armed the vassals of the Halidome, called in the aid of Julian Avenel and his marauders, and dispatched Christie of the Clinthill to bring back Sir Piercie Shafton, whose valour and influence promised to be of much service.



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While affairs thus proceeded at St. Mary's, Halbert Glendinning hastened towards Edinburgh, and soon met with a body of troops, commanded by the Earl of Moray in person, and accompanied by the Earl of Morton. The youth delivered his letter to Lord James, and that nobleman indignant at the affront offered to him in the person of the reformed preacher, set forward with the determination of severely punishing the Baron of Avenel, as soon as the expedition he was then engaged in should be terminated. During this service Halbert had several opportunities of displaying a courage and presence of mind that won him the particular favour of Moray; and the Earl's esteem was increased by the conversion of his young favourite to the reformed faith. Days and weeks passed on, and the Autumn was well advanced before Lord James's intention of marching to Saint Mary's could be effected; but his purpose was hastened by the intelligence that the English were actually marching to waste the Halidome; and collecting his forces, he hastily proceeded towards the borders, and lest the troops of the English and those of the Monastery should join battle before his arrival, he sent forward Halbert with a small body of horse, to prevent the action by threats of his vengeance on the first who should break the peace. This order, however, was given too late, the battle was over when Halbert arrived, the English were the victors; Julian Avenel had fallen in the fight, together with Christie of the Clinthill; and the Monks were left at the mercy of Lord James, who arrived shortly afterwards, and thought it more prudent to compromise matters with Sir John Foster, than to make his fray the cause of a national quarrel. After these doings the story is speedily brought to a conclusion. The new abbot negotiated successfully for the interests of the Monastery. Mary Avenel and Halbert Glendinning are married, and she is restored to her family possessions, having been *protestantized* as well as her husband by the agency of the White Maiden, and the eloquence of Henry Warden. Edward Glendinning finding his hopes of being united to his foster-sister, blasted by his brother's good fortune, enters upon his noviciate among the Monks: and the gallant Euphuist, after fighting bravely in defence of his protectors, and having his pride humbled by the discovery that his mother's father was old Overstitch of Holderness, the *tailor*! marries the Miller's daughter, whose courage and devotion in his service had completely won his heart, in despite of all the obstacles of birth and breeding.

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We shall conclude this slight notice, with declaring that our opinion of this production is far less favorable than our anticipations had led us to hope. We arose from perusing it with disappointment, and yet, even now, we can hardly tell why; for on considering every part and character in detail, they are all more than respectably executed. We apprehend that it suffers much by being placed so near the more brilliant painting of *Ivanhoe*. There is nothing in it to be compared with the admirable scene in Friar Tuck's cell, or the storming of Front de Bœuf's Castle; in fact we could scarcely find an *extractable* passage for the amusement of our readers. Much fault could also be found with the conduct of the supernatural machinery; the "mighty minstrel" (as the Scotch Reviewers call him) had evidently in his eye, while describing the White Maid of Avenel, Byron's witch of the Waterfall, in *Manfred*, but he has failed in rivalling his great compeer. However, as we are of any thing rather than a fault-finding disposition, we shall desist; and while we acknowledge that this is a work which few even of the present day could equal, we may be allowed to hope that the "*Abbot*," which we understand is the title of its successor, will, at least, not be less interesting than the *Monastery*.

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#### THE MAID OF ARABY.

This book was sent to us, otherwise we should, in compassion to its author, have pass'd it unnoticed; but *now* although he informed us he finished it ere he had attained the age of twenty, and although we pay as much respect to the *female sex* as others, we must (whilst he has *youth to improve*) tell him, without any exception, "*The Maid of Araby*" is the worst book (bearing the title of POEM) ever opened before our humble tribunal.

We should be very sorry to hurt the nestling wing of Genius, particularly when conscious of its being nurtured in Erin, but perhaps might hereafter regret, when we saw it flying low for having lost so good an opportunity of imping its callow pinion with plumes which might have raised it; but the beginning of every enterprise is difficult particularly so with writing, and one who dips his pen in the maddening ink of an author should be a man (and the only man who possibly can succeed) of *universal information, memory, ideas and industry*.

There are few, very few, who cannot scribble a few lines of what they foolishly imagine to be poetry, and we are conscious there is scarcely a boy of any talent who has not composed what he terms *verses*; but when a *man* offers to one of the best judging nations of Europe, a work, 'tis expected that work should at least be *original*.

Faults every book has, and as Pope very properly says,

“Whoever thinks a faultless work to see,

Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.”

But plagiarism is inexcusable; a plagiarist who but compiles a volume just like a fool's coat of different-coloured shreds and patches tacked upon each other without policy or reason, such a volume and such a being every man of knowledge must laugh at. “Nothing,” says Samuel Johnson “can please many and please long, but just representations of nature.” Now to shew how far this *Poet* (who compiled the “*Maid of Araby*” and that other “*Arch Arab Hamet*”) attended to such advice; in the sixth page he says a “*Lapwing*” after putting the poor bird to the trouble of

“*Flitting along the cloudless sky*

———PERCHED on some lone ruin'd fane.”

—He might just as well say a common tame goose, sky-lark, or snipe *perched*; and in page 11 he informs us his heroine's

———“hair

*Dark as the heron's glossy wing,*

*Is dancing in the moon-light there.”*

If he had the good fortune of taking the trouble to look into Willoughby, Buffon or Goldsmith's *Natural History*, he would find the “heron's glossy wing” to be of a dirty ash colour inclining and approaching so nearly to azure, that if Miss Saca had a beard corresponding with her tresses, we might call her a second *Blue-beard*.

We will now conclude by merely taking notice of this *Poet's* love for the verb *fling* in all its moods and tenses, together with *night-bird*, (by the bye, all his birds were of the nocturnal species—owls,) *Queen*, *Sea Wave*, *Araby*. &c. &c. But, as our limits are rather confined, the public will forgive our not inserting *all the lines*, which this dear verb and those loved substantives and adjectives occur in, together with *one or two* pretty *ten-paged dialogues*, and copied scraps of scenery; however, least this youth should be *chap-fallen*, we shall say he read the “*Fire-worshippers* in “*Lalla Rookh*,” Scott's “*Lady of the Lake*,” and a few duetts and ballads, from which *erudition* he has obtained not altogether a displeasing method of versification.



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 MOUNT LEINSTER, OR THE PROSPECT.

## PART THE SECOND.

The Author of Mount Leinster no doubt believes himself to be a Poet; but unfortunately his readers must be of the same opinion before his title is fully acknowledged—and we are in duty bound to say, if this gentleman lays his claim to the Laurel for the poetical merits of Mount Leinster, he will find himself sadly disappointed. The second part of this Poem is really a strange *Ohio* of Empyricism in Philosophy, fatuity in History, and impotence in Poetry. This anonymous gentleman must pardon our candour—it is the very cream of criticism, in telling him he is no Poet.—In vain have we searched through his books for any sign of the *legitimate* Bard, and no where was it to be found. In fine, if there were to be found ten lines of original excellence or poetical power, one trait of vigorous imagination, spirited description, or original sentiment in the Poem, we were inclined to be merciful—they could not be ferretted out by the keenest eye of criticism, and so like the sinful city it must perish.—This will be thought to be the very fire and brimstone of criticism. But in fact it is truth.—Many may be of a different opinion, and think Mount Leinster a very respectable publication.—No doubt this gentleman is one of the thousand rhymers—one of these mushroom-bards that adorn our sign-posts, and load our shelves and fill the ears and minds of the tasteless and unlearned with dull rhyme and drivelling sentiment, that are the admiration of this class of persons, but the scorn of the learned, the tasty and the judicious. He is one of this tribe, and, to speak candidly, very respectable in his class; but our palates, accustomed to the delicate and high-seasoned viands of genius, can have no relish for the insipid banquets prepared for us with so much trouble and expense by such Authors as the Bard of Mount Leinster.—Rhyming mediocrity we never can sanction, and the *Classical Author* under our review should remember the opinion of the Critical Bard of the Augustan Age, “*Mediocribus esse Poetis, non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ.*”—His Poem pretends to be descriptive top of Irish scenery—but he has neither the heart nor the eye for such a task. Ireland must have her *Scott* before her rich and varied scenery can be truly, boldly or beautifully delineated.—The gentleman indeed has given us a description of a field of potatoes; but we are not, though Irishmen, so very partial to this nutritious root, as to think it good poetical food. However a field of potatoes will

look better next July, than they do now to our "minds eye," in Mount Leinster. For this description he should be crowned with a wreath of their blossoms; it would be a good substitute for the Laurel-chaplet. He also gives us a description of a hurling match, and very accurately, particularly and even elegantly mentions "the high-pucked ball." The Second Part is nothing but a long and tiresome account of the peopling of this country.—He begins at Noah's flood—soon introduces us to our *Cloghachd*,—a Mr. Fenius—one Billy Brogan—Mila, &c. &c. He drives our progenitors about the world for sport in great style, from Scythia to Egypt—from that back again—Then a small walk into Spain—back again, and God knows where, until at length he lands them down safe in the "Emerald Isle."—and hence we are to be the parricides of our Scythian forefathers. Though we look back with a sort of patriotic and rather painful satisfaction to the glories of the Olden Time, "when Malachi wore the collar of gold," and when the Harp of Triumph rang thro' Tara's Hall; yet we are always inclined to laugh at the fabulous nonsense that fools would wish to impose on us for history. The old story of Bellerophon is given as if it were translated from Homer, as the life of one of our Scythian progenitors. We need give no extracts from this Poem—our readers may judge what it is; however we will give one specimen, that would make Lindley Murray "stare and gasp"—Though it is such very excellent grammar, yet it possesses such charlatanical importance, and such a semblance of science and classical learning about it, that we cannot forbear from laying it before our readers.

Like some proud column, round whose base is read,  
Deeds of past years, *Memorials* of the dead;  
While from its apex more correct is drew,  
The varied scenes, *diverging* to the view.

Now we have done with this precious production, and all we will tell our readers is, they will find in Mount Leinster, very little of Mount Parnassus.

#### REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

*Three Waltzes for the Piano-forte, Composed by T. BARRETT.*

These Waltzes are pleasing specimens of this stile of composition. The first in E flat major has claim to originality, and concludes with a minor variation in Unison.

The second is equally pleasing, but the ear is tired with the repetition of the key.

The last possesses brilliancy, the subject being in thirds and sixths. In the second part of this Waltz, the extreme modulation from C major to A flat major is not unpleasant; a less skip would have been preferable, as is sensible to the ear on returning to the subject. They are, as we observed, pleasing specimens, and we commend them to the public notice.

*Twelve Popular National Melodies, as Duets, by F. S. HOLDEN, Mus. Doc.  
Published by J. WILLIS.*

This little work contains 12 *Airs*, some of which are familiar to us, and others original, the work is evidently arranged for beginners; the simplicity of which, must ensure them a rapid sale, as they are not fatiguing to the juvenile performer, and are progressively arranged.

*Pure Friendship, a Ballad from the Poem of Bannockburn, by D. CONRAN.*

The melody of this ballad is pleasing, and the symphony that precedes it, is not too long or tiresome by crowded harmony; the accompaniment commences as it ought, but is too suddenly interrupted in the 3d bar; the effect moreover is not good in allowing the accompaniment to be in unison with the voice, the change would have been better, had it taken place, in the 8th bar; we cannot see any necessity for doubling the 5th, by the omission of the major 3d; pure Harmony will always be as much valued as pure Friendship. We judge the second verse commences after the short symphony, which ought to be marked. We do not doubt the success of this ballad.

*O Beate Virgine, the Maltese Mariners hymn or trio, by JOHN SMITH.*

Mr. Smith has done ample justice to the words before us, (*Queen of the Seas*) the melody is soothing and beautiful, and followed by 8 bars of pure harmony (*O Beate Virgine*) the annotated stile given to the second voice, serves considerably to heighten the effect of the chorus, the bass solo is happily expressed, (when the rolling billows) after which the chorus is repeated; we have heard this Glee in its greatest perfection, at the Beef-stake Club, accompanied by Mr. Barton, on the violin, the stile is familiarly pleasing, and will ensure its success.

ANTHEM OF GOD SAVE THE KING.

In our last we stated, that the old words of *GOD SAVE THE KING*, were from the pen of George Saville Carey; they are however of much more ancient date, as will appear from the following extract of a letter, addressed to Mr. Garrick, at Litchfield, dated October 10th 1745.

"My Dear Sir,—The stage at both houses, is the most pious, as well as the most loyal place, in the three kingdoms. Twenty men appear at the end of every play, and one stepping forward from the rest, with uplifted hands and eyes, begins singing to an old anthem tune, the following words:

O Lord our God arise,  
Confound the enemies  
Of George our King.  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King.

Which are the very words (except the name of George,) and music, of an old anthem, that was sung at St. James's Chapel for King James II. when the Prince of Orange landed to deliver us from popery and slavery. The Almighty, in his goodness, was graciously pleased not to grant the petition of these mistaken loyalists."

J. HOOKE.



Master Ormsby's, Mr. Panormo's, and Master Atwood's Concerts took place in the last month, and were all respectably and numerously attended.

Mr. Hodson's Concert will take place on the fourth, and Mr. Blewitt's on the 10th of May.

Wade's Select Airs will appear in our next.

## MATHEMATICS.

*To the Editor of the Dublin Magazine.\**

MR. EDITOR,

Having never seen a demonstration of the following Theorem, I send you this to be inserted in your Magazine, or burned, as you think proper.

Your's

A.

Let  $y^n + (a + bx)y^{n-1} + (c + dx + ex^2)y^{n-2} \dots + px^n + qx^{n-1} + \&c. = 0$  be the equation of an algebraic Curve. The sum of the ordinates belonging to any point of the axis of abscisses, divided by their respective Subtangents, is equal to a constant quantity.

Let  $\alpha, \beta, \gamma, \&c.$  denote the values of  $y$ , and  $\alpha', \beta', \gamma', \&c.$  those of the respective Subtangents. Now, we know by the theory of equations, that the Coefficient of the second term is equal to the sum of the roots, that is

$$a + bx = \alpha + \beta + \gamma + \&c.;$$

differentiating this equation, and dividing by  $dx$ , we find

$$b = \frac{d\alpha}{dx} + \frac{d\beta}{dx} + \frac{d\gamma}{dx} + \&c.; \quad (1)$$

but in general  $\frac{dy}{dx} = \frac{\text{ordinate}}{\text{subtangent}}$  : therefore  $\frac{d\alpha}{dx} = \frac{\alpha}{\alpha'}$ ,  $\frac{d\beta}{dx} = \frac{\beta}{\beta'}$ ,

$\frac{d\gamma}{dx} = \frac{\gamma}{\gamma'}$ , &c. If we substitute these values into equation (1), there will result

$$b = \frac{\alpha}{\alpha'} + \frac{\beta}{\beta'} + \frac{\gamma}{\gamma'} + \&c.;$$

whence the truth of the Theorem is manifest.

\* This Article having arrived too late, we were unable to insert it in its proper place.

## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

DUBLIN.

| Date.   | Moon. | Barometer. |         | Thermometer. |      | Rain. | Wind.     | Weather |
|---------|-------|------------|---------|--------------|------|-------|-----------|---------|
|         |       | 10 A.M.    | 10 P.M. | Max.         | Min. |       |           |         |
| 5d Mth  |       |            |         |              |      |       |           |         |
| Mar. 21 | d     | 30 .31     | 30 .09  | 51           | 42   | .010  | W.        | Fair.   |
| 22      |       | .00        | 29 .64  | 51           | 36   | .030  | W.        | Cloudy. |
| 23      |       | 29 .24     | .27     | 49           | 34   | —     | SW. W.    | Cloudy. |
| 24      |       | 17         | .25     | 47           | 29   | .100  | W. N.     | Cloudy. |
| 25      |       | 58         | .78     | 52           | 31   | —     | W. NW.    | Fair.   |
| 26      |       | 57         | .68     | 55           | 44   | —     | W.        | Fine.   |
| 27      |       | 64         | .82     | 54           | 40   | .067  | S.W.      | Cloudy. |
| 28      |       | 88         | .93     | 58           | 49   | —     | SE. SW.   | Fair.   |
| 29      | o 30  | .02        | .98     | 59           | 40   | .082  | SW.       | Fair.   |
| 30      |       | 15         | 30 .16  | 56           | 44   | .016  | W SW.     | Fair.   |
| 31      |       | 29 .98     | .04     | 54           | 40   | .066  | W. SW.    | Fair.   |
| 4th Mt. |       |            |         |              |      |       |           |         |
| Apr. 1  |       | .95        | .15     | 55           | 43   | —     | W.        | Fair.   |
| 2       | 30    | .18        | .27     | 58           | 41   | —     | W.        | Cloudy. |
| 3       |       | .29        | .14     | —            | 45   | —     | E. NE.    | Cloudy. |
| 4       | 29    | .88        | 29 .96  | 55           | 35   | .050  | NE. NW.   | Cloudy. |
| 5       | c     | .92        | .42     | 54           | 36   | .155  | W. SW.    | Cloudy. |
| 6       |       | .35        | .43     | 45           | 30   | .010  | SW. WNW.  | Cloudy. |
| 7       |       | .46        | .47     | 48           | 34   | —     | W. SW.    | Fair.   |
| 8       |       | .28        | .37     | 50           | 33   | .378  | SE. WNW.  | Cloudy. |
| 9       |       | .50        | .58     | —            | 33   | .014  | —         | Fair.   |
| 10      |       | .48        | .50     | —            | 37   | —     | SW. SE.   | Fair.   |
| 11      |       | .66        | .77     | —            | 35   | —     | Variable. | Fair.   |
| 12      | •     | .95        | 30 .07  | —            | 31   | —     | Variable. | Fine.   |
| 13      | 30    | .00        | 29 .89  | —            | 41   | .017  | E. SSW.   | Fine.   |
| 14      | 29    | .82        | .87     | —            | 37   | .040  | NW.       | Fair.   |
| 15      |       | 96         | 30 .06  | —            | 42   | —     | W.        | Fine.   |
| 16      | 30    | 15         | .32     | —            | 51   | —     | W.        | Fine.   |
| 17      |       | 39         | .37     | —            | 50   | —     | W.        | Fair.   |
| 18      |       | 33         | .35     | —            | 39   | —     | W. SW.    | Fair.   |
| 19      | d     | .30        | .25     | —            | 46   | —     | W. SW.    | Fair.   |
| 20      |       | .37        | .39     | —            | 47.  | —     | W. E.     | Fine.   |

N. B.—The above observations, excepting those of the Barometer, apply to a period of twenty-four hours, beginning at 10 A.M. on the day indicated in the first

column. A dash in the column for "Rain," denotes that the result is included in the next following observation; the guage is elevated about 53 feet above the level of the ground. The last column merely relates to that portion of the day included between sun-rise and sun-set.

### REMARKS.

3d Month, 22d. Cloudy, drizzling rain during most part of the day; heavy shower about 9 p.m. 23d, a gale from 10 A.M. till 10 P.M. 25th, 3 p.m. a shower of snow, Maximum of Temperature at 10 A.M. of the 26th. 28th, squally night 4th Month, 3d; about noon we had a damp, white fog from the sea, which cleared off in a few hours. 4th, close, gloomy day. 5th, fine clear morning at sun-rise; wet afternoon, with high wind. 7th, maximum of temperature at 10 A.M. of the 8th. 9th, a shower of hail about 3 p.m. 15th, Cirrocumulus. 18th and 20th, Lunar Halo; diameter of the former about 25 degrees.

55, City-quay,  
25th of 4th Month, 1820.

J. P. Jun.

### RESULTS OF THIRD MONTH.

|                                                        |                              |   |          |        |
|--------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------|---|----------|--------|
| Barometer, greatest height                             | 10 P. M. 17th day, wind NNE. | - | -        | 30.63. |
| - - least                                              | 10 A. M. 24th                | - | W.       | 29.17. |
| - - mean                                               | at 10 A. M.                  | - | -        | 30.40  |
| - - mean                                               | at 10 P. M.                  | - | -        | 30.46  |
| - - mean of both                                       | -                            | - | -        | 30.43  |
| - - range                                              | -                            | - | -        | 1.46   |
| - - greatest range in 24 hours, 22d day                | -                            | - | -        | 0.76.  |
| Thermometer, greatest heat 14th and 29th day, wind SW. | -                            | - | -        | 59°.   |
| - - cold 2d and 19th                                   | -                            | - | NW, ENE. | 27°.   |
| - - mean of greatest daily heat                        | -                            | - | -        | 50°.   |
| - - - - cold                                           | -                            | - | -        | 36°.   |
| - - - - both                                           | -                            | - | -        | 43°.   |
| - - range                                              | -                            | - | -        | 32°.   |
| - - greatest range in 24 hours, 25th                   | -                            | - | -        | 21°.   |
| Rain, 0.753 inches.                                    |                              |   |          |        |

In consequence of one of my Thermometers having met with an accident, I have been obliged to discontinue the registry of the Maximum of Temperature until I can get it replaced.

J. P. Jun.

### LONDON FASHIONS

#### *Walking Dress.*

A Cambric Muslin high dress: the body is laced behind; the back is plain, and moderately wide: the front is ornamented with lace lozenges; there are two rows let in at each side, which form the front in the stomacher style: the waist is very long. Long sleeves, made rather tight, and finished at the hand with lace: epaulette, which is very full, is formed into lozenge puffs by narrow tucked bands of cambric muslin. There is no collar, but a full fall of lace goes round the dress at the throat. A single flounce of very rich work ornaments the bottom of the skirt. The pelisse worn with the dress is composed of the beautiful new silk called *sphyrene*; the colour is a peculiar shade of lavender: it is made tight to the shape



long in the waist, ornamented with rosettes on the hips, and has a high collar rounded in front: the sleeve is moderately wide; is finished at the hand by three narrow rouleaus of *gros de Naples*, each a little distance from the other. The habit sleeve is composed of alternate folds of *gros de Naples* and zephyreene, which are crossed in front of the arm. The skirt of an easy fulness, and is trimmed at the bottom only with a fulness, of lavender-coloured gauze, intermixed with satin to correspond. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of white *gros de Naples*: the crown is low; the brim large, but extremely becoming, formed something in the capuchin style, but to stand out a good deal from the face; the edge of the brim is finished with blond, and a bouquet, composed of a full-blown rose, surrounded with buds and leaves, is placed in front: strings, to correspond with the pelisse, tie it under the chin. Lavender-coloured kid boots, and Limerick gloves,

#### EVENING DRESS.

A low dress, composed of Urlings' lace, figured in a leaf pattern: it is worn over a white satin slip; the waist is rather long; the back plain, and the front formed exactly to the shape of the bosom. The dress is cut much lower in front of the bust than behind. A wreath of leaves, composed of lace, and edged with pink *gros de Naples*, goes round the bust. The sleeve is a mixture of pink *gros de Naples* and rich lace: the former is in full bias folds, the latter quilled between the folds; these folds are so disposed, as to form a finish to the bottom of the sleeve which is also ornamented by two small bunches of leaves, one appended to each of the folds. The skirt is fancifully trimmed with pink *gros de Naples*, laid on plain in separate pieces; the top of each is something in the lozenge style: a rich and uncommonly good intimation of Valenciennes lace is quilled round this trimming, and a deep flounce of lace to correspond finishes it at the bottom: the effect is novel and strikingly elegant. The front hair is dressed in loose curls, which fall low at the sides of the face; it is less parted on the forehead than we have lately seen it: the hind hair is negligently fastened up by a pearl comb; a few ringlets descend from the crown of the head to the throat, but are not suffered to fall into the neck. Head-dress, artificial flowers tastefully intermixed with the hair. Pearl neck-lace and ear-rings. White kid gloves, and white silk shoes.

#### TRINITY COLLEGE.

At the late Quarterly Examinations, the Gold Medal for Science, was awarded to Mr. Haig, and the Gold Medal for Classics, to Mr. Francks.

The following Gentlemen obtained Certificates.—For General Answering.—Berwick, sen. Martin, Keller, Hanna, Stokes 1mus. Mr. Johnson 2dus. Mr. Roper, 1mus. Mr. Kelly, Fulham, Miller 2dus, Aldworth, Sproule 2dus, Simple, Kyle, jun. Twigg.

For Science.—Mr. Lynch, Longfield, Sen. Evanson, M'Dermott, Mr. Wilmot, Mr. Monahan, Stokes, 4tus, Conneys, Marthy, Kingsmill.

For Classics.—Mr. Lynch, Cooper 1mus, Hamilton 3mus, Maginn, Kingsmill, Gwynn, jun. West, Purdon 3tus, Prendeville.

The following Gentlemen obtained Premiums, for General Answering.—Sillits, Bell 1mus, Kyle, sen. Alcock 1mus, Sandes 1mus, Kenney, Mason, Mr. Magennis, Mr. M'Alpine, Mr. King, Cummins, Smith 3tus, Irwin 4tus, Fallon, Day, sen. Wall 2dus, Vance, Gregg.

For Science.—Mr. Plunkett 3tus, Mr. Hinchy, Blake, sen. Ferguson, jun. Dobbs, M'Clean, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Saunders, jun. Therry, Purdon 3tus, West, Gwynne, jun. Banks, jun. Hughes 4tus.

For Classics.—Mr. Gore 4tus, M'Cready, jun. Chambers 3tus, Gayer, Dobbs, Smyth 3tus, Mr. Grogan, Mr. Balfour, Williams 2dus, M'Keane, Conneys, Isles, Ould, Comerford.

# Poetry.

## THE PEREGRINATIONS OF SHOLTO SHULADA.

(Continued from page 249.)

### Canto the Third.

Oh! gentle Muse inspire my lays,  
While fickle Fancy round me plays;  
And teach my numbers as they flow,  
With fire Promethean to glow;  
Let them not prematurely fade,  
And sink unnoticed in the shade!  
Teach me in simple strains to tell  
The tale that needs no magic spell  
To give it force, while Truth shall guide  
My freighted bark across the tide:  
Nor let the angry storms assail,  
Of captious Critics' freezing gale:  
For tho' unpolished all my lays,  
And little emulous of praise;  
Yet when the cup of bliss o'erflows,  
I'd fain its mystic pow'r disclose;  
And all around the hopes impart  
That swell with Joy, my ravish'd heart;  
When nature opens to my view,  
The Sylvan scenes, I love so true;  
Or Fancy feasts my straining sight,  
With glowing gleams of fading light!

Teach me the flowery fields to tread,  
That Truth and Nature round me spread;  
The blossom'd gems with care to cull,  
'Till with the fragrant treasure full,  
And by thy inspiration graced,  
The votive offering, I haste,  
To lay before the shrine of Taste!

Teach me to join the sportive train,  
In rustic revel on the plain;  
To wind the dance in merry maze,  
When the bright Suns departing rays,  
Illumine the bosom of the West,  
In nature's crimson liv'ry dress'd;  
Too quickly fades the radiant light,  
To grey-robed eve, and sable night:  
Thus shines the cheek of village maid,  
By rosy-tinctured health arrayed;  
For smiling Innocence and Truth,  
Take shelter in the breast of youth;  
And love and joy, in sportive play,  
Speed swiftly thro' life's summer-day;  
Nor heed the blissful hours that fly,  
Nor Time's unerring hand descry,

That leads with certain aim—tho' slow,  
To grey-haired age, and wrinkled brow;  
When fades the power of beauty's charm,  
The cold and icy heart to warm;  
But Hope's bright flame, in lambent blaze,  
Around the couch of Virtue plays,  
And when Life's Sun, shall sink oppress'd,  
Soars with the soul, to scenes of rest!

Thus ever shall it be my pride,  
With Virtue for my faithful guide;  
Nature's enticing path to tread,  
With ever-blooming flow'rs o'er-spread!  
But still O! Muse, thine aid I claim,  
To guide my inexperience'd aim;  
Lest in the chaplet that I bind,  
Some baleful weed might entrance find;  
For flow'rets deck'd in painted pride,  
Full oft a secret poison hide;  
And I would have the rosy wreath,  
Nought but the purest fragrance breathe,  
Such as might burn, with flame divine,  
For incense at fair Virtue's Shrine!

THE BABE by Father Dennis bless'd,  
In Isis' arms had sunk to rest;  
While o'er the couch young Redmond hung,  
His anxious care restrain'd his tongue,  
But well his beating heart could prove,  
The blessings of paternal Love;  
And while domestic cares demand,  
The elder Couple's aiding hand;  
Old Balmerino started too,  
With other sort of game in view;  
He swore by Jove, that day should be,  
Sacred to mirth and revelry;  
Nor friend nor neighbour should depart,  
But freely join with hand and heart,  
To drink the well-stored cellar dry,  
And conquer (soldier-like,) or die!  
Besides Shulada had by luck,  
The day preceding shot a buck,  
Which now was doom'd to swell the feast,  
In pure complaisance to the Priest;  
Who deemed a well-made Pasty, food,  
For kings or princes far too good!  
The tables groan'd, and well they might,  
For ne'er before was such a sight,

Upon their oaken shoulders placed,  
 As now the joyous banquet graced ;  
 The trout and salmon from the Lake,  
 Precedence of the Lambkins take,  
 That often sported on its banks,  
 Or marched to pen, in straggling ranks ;  
 The wood it's feather'd inmates yield,  
 The lowing kine forsake the field ;  
 And all the orchard's treasures, stored  
 In pies and puddings, graced the board !

A solemn blessing on the feast,  
 Was pray'd for by the pious priest ;  
 Who deem'd his orison was heard,  
 And grace on every dish conferr'd ;  
 For tho' his round and portly paunch,  
 Was well supplied with beef and haunch ;  
 Yet fish and fowl, and soup and hare,  
 He clearly proved were wholesome fare ;  
 And ever and anon a glass  
 Of Claret to his lip he'd pass,  
 And felt himself in duty bound,  
 To hob or nob with all around :  
 Alas, those fair but faded days,  
 From mem'ry claim the meed of praise,  
 When ev'ry plain, but honest squire,  
 With friends encircled round his fire,  
 In sparkling wine could toast his lass,  
 And hospitably push the glass,  
 By no restraining duties bound,  
 The portly Magnum pass around !  
 Now Claret's rich and ruby glow,  
 Gives place to juice of barley-mow ;  
 A bev'rage then, but little known,  
 Save to poor Poets, when alone  
 Within a garret's limits pent ;  
 They gave to wounded feelings vent ;  
 And bless'd the burning draught that glows,  
 With sweet forgetfulness of woes ;  
 One hapless bard, of matchless fame,  
 Who oft thine aid would freely claim,  
 First drew thee, Whiskey, from the shade,  
 And all thy Charms in verse array'd ;  
 For *He* could sing the merry strain,  
 To soothe the hours of grief and pain ;  
 Or through his native woodlands roam,  
 Making each sylvan cell his home ;  
 How feeble is my power to praise,  
 The polish'd beauty of his lays ;  
 Which to the highest flights could soar,  
 Yet always nature's impress bore,  
 Let me repress my bursting rage,  
 At mem'ry of the worthless age,  
 That could such truth and talent doom,  
 To pine in poverty and gloom,  
 Yet now the zeal of Scotland turns,  
 With useless pomp of storied urns,  
 To consecrate the name of BURNS !

His name the muse to heav'n has borne,  
 To prove that "*man is made to mourn!*"  
 Round went the circling glass. the while  
 The jovial priest with gladsome smile,  
 His goblet full, and eke his heart,  
 Anxious his rapture to impart,  
 First having cleared his voice, with care  
 Thus sang a health to Redmond's heir.

### Song.

Come fill to the brim, Father Dennis com-  
 mands.

And who shall the will of your Pastor  
 dispute ?

When the health of young Sholto a bumper  
 demands ?

From the fairest of blossoms,—the richest  
 of fruit.

May he never be cross'd,  
 By adversity's frost ;

But the dew-drops of joy—grace the dawn  
 of his youth,

And the noon-tide of life,  
 Free from sorrow or strife

Be to manhood matured, by the sunbeams  
 of Truth.

When his warm heart glows—and high swells  
 ev'ry vein,

And, (by reason unguarded)—the wild pas-  
 sions rage,

May honour protect his pure blood from a  
 stain,

'Till its ardour is cooled by the evening  
 of age.

Then no thought of the past,  
 Shall his brow overcast,

While gleamings of bliss, in bright visions  
 shall play,

And his fast-fading breath,  
 Steal the sharp sting of death,

Changing Life's dreary Night, for Eternity's  
 day,

The song was hail'd with loud acclaim,  
 And when young Sholto's new-found name,  
 Was pledg'd—old Sholto starting up,  
 Fill'd to the brim his sparkling cup,  
 And vow'd he'd sing a merry stave,  
 But first, permission he would crave ;  
 With loud applause the table rung—  
 As if Anacreon had sung,  
 The Vet'ran smooth'd his silver locks,  
 Replaced his *quid* within his box,  
 And with a voice unchanged by Time,  
 He sang this old but merry rhyme.



## Song.

The trader may spread ev'ry sail to the breeze,  
And searching for profit, may buffet the seas ;  
While the soldier exchanges for laurels his  
blows,

And for honour alone often buffets his foes !

The squire thinks no joy, with the *chace* can  
compare,

When fifty bold heroes, hunt one timid hare ;  
But the soldier, who *chases*, 'till nigh out of  
breath,

Of himself or his foe, must be in at the death !

The Priest, of offences, can frame a long list,  
And by kindly forgiving—his mill meets with  
grist ;

But the Soldier—whene'er a nice lass starts  
in view,

Can first *teach* her to *sin*,—and then *pardon* her  
too !

Then drink—and, oh ! ne'er may the fountain  
run dry,

That with nectar like this—can poor mortals  
supply ;

And our two choicest blessings, we'll cheerfully  
join,

Here's woman for ever—dear woman, and  
wine !—

The cheerful notes the guests inspire,  
And soldier, trader, priest and squire,  
In one convivial chorus join,  
In praise of woman and of wine ;  
May lovely woman's name be bless'd,  
And holy love inspire each breast ;  
And while we pour libations down,  
Of rosy wine, at beauty's throne ;  
O ! be the honest heart forgiven,  
That deems not, when so near to Heav'n,  
That wine and woman power have,  
Our hearts and senses to enslave !  
Nought else the custom could excuse,  
Which time has taught us to disuse ;  
Of making ev'ry friendly feast  
The scene of drunken broil, at least ;  
By forcing those who'd drank too much,  
Again the baleful draught to touch ;  
'Till all that human seem'd,—was fled,  
And drunken beasts—were left for dead ;  
I will not say that drunken brawl,  
Disgraced Shulada house, or hall ;  
Their senses were not fled—of course,  
For ev'ry Squire could mount his horse ;  
And when each steed—an owner found,  
Then *Deoch'n dorris* went around !

The noise of rout and revel o'er ;  
To laughter loud, and mirthful roar ;  
Succeeds the pure and peaceful calm,  
That gives to Solitude a balm,  
More fragrant than the spicy breeze,  
That odour wafts o'er Indian seas ;  
For ne'er the happy pair had found,  
The deadly sting,—the rankling wound  
Of dark Ingratitude—nor felt  
The tender heart with anguish melt,  
Save when the sad'ning sigh arose  
Of sympathy for others' woes.  
Young Inis with a mother's cares,  
A sweet, but serious aspect wears ;  
And many a tear of tender Joy  
She sheds, while gazing on her boy ;  
She thinks upon his growing years,  
With all a Mother's hopes and fears ;  
And, as the smiling babe is press'd,  
With rapture to her beating breast ;  
To heav'n the mental pray'r is sped,  
For blessings on his infant head.  
When blissful visions mock her brain,  
She finds our Mortal lot is pain ;  
For as th' enamell'd bud she views  
Its crimson covering refuse,  
Proudly indignant of restraint,  
Oh ! who can then her feelings paint ?  
Lest when the fev'ring pains assail,  
Her infant's strength and life should fail :  
The cup of bliss the father sips,  
When from his cherub's pouting lips,  
First by a parent's name he's hail'd ;  
But soon his heart by fears assail'd,  
As all his growing hope he sees,  
Run the fell gauntlet of disease :  
Thus felt the fond and virtuous pair,  
Joy mellowing the Cup of Care :  
Thus in alternate hopes and fears,  
Time flew o'er Sholto's infant years ;  
And eight bright Suns, in annual range,  
Had mark'd the varied seasons' change ;  
Since first his bright and budding charms,  
Had bless'd the lovely Inis' arms.  
The fleeting years did kindly prove,  
Propitious to wedded love :  
Three daughters and a blooming boy—  
Were added to the Chain of Joy,  
That Redmond and his Inis bound,  
In fond affection's fairy round ;  
First-Love, when truly felt, we're told,  
Ne'er suffers change by growing old ;  
But ever in the heart must dwell,  
Bound by affection's magic spell ;  
Nor can e'en Death dissolve the charm,  
While Mem'ry keeps the passion warm,

Thus doth the heart impulsive turn,  
 And with a holy ardour burn  
 For the first fruit of faithful love,  
 That seems as with existence wove;  
 A shoot that creeps without controul,  
 And winds itself about the Soul:  
 Young Sholto thus precedence claim'd,  
 First in his father's favor named,  
 None dared dispute his infant will,  
 But strove his wishes to fulfil;  
 And wild and wayward proved his choice,  
 Uncheck'd by reason's guiding voice:  
 Old Sholto too, would fume and fret,  
 If aught disturb'd his little pet;  
 Tho' oft he suffered in the fray,  
 From tricks the merry rogue would play;  
 Young Sholto he would frequent take,  
 To sport in punt upon the Lake;  
 But once, when far from either shore,  
 And Balmerino at the oar;  
 Unseen, his godson slyly stole,—  
 The peg that stopped the bottom hole;  
 He threw it overboard with might,  
 And chuckled, when 'twas out of sight;  
 The Vet'ran soon with horror gazed,  
 He saw the stream pour in, amazed;  
 And with his hat the waters bail'd,  
 But soon his strength and power fail'd.  
 In vain for help he loudly bawl'd,  
 In vain the boy as loudly call'd;  
 Again he plyed his single oar,  
 And found the punt approach the shore;

But all his ardent hopes were damped,  
 For close to shore the boat was swamp'd;  
 He snatch'd the child, and stepping in,  
 The rippling waters reached his chin;  
 He bore the boy above his head,  
 And wading—(not without some dread,)  
 Through muck and mire he reached the  
 shore,  
 First damn'd the muddy Lake, then swore,  
 He'd venture in a punt—no more.—

They gain'd the house—the Vet'ran  
 straight

Retired,—unwilling to relate,  
 The history of his wayward fate:  
 Our hero thought he ne'er could prove,  
 How much he bore old Sholto—love;  
 So when he heard his godsire snore,  
 The wooden leg he safely bore,  
 And having scraped off all the mire,  
 He hung it o'er the kitchen fire;  
 Resolved the stump should well be dried,  
 The hearth with fuel he supplied;  
 Then to his Sisters fled away,  
 To tell the frolic of the day;  
 The story told—the little troop—  
 Form'd round the kitchen fire—a group,  
 Anxious to see the wooden leg,  
 Which Sholto hung upon a peg;  
 The little group with wonder stare,  
 For oh!—no wooden leg was there;  
 And—why?—I'll tell if you desire,  
 The leg had fallen in the fire!—

End of Canto the Third.

## A PARAPHRASTIC VERSION OF EMAN-AC-KNUCK'S SONG TO EVA.

TRANSLATED FROM MRS. PECK'S LATE WORK.

On the white hawthorn's bloom, in purpling  
 streak,  
 I see the fairy-ring of morning break,  
 On the green valley's brow she golden glows,  
 Kissing the crimson of the opening rose,—  
 Knits with her thousand smiles its damask dies,  
 And laughs the season on our hearts and eyes.  
 Rise, Eva, rise, fair spirit of my breast,  
 In whom I live—forsake the down of rest;  
 Lovelier than morn, carnationed in soft hues,  
 Sweeter than rifled roses in the dews,  
 Of dawn divinely weeping,—and more fair  
 Than the coy flow'rs fanned by the mountain  
 air;—  
 More modest than the morning's blushing  
 smile,  
 Rise, Eva, rise—pride of our western Isle—

The sky's blue beauties lose their sunny grace,  
 Before the calm, soft splendors of thy face,  
 Thy breath is sweeter than the apple-bloom  
 When spring's musk'd spirit bathes it in per-  
 fume,  
 The rock's wild honey steep's thy rubied lip,  
 Rise, Eva, rise—I long these sweets to sip,  
 The polish'd ringlets of thy jetty locks,  
 Shame the black ravens on their sun-gilt rocks,  
 Thy neck can boast a whiter, lovelier glow  
 Than the wild cygnet's silvery plume of  
 snow,  
 And from thy bosom, the soft throne of bliss,  
 The witch of love in all her blessedness,  
 Heaves all her spells, wings all her feather'd  
 darts  
 And dips her arrows in adoring hearts.

Rise, Eva, rise—the sun sheds his sweet ray,  
Am'rous to kiss thee—rise, my love, we'll stray  
Across the mountain,—on the blossomy heath,  
The heath-bloom holds for thee its od'rous  
breath,

From the tall crag, high-spiring in the skies,  
I'll pick for thee the strings of strawberries,  
The yellow nuts too, from the hazel tree,  
Soul of my heart! I'll strip to give to thee;  
As thy red lips the berries shall be bright,  
And the sweet nuts shall be as ripe and white  
And milky as the love-begotten tide  
That fills thy spotless bosom, my sweet bride!  
Queen of the smile of joy! shall I not kiss  
Thee in the moss-grown grot, bless'd bow'r of  
bliss,

Shall not thy rapturous lover clasp thy charms,  
And fold his Eva in his longing arms,  
Shall Iniscather's wood again attest,  
Thy beauties strain'd unto this burning breast!  
Absent how long!—Ah! when wilt thou  
return?

When shall this wither'd bosom cease to mourn?

Eva! why stay so long! why leave me lone  
In the deep valley, to the cold grey stone  
Pouring my plaints?—O come, divinest fair,  
Chase from my breast the demon of despair;  
The winds are witness to my deep distress,  
Like the lorn wanderer of the wilderness,  
For thee I languish and for thee I sigh

My Eva come, or thy poor swain shall die,  
And didst thou hear my melancholy lay?  
And art thou coming, love! my Eva! say?  
Thou daughter of a meek-eyed dame, thy  
face,

Is lovelier than thy Mother's, in soft grace,

O! yes! thou comest, Eva,—to my sight,  
An Angel Minister of Heavenly light;—  
The sons of frozen climes can never see  
Summer's bright smile so glad as I see thee,  
Thy steps to me are lovelier than the ray,  
That roses nights cheek with the blush of  
day.

J. B. CLARKE.

### JACK AND THE LEPRECHAUNS.\*

The fair was o'er, the moon was high,  
The badger purr'd, the bog-sprite shone;  
From the dark cairn the benshie's cry  
Had told some favourite friend was gone.

The plover  
Flew over  
The dark, dewy wood;  
Each rath-fay  
His path-way

Row'd o'er the night flood.

Jack Finn now bid his friends good night,  
And staggered towards his woodland cot,  
A wild, good-hearted, cheery wight  
As e'er smok'd pipe, or drain'd a pot.

Thro' rushes  
And bushes  
He whistled, to shew  
The bog-sprite  
With red light  
He fear'd not as foe.

But now he pass'd a lonely tower,  
Where once bright mirth and splendour  
shone;  
But now, with mirth, with pride and pow'r,  
Its very name was nearly gone.  
The Leprechauns beneath it dwelt,  
Poor Jack now miss'd the beaten path,  
And soon, Poor Wight! he trembling felt

What 'twas to pass a fairy rath;  
As o'er it's hollow sounding sod  
His heavy step now loudly rang,  
A tiny form before him trod,  
And thus with wildest accents sang:

"When moon-light,  
Near mid-night,  
Tips the rock and waving wood;  
When moon-light,  
Near mid-night,  
Silvers o'er the sleeping flood;  
When yew-tops  
With dew-drops  
Sparkle o'er deserted graves;  
'Tis then we fly  
Thro' welken high,

Then we sail o'er yellow waves."  
On's head he wore a round plum'd hat,  
Form'd of fur of the old black rat;  
His scarlet coat and purple breeches  
Were finely sewn with fairies' stitches;  
His stockings were made of the fine white  
down

That tufted the soft, bloated night-moth's  
breast;  
And the green, golden-crested wren's bright  
crown  
Was stolen by Elfin's to trim his light vest;

\* The Fairies of Ireland.



His stud was a wild-bounding, bearded goat,  
Whose trappings were made of the sanguine skin

Of a dead man's wrist, on which he could float  
Thro' air or the stream, as the wing or fin;

His jack-boots were made of the bat's tann'd wings;

His spurs were the bright golden queen-bee's stings;

The whistle that headed his wild flax whip  
Was reav'd from a cricket; his pigmy hip  
Was girt with a well-tempered sharp, long blade,  
Which once darn'd the hose of some fair house-maid.

Thus equip'd, he gallopp'd o'er hill and mead,  
And now to the Leprechauns' rath Jack led.

The rath was nigh deep Innin's lake,  
Well fenced with rock-pine bush and brake;

The brown back'd rabbit o'er it fed,  
And in its soft sand burrowed.

But there (the red ray'd evening's sun  
When down) the fowler's murdering gun

Was heard no more—for woe the Wight  
Would tread it 'neath the lone moon-light.

Beside it lay the dreamless bed  
Of those forgotten—long since dead;

For from the tomb-stones o'er their breast  
Their names were worn by winter's blast.—

Howe'er it be, Jack Finn got there—  
The Fairy-King surrounded stood,

Amidst the moon's reflected glare,  
Of polish'd blades upon the flood,

(Which, calmly sleeping on the sand,  
Did scarcely move the floating weed.)

And thus address'd his listening band,  
And thus Jack Finn's sad fate decreed:—

“That mortal wight,  
Who roves by night

To dare the spright  
Who rides the light

Of moon-beams bright,  
Shall feel his might.

For this, I'll say,  
Ere break of day,

Jack Finn, so gay,  
For this shall pay.—

Help, witches grey.—  
Ope' graves—Obey!”

’Twas now the fearful magic spell

Did strongly work against Jack Finn,  
For all the dead began to yell,

And death's-heads on the tombs to grin;  
The coffins rose from moving graves,

And burst their red-worm-shining staves,  
To shew poor Jack their quiv'ring dead,

Quiver'd by insects, in them bred;

And each, from whole or rotten shroud,  
Said, “Jack, good-night;” then slowly bow'd,  
And in their dark graves yawning fell,  
Order'd by fearful magic spell.

And now the troops of Fairy-land,  
Grown to Jack's size, before him stand:

Jack's joy was great to see the crowd;

He caught their King's false proffer'd hand,  
Then to him love and friendship vow'd,

And join'd the seeming-peasant band,  
But little reck'd their leader's horse

Was once a goat or speckled cat;

His fears were for the grinning corse,

Half-ate by worms or charnel rat.

He mounted quick a sloe-black steed,

Noted in Fairy-land for speed,

And joyous bade the ghosts good night

Then with the Elfin's wing'd his flight;

But doubted not that they were rogues,

Who soon would strip him to his brogues,

But then said he they are so civil,

At least they've saved me from the Devil,

And even if they rob me, why,

Another watch and coat I'll buy.

The signal given, away he flew

O'er they grey weedy charnel wall.

“Poor luckless Jack,” shrill cried the crew,

“Be silent when the fairies call.”

They leap the scented hawthorn hedge,

And gallop thro' the way mead,

And thro' the black bog, flags and sedge,

Poor Jack now follow'd magic-led.

Now the tall lonely tower of Slane,

Rises o'er the dark hill-demesne,

Which, by the distance, seem'd to shroud

Its ruin'd head, in russet cloud;

But soon the creeping Ivy's seen,

To cloak its breast, with moon-ray'd green;

And fir, and oak, and shining holly,

Bedeck this throne of Melancholy;

And sighing shade alike the head,

Of prince or beggar mouldered.

Who 'neath the silent village lie

Close fenc'd with pale mist-cover'd groves,

Where soaring goshawks proudly fly,

Where prowling fox securely roves.

And now the Lordly Castle's seen,

As if the Tower it sought to join,

With woody arms of dappled green,

Reflected in the sullen Boyne.

Dark misty woods the distance cloud,

And black bent oaks the river crowd,

Save on those turns that smoothly shine,

Devoid of rocks rough-crown'd with pine;

Reflected clouds with silver swell,

Here slowly pass as if they fell,

To kiss the stream, and bid it flow  
With joy—but hoarse with sorrow woe  
Has deep Boyne run, since Tara's Kings  
Had, with their blood, imbrued its springs.  
Jack led by Fairies, Wretched Wight!

Was nearly dead thro' fright and woe,  
And silent cursed the luckless night,  
And Fay, that caused his being so.  
They quickly leap'd across the Boyne,  
Save Jack, (who thought he now was free)  
But soon his snorting horse did join

With him, the pigmie-company.  
Hark! Hark! said one, I hear a flute,  
List! list! my friends, be still and mute:  
I see a boat, sure mortals breathe  
That distant chord upon the wave;  
The mellow horn, the flute and harp,  
Are 'proaching near the gurgling sharp,  
They silent pass, with dripping oars  
Uplifted, now soft music pours  
Again; the barges dipping wings,  
Ruffle the stream, with 'lumin'd rings;  
The swelling notes are passing near,

Now beats in time, the knock of oars,  
And on the moon-lit waves appear,  
Their boiling rings which lave the shores.  
The sailing music echoes thro'

Dark hanging woods—Boyne's canopy,  
The castle-turrets bound the view,

The passing harp-chords softly sigh.

The boat now smoothly floats away,  
It's oars are deck'd with yellow spray;  
The notes are softer—now they die,  
And could be drown'd by Jack's deep sigh;  
But in his breast, he breathless held,  
That heavy throb, until compell'd  
To sob it forth—the barge is fled,  
The listening night-wind followed.—  
With trembling Jack, the fairies pranc'd  
Over Bective, over old Bellsoon;  
In Creasetown's-vale, round Jack they danc'd,  
Beneath the yellow setting moon.  
Then towards the Shannon flew away,  
And leap'd the Shannon ev'ry fay;  
But Jack who thought it ne'er was in  
A Fiend or Mortal horse's skin,  
To cross a full half-mile of flood,  
In the *Deil's Stirrups* gazing stood.  
But hark that distant whistle shrill  
That's echo'd from you moon-lit hill;  
Now hark Jack's courser's answering neigh,  
Now see him wheel with Jack away,  
And like a ball shot from a cannon,  
Leap with Jack the river Shannon,  
"Cushliegh ma chree" said Jack, "you are,"  
Away flew steed, like meteor-star  
With fiery tail—and shook poor Jack,  
Upon the bank from off his back.

ALEXANDER HENRY.

#### VARIETY.

Dull constancy is quite a quaker's hat;  
So formal! changeless with its great broad brim;  
Variety's a fine young playful cat——  
An hopeful imp of spirit sport and whim;  
Who, when all other objects fail,  
Runs after its own tail,

PETER PINDAR.

Behold the Bee! who gaily roves,  
Around you fragrant Bow'r,  
Who hums, and wings his flight, and loves  
To sip of every flow'r.

Thrice happy insect! flaunting Bee,  
Who joyous pass thy noontide hours,  
Whose winglets flickering bright and free,  
May wanton mid the sweetest flowers.

Behold yon painted Butterfly!  
Whose pinions glow with many a hue;  
To every Bud he seems to sigh,  
From every flow'r he quaffs the dew.

Dear Flutterer! wing thine airy way,  
Unharm'd, impeded not by me;  
Pursue those joys that gild thy day,  
And curst the touch that injures thee!

How sweetly glides the Zephyr's glow,  
Ruffling autumn evening's calm,  
Nestling now on breasts of snow,  
And mingling with each breath of balm.

Methinks, 'tis sweet such life to lead,  
To rove as blithe from fair to fair;  
To love—to woo—to sigh—to plead,—  
And hopes and fears alternate share.

Yes, life is dull,—and while we range  
The surface of this earthly sphere,  
The flowers that spring from every change  
Still soothe our weary lingerings here.

Then come, thou nymph whose witching glance  
So archly beams with mirth and glee,  
With all thy trains of joys advance,  
Light fairy-formed Variety!

F. P. T.

## SONNET,

*Addressed to JOHN ANSTER, Esq. after reading his excellent Poems.*

Genius! thou'rt heav'n-descended—a sweet ray  
 Welling from out the fount of light—a beam  
 Pervading nature—in whose golden gleam  
 Creation laughs, lit with a lovelier day—  
 Thy glance brightens the Sun—the ocean spray  
 Curls fairer in thy prism—and right I deem  
 Thou art the link 'tween Natures Lord supreme  
 And Nature, and thy fancies are heav'n's play—

I alway had this mind—but yester-night  
 Anster! I found it dress'd in reason's guise  
 Not trick'd from fancy's loom—while with  
 delight  
 I breathed thy breath of song—thy extacies—  
 And commun'd with thy spirit—go on blest  
 youth!  
 Thy verse is Melody—thy thought is Truth.

J. B. CLARKE.

## LINES ON SEEING A DEAD HARE.

(AFTER BURNS.)

Where lint-fields waved their bonny bell,  
 Where hawthorns snaw'd the hermit-dell,  
 And where the lanely mountain fell  
     Waved craps o heather,  
 There thou'st roam'd thy ain brown sel,  
     Nor e'er smelt powther.

An' then, thou'st scudded, wud an' wild  
 'Mang wreaths and sümmer vap'rans mild,  
 Or ta'en thy seat beneath the bield  
     O' fennel green.  
 In lanely corner o the field,  
     Frae Sportsmen keen.

But now thy head hangs dangling o'er  
 Thy wee bit shouter, wet wi' gore,  
 And now na mair you'll join the splore  
     O maukens kend,

For aff, on coursing-staff, you're bore  
     Feat to be skinn'd,  
 'Tis sae wi mony as wi thee,  
 But some are skinn'd afore they dee,  
 I ween I'd mention twa or three,  
     Wha lost their hide,  
 Then, naked, forced awa to flee  
     Far 'yond the tide.

An' there, they roam'd, unken'd, unknown;  
 Nae claes, nae friend, nae hope, nae scone;  
 Puir wrangless fallows! yet ochone,  
     They'll blythely rise  
 To tread their geard oppressors prone,  
     An' hear their cries.

A. HENRY.

## TO MISS ———.

Maid of my soul, to thee we drink  
 This cup of blushing wine;  
 But whilst we sip, we fain must think  
 On every blush of thine.

Each jovial cup, with vine-juice fed,  
 Fresh raptures must renew;  
 But still its smiles and blushes red,  
 Must always envy you.

We fain must think, e'en while we sip  
 The nectar'd bowl we love,  
 The honey'd fragrance of thy lip  
 What bliss it were to prove!

C. O.



THE  
**Dublin Magazine;**

OR,

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OF

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AND

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Εἰς τὰ τετραὰ καὶ χηστία.

LUCI.



ON THE NATURAL COLOUR OF FRESH WATER.

BY DR. MACCULLOCH.

WHILE on these subjects, I shall be excused for introducing another circumstance very conspicuous in Arran, which does not appear to have met with the attention it merits, although individual instances much more remarkable have been recorded; it relates to the colour of water. All the small streams that run down the sides of the granite mountains in Glen Sannox, Glen Catcol, and elsewhere, are of a sea-green colour, possessing, at the same time, the most perfect transparency. The absence of Peat on the stony surfaces, prevents them, at least in summer and in seasons of ordinary dryness, from being contaminated by the brown colour so general in the Scottish rivers. They thus present a state of purity rarely met with in similar situations; nor is there any reason to doubt, that they are as free from all soluble matter capable of communicating its own hue to them. The quantity of colour is such as to be

perfectly sensible at the depth of five or six feet: at ten or twelve it possesses considerable intensity. On comparing it with sea-water, in similar circumstances of depth, it appeared to be fully as green. The whiteness of the bottom on which the stream flows is essential to this observation; and the rarity of that occurrence in fresh waters is probably the reason that this phenomenon has been generally overlooked, sometimes even denied.

It has been said, that if fresh water is green, that colour should be more frequently visible. But, in this country at least, it is rare to find, either in lakes or rivers, a white bottom; that being blackened in the former by mud and aquatic vegetables, and scarcely any beds of quartz or granite occurring in the latter, except in a very few situations, and for short spaces among the Highland mountains: in all of which, wherever they are free from peat-water or suspended clay, the colour is invariably green, if the depth be sufficient. It is only in dry seasons that the two obstructing causes last mentioned are absent, and it is only in such cases that the fact can be observed.

But there is another case distinct from this, and analogous to that of a disturbed and breaking sea, when the green colour of fresh water is also visible. It occurs in cascades, sometimes in the fall itself, at others in the pool below, and is perfectly understood by artists in landscape painting, who in representing these objects are compelled to use a green tint to give truth to their colouring. In these instances, the body of air intervening between the fall and the rock, or mixed with the water below, serves to cut off the transmitted colour of the rocks; and thus allows the water to display its natural tint, in a greater or less degree, according to the varying circumstances that attend the cascade. The fall of Scaffhausen has long been celebrated for its green water; but the colour is common to all clear waters, under similar circumstances.

Green is therefore the natural colour of fresh, as it is of sea water; displaying itself whenever the circumstances are the same in both, and only more rarely observed because more rarely free from obstructing impediments.

There is an exception to the proposition here maintained respecting the green colour of water; but it is a solitary one:—this is the blue colour of the Rhone as it issues from the Lake of Geneva. It has long been known; but has unaccountably remained without even an attempt towards a rational investigation. Even the accom-

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panying circumstances, which might afford ground for conjecture to those who have not themselves had an opportunity of examining it, remain unrecorded.

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## BEST FORM FOR A GEOLOGIST'S HAMMER.

BY THE SAME.

There are few Geologists who have not been occasionally foiled in their attempts to break refractory rocks with the hammers in common use. I can, from long experience, recommend the following shape:—It is either spheroidal or ellipsoidal, the largest diameter in the latter case not exceeding four inches. The weight need not exceed  $3\frac{1}{2}$  pounds. It is evident that the centre of gravity, and consequently the whole momentum, will be so directed towards the point of contact, as in almost every position to produce the maximum effect—a circumstance only accidentally occurring in the long bladed prismatic hammer. From the sphericity of the surface, that momentum is also directed on one point, instead of being divided over a large space, as in the flat-faced hammer, thus producing that vibration by which rocks are split. The relative position of the centre of gravity, and the point of impulse, also prevents that injury to the wrist which so often follows a misdirected blow with the long hammer, its lever acting against the operator. To these advantages I may add durability, the form preventing the steel from flying off, as in the common construction.

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## OPTICS.

*To the Editor of the Dublin Magazine.*

Sir,

As the discoveries of modern science have been chiefly owing to the close observation of experiments; and important truths are often illustrated by the most simple phenomena; I trust you will excuse me for sending the following trifle,

2

If the point of a bright pin be applied to the surface of a common looking-glass, while the pin is a little inclined, a succession of images of the pin will be visible, parallel to each other, and continually decreasing in brightness; the second is usually the most vivid,



being that formed at the silvering; but if the eye be brought very near the glass, at some distance from the pin, the first becomes the brightest, and, if the eye approach still closer, will be alone visible. This trifling experiment is a pleasing illustration of that property of refracting mediums by which, part of the incident or emergent ray is reflected, and part transmitted. The rays proceeding from the object to the surface of the glass, are partly transmitted to the silvering, while a part is reflected, so as to produce the first image, just as we see an image formed by reflection from window-glass. The second image is, of course, produced by the silvering, for which reason it is generally the brightest. The rays which are sent back from the silvering are not all transmitted to the eye, but a part is reflected, instead of emerging from the glass. This of course falls again on the silvering, from which it is again reflected so as to produce the third image. The same division of the reflected rays will necessarily take place again, and thus a fourth image will be produced; and so on continually, the silvering and the surface of the glass acting as parallel plane reflectors. It is evident that every succeeding image will be more faint, until, after a few reflections, they will not be visible. Seven is the greatest number that can be readily distinguished.

It appears from this experiment that the quantity of light lost in reflection from a looking-glass must be very considerable; since, (besides the double loss occasioned by imperfect transparency in its passage through the glass and its return,) a part is reflected at the surface of the glass, and another portion is hindered from emerging by the reflecting power. This latter portion, continually subdivided, produces all the images after the second. The experiment presents also a good instance of the remark, that bodies differently illuminated appear of different magnitudes; for the fainter images diminish in thickness much more rapidly than their distances would account for.

This remarkable property of mediums is, what Sir Isaac Newton considered as *fits of easy reflection and easy transmission* in the rays of light.

As the first image becomes brighter, the nearer we bring the eye to the glass, it appears that the proportion of the reflected to the transmitted part of the ray depends on the obliquity of the incidence. Experiments have shewn that every ray except the perpendicular one, is subject in some degree to this division.

## CHEMISTRY.

## KILKENNY COAL.

Dr. Thomson has analysed this species, and finds that it differs essentially from every other which he has hitherto examined.—Its specific gravity was 1,4354.

100 grains when burned completely in a muffle left 4 grains of a reddish-brown light earth, not acted on by acids.

It does not seem to contain any volatile matter.

1 grain of this coal, when mixed with peroxide of copper, and exposed to a strong red heat, formed 7.06 cub. in. of carbonic acid gas; and no water whatever nor azotic gas was evolved. Hence 1 grain consists of

|       |     |                                            |
|-------|-----|--------------------------------------------|
| 0.893 | . . | Carbon                                     |
| 0.040 | . . | Ashes                                      |
| 0.067 | . . | Deficiency “ which must have been oxygen:” |

1.000

hence he esteems Kilkenny Coal as composed of 35 atoms of Carbon united to 2 atoms of Oxygen.

## CAMPHOR,

Dr. Thomson by passing one grain of Camphor through peroxide of Copper obtained 5.837 cub. in. of Carbonic acid gas, and 1.3 grains of water. Hence the constituents are,

|                        |         |                                                    |
|------------------------|---------|----------------------------------------------------|
| “ Carbon               | . 0.738 | “ which approaches to $8\frac{1}{2}$ atoms Carbon. |
| “ Hydrogen             | 0.144   | “ 10 - Hydrogen.                                   |
| “(deficiency) } Oxygen | 0.118   | “ 1 - Oxygen.                                      |

1.000

it is probably composed of 9 carbon <sup>at.</sup> + 10 Hydrogen <sup>at.</sup> + 1 Oxygen <sup>at.</sup>: its representative number will, in that case, be 9.00.

## FERROCYANATE OF IRON, OR PRUSSIAN BLUE.

Dr. Thomson has also analysed this salt. By digestion in a solution of Potassa for 24 hours, he obtained from 20 grains of the

salt, 7.56 grains pure peroxide of iron—from this, and another experiment he infers, that Prussian blue is composed of Ferrocyanic acid 10.20, + Peroxide of iron 7.56, + water 2.24.

Considering the weight of an atom of ferrocyanic acid as 6.75; and that of an integrant particle of peroxide of iron as 5, prussiate of Iron will be found to be a compound of one atom of Ferrocyanic acid, and one atom of peroxide of iron. To this opinion Dr. Thomson inclines, in preference to considering the weight of the atom of peroxide of iron as 10.—One of his reasons is, that when Prussiate of Potassa is mixed with Protosulphate of Iron, the white precipitate of Prussiate of Iron is converted into blue by the mere absorption of oxygen.

To prevent the labour of washing the powder so much as is practised in the manufacture of Prussian Blue, it is recommended to dissolve the sulphate of iron in water, some months before they use it, and to keep the solutions in shallow vessels exposed to the action of the atmosphere.

#### HYDROCYANATE OF AMMONIA.

*Thomson's An. No. 89.*

“When Prussiate of Iron (Prussian Blue) is exposed to a red heat in a copper tube, and the products received in glass jars standing over Mercury, the glass jar becomes coated with transparent crystals, having the smell of hydrocyanic acid, and readily soluble in water. When a drop of Sulphuric acid is let fall into a concentrated solution of these crystals, effervescence takes place, and a strong smell of hydrocyanic acid exhales. When some soda is mixed with the aqueous solution of these crystals, and heat applied, a strong smell of Ammonia is perceived. Hence I consider the crystals as hydrocyanate of Ammonia. The effect produced by the solution of these crystals upon different metalline solutions was as follows: it precipitated

- 1 Permuriate of Iron, . . . Yellow.
- 2 Sulphate of Copper, . . . White, with a light shade of blue.
- 3 Nitrate of Lead, . . . White, precipitate re-dissolved by Nitric Acid.
- 4 Nitrate of Mercury, . . . White, ditto.
- 5 Corrosive Sublimate, . . . White, re-dissolved by agitation.
- 6 Sulphate of Zinc, . . . White, slight.



- 
- 7 Muriate of Manganese, . . . White, ditto.  
 8 Nitrate of Silver, . . . . White, re-dissolved by agitation.  
 9 Sulphate of Nickel, . . . Greenish, slight  
 10 Sulphate of Cobalt, . . . Reddish, ditto.

These precipitates do not correspond with those indicated by Scheele; but he made use of hydrocyanic acid, not hydrocyanate of Ammonia, which is probably the cause of the difference."

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#### CRYSTALLIZATION OF OLIVE OIL.

Dr. Clarke observed, one evening when the thermometer stood at  $35^{\circ}$ , the phenomenon of a regular crystallization having taken place in some Olive Oil; the crystals presented to the eye a number of white, opaque, prismatic radii, rising upwards from the bottom of the vessel, and beautifully diverging in the transparent fluid.—When examined, they appeared to be rectangular four-sided prisms with square bases. The inference deduced by the Dr. is, "that the crystallization of this *vegetable oil* agrees with the general phenomena of crystallization characteristic of non-metallic combustibles; among which the *octahedron*, whether regular, as in *diamond*; or obtuse, as in *Mellite*; or acute, as in *Sulphur*; exhibits pyramids whose bases are squares."

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#### ANALYSIS OF PETALITE.

Dr. Gmelin has published an Analysis of the Petalite and an examination of the Chemical properties of Lithia, in Gilbert's *An. de' Physik*, 62, p. 599, and which is translated into Dr. Thomson's *Annals of Philosophy*, No. 89, p. 341. The specimen operated upon possessed the sp. gr. of 2.4268 at  $56\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}\text{F}$ . It was first exposed to a red heat, and then decomposed by ignition in a platinum crucible with 4 times its weight of carbonate of Potassa. The fused mass was dissolved in muriatic acid, and the solution evaporated to dryness in a platinum cup; water acidulated with muriatic acid separated the Silica. The solution been subjected to the successive action of caustic Ammonia, oxalate of Ammonia, and carbonate Potassa, which gave the Alumina, Lime, and an additional portion of Silica.

The proportion of Lithia was ascertained by mixing one part of the mineral in fine powder with 8 parts of Carbonate of Baryta, and exposing the whole for two hours to a white heat in a platinum

crucible; after the separation of the Silica by the usual process, the liquid was mixed with a greater proportion of Sulphuric acid than was requisite to throw down the Baryta; after which the Alumina and Lime were thrown down by digestion with carbonate of Ammonia.

The filtered solution was, in the first place, reduced to a small quantity by evaporation in a platinum cup; it was then evaporated to dryness, and heated to redness in a large platinum crucible to get rid of the Muriate and Sulphate of Ammonia.

The constituents of Petalite were thus found to be—

Silica 74.17.

Alumina 17.41

Lithia 5.16

Lime 0.32

Moisture 2.17

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99.23

Loss 0.77

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100.00

In perfectly pure specimens of Petalite no manganese was detected; though its presence was obvious in less pure ones of a rose red colour.—When manganese is present it may be removed by means of Hydro-Sulphuret of Ammonia.

To obtain the carbonate of Lithia decompose the sulphate by acetate of Baryta, separate the sulph. of Baryta, and evaporate the liquid to dryness, ignite the residual mass in a platinum crucible.

Pure Lithia may be obtained from the sulphate by means of a solution of Baryta, separating the precipitate and distilling off the water. Pure Lithia is much more soluble in hot than in cold water; melts before ignition; is sparingly soluble in Alcohol; on exposure to the air does not deliquesce, but absorbs carbonic Acid; when caustic Lithia and Phosphorus are heated together in water, phosphuretted Hydrogen is disengaged.

Dr. Gmelin not being in possession of a powerful Galvanic Battery, endeavoured to amalgamate Mercury with Lithium; the metal appeared to become oxidated as fast as formed.

*Neutral Sulphate of Lithia* forms small prismatic crystals, having a good deal of lustre, sometimes constituting pretty long, but narrow tables. When exposed to the air, they only undergo an insig-

nificant efflorescence. This salt has a saline and scarcely bitter taste. It dissolves pretty readily in water, and melts when exposed to a temperature scarcely reaching a red heat. It is composed of

Sulphuric Acid . . 58.34

Lithia . . . . . 27.25

Water . . . . . 14.41

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100.00

*Bisulphate of Lithia* dissolves in water with greater facility than the neutral salt. It forms six-sided tables, in which two of the faces, which are parallel to each other, far exceed the remaining ones in length. When exposed to a very high temperature, it gives out sulphurous acid and oxygen gas, and is converted into the neutral sulphate.

According to Arfvedson, this bisalt dissolves with more difficulty in water than the neutral salt.

*Phosphate of Lithia*.—Phosphoric acid, when dropped into the solution of sulphate of Lithia, occasions no precipitate. But when the uncombined acid is saturated by ammonia, the phosphate of lithia is precipitated in the state of white flocks, which are insoluble in water.

*Biphosphate of Lithia* is obtained by dissolving the neutral salt in phosphoric acid.

Nitrate of Lithia forms four-sided prisms with rhomboidal bases. It has a very pungent taste, and seems to surpass almost all other salts in deliquescency. It dissolves in the strongest alcohol.

Carbonate of Lithia constitutes a white powder. It dissolves with great difficulty in cold water. It is more soluble in hot water. A solution of carbonate of lithia containing only  $\frac{1}{1000}$ th of its weight of the salt, acts strongly as an alkali.

In the 100 parts are, Lithia . . . . . 45.54

Carbonic . . . 54.46

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100.00

The solution of carbonate of Lithia is decomposed by lime and barytes water. It is insoluble in alcohol.

Muriate of Lithia forms small regular cubes, very similar to common salt in their taste.

*Borate of Lithia* is obtained in the state of a gummy, transparent matter, which absorbs moisture in a damp place, and dissolves with facility in water.



The *Biborate of Lithia* forms a crystalline mass. The solution of boracic acid in water gives a redish-brown colour to turmeric paper, prepared from a spirituous tincture of turmeric root, pretty much as a weak alkaline solution would do; while it acts in the usual manner upon litmus paper. To render the brownish-red colour of the turmeric paper apparent, it must be allowed to dry.

*Cromate of Lithia* forms orange-yellow crystals, which appear to contain an excess of acid. They are oblique parallelopipeds, with rhomboidal bases. Sometimes they exhibit dendritical vegetation. This salt is soluble in water.

*Tungstate of Lithia* forms very large crystals, consisting of oblique low prisms, with very oblong rhomboidal bases.

*Oxalate of Lithia*.—The neutral salt crystalizes with difficulty.

*Binoxalate of Lithia* may also be formed, it is obtained in small, transparent, granular crystals.

Neutral *Tartrate of Lithia* dissolves with facility in water, but does not crystallize, forming a white opaque mass, which does not deliquesce when exposed to the air.

*Acetate of Lithia*, when evaporated, forms a syrupy mass, which cracks on cooling. This matter deliquesces in the air, and sometimes, while attracting moisture, crystalline plates appear in it.

*Gallate of Lithia*.—Gallic acid decomposes the carbonate of Lithia with great facility. It forms a dark-green solution. When evaporated in the air, Gallate of Lithia remains in the state of a black matter, which does not crystallize.

*Benzoate of Lithia* does not crystallize, but constitutes a white opaque mass, which does not deliquesce. Is very soluble.

*Sacclactate of Lithia* forms white, brilliant needles, which are rather deliquescent, and dissolve readily in water.

*Malate of Lithia*.—Malic acid decomposes the carbonate of Lithia with great facility, and forms a syrupy mass, which does not become dry when heated.

#### DOUBLE SALTS.

*Tartrate of Lithia and Potash* forms large crystals, having the shape of four-sided prisms terminated by parallelograms, with angles very nearly right. The diagonals of these terminal faces are distinctly marked, and the four triangles formed by means of them are streaked parallel to the edges of these faces. This salt dissolves readily in water, and has a saline and scarcely bitter taste. When exposed to the air, it effloresces slightly, and only on the surface,

*Tartrate of Lithia and Soda* forms long rectangular four-sided prisms, frequently terminated by an oblique face. This salt dissolves with facility in water, and effloresces only slightly, and on the surface. Its taste is purely saline, and not strong.

*Sulphate of Alumina and Lithia*.—No crystallized salt analogous to alum can be formed by combining these substances together.

*Muriate of Platinum* does not form a double salt with muriate of lithia.

Should Lithia, Potassa, and Soda exist together in the same compound, they may be separated by the following method :

Lithia may be precipitated by means of Phosphoric Acid, and an excess of Caustic Ammonia. The Phosphate of Lithia may be decomposed by Acetate of Lead. Hydrochlorate of Platinum will separate Potassa.

### ASTRONOMY.

*Solar Spot*.—M. Steinheil, who has for nearly four years daily observed the Sun, and carefully noted, in a journal, the dark or bright spots which became visible, noticed, on the 12th of February this year, at 45m. p. 10, A.M. a spot distinguished from every other, by its well defined circular form, by its circular atmosphere, by its orange colour, and particularly by its singular motion, as it crossed the Sun's disc in five hours nearly. As he made this interesting observation during an excursion into the country, it was not possible to have the aid of instruments or to communicate the Phenomenon early enough to others; it is highly probable that there are planets nearer to the Sun than Mercury, and that the above appearance may have been caused by one.

### CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JUNE.

The Sun's apparent diameter on the 1st. is  $31' 35''$ , and on the 16th  $31' 32''$ . He enters Cancer on the 21st, at 1h. 43m. P.M.

The Sun rises on the 1st at 5h. 43m. and sets at 8h. 18m.—To reduce the solar to mean time on this day, subtract  $2' 34''$ . On the 16th add  $16''$ . And on the 30th add  $3' 12''$ —his declination on the 1st is  $22^{\circ} 6' N$ .

The Moon's latitude, on the 1st at midnight, is nearly  $3^{\circ} 20' S$  in  $18^{\circ}$  of Aquarius; and it decreases to the 4th, when she passes the ecliptic in her ascending node, between 9 and 10h. at night, in  $29^{\circ}$  of Pisces. Her Northern Latitude then increases to the 11th being at noon on that day a little more than  $5^{\circ}$ , in  $29^{\circ}$  of Gemini, decreasing afterwards to the 18th, on which day she passes the ecliptic in her descending node, between 7 and 8 at night, in  $28^{\circ}$  of Virgo. Her southern latitude increases to the 23th, being at noon on that day a little more than  $5^{\circ}$  in  $24^{\circ}$  of Sagittarius; and then decreases to the end of the month, passing the ecliptic in her ascending node between 10 and 11 at night, in  $27^{\circ}$  of Pisces.

The Moon will be in conjunction with Jupiter at 8h. 17m. A.M. on the 4th; with  $\beta$  Tauri on the 10th at 8h. 16m. P.M.; with Pollux, on the 13th at 5h. 45m. A.M.; with Mars on the 16th at 9h. 27m. A.M.; with  $\alpha$  Virginis on the 20th at

6h. 50m. P.M.; and with  $\alpha$  Scorpionis on the 24th at 8h. 14m. The Moon will be in Perigee on the 2d; in Apogee on the 17th; and again in Perigee on the 29th.

The Moon's apparent diameter, on the 1st and 2d, is about  $32' 22''$ ; and it then decreases to the 17th, being on that, and the preceding day about  $29' 36''$ ; it then increases to the 29th, being, at noon, on that day  $32' 46''$ .

Her Phases for the month are as follow:

Last Quarter, Saturday 3d, 6h. 19m. P.M.

New Moon, Saturday 10th, 7h. 14m. P.M.

First Quarter, Sunday 18th, 6h. 37m. P.M.

Full Moon, Monday, 26th, 6h. 41m. A.M.

Summer Quarter begins Wednesday 21st, 1h. 19m. P.M.

Mercury is in his superior conjunction on the 15th, at 2h. 30m. A.M. towards the latter end of the month, when he is an evening Star; his position is more favorable for observation; but his height above the horizon at Sun-set is not  $9^\circ$ , to the west of WNW. His latitude on the 1st is  $1^\circ 22'$  S. in  $26^\circ$  of Taurus; and it decreases to the 9th, when he passes the ecliptic in his ascending node, in  $11^\circ$  of Gemini. His N. latitude then increases, and becomes, on the last day,  $1^\circ 52'$  in of Cancer. The Moon passes him on the 10th.

Venus is an evening Star. Her latitude on the 1st is  $2^\circ 37'$  N. in  $26^\circ$  of Cancer, and it decreases to the 27th, when she passes the ecliptic in her descending node, in  $14th^\circ$  of this sign. The Moon passes her on the 14th. June 1st, enlightened part=5.1995. Dark part=6.8005. She will attain her greatest elongation on the 19th.

Mars is an evening Star. His latitude on the 1st is  $1^\circ 25'$  N. in  $21^\circ$  of Leo, and it decreases to about a degree in  $8^\circ$  of Virgo. He will be in conjunction with  $\alpha$  Leonis on the 15th, at 10h. 24m. A.M.

Ceres is an evening Star. Her latitude on the 1st is  $9^\circ 24'$  N. in  $17^\circ$  of Leo; and it decreases during the whole month, being, on the 25th,  $8^\circ 48'$  in  $26^\circ$  of the same sign, her motion being direct through somewhat more than  $11^\circ$ . The moon passes her on the 15th.

Jupiter is a morning Star. His latitude, on the 1st, is  $1^\circ 8'$  S. in  $21^\circ$  of Pisces; and it increases to about  $1\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ , his motion being direct through  $2\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ . He will be in quadrature on the 13th, at 1h. A.M.

There will only be one eclipse of Jupiter's first and one of his second Satellite visible at the Royal Observatory of Greenwich this month, which will be the following,

#### Immisions.

1st Satellite, 29th, at 33 m. after 1 A.M.

2d — 15th, at 21 — 2 —

Saturn is a morning Star. His latitude on the 1st is  $2^\circ 17'$  S. in  $12^\circ$  of Aries; and it increases about  $8'$ , his motion direct through about  $1\frac{3}{4}^\circ$ . The moon passes him on the 5th.

Herschell is on the meridian on the 3d, at about 1h. A.M. and on the 21st at 11h. 45m. P.M. His latitude on the 1st is  $11'$  S. in  $28^\circ$  of Sagittarius; and it increases about  $1'$ , his motion being retrograde through nearly a degree and a quarter. The Moon passes him on the 25th; he will be in opposition on the 18th, at 5h. 30m. A.M.



METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,  
DUBLIN.

| Date.   | Moon. | Barometer. |         | Thermometer. |      | Rain. | Wind.     | Weather  |
|---------|-------|------------|---------|--------------|------|-------|-----------|----------|
|         |       | 10 A.M.    | 10 P.M. | Max.         | Min. |       |           |          |
| 4th Mt. |       |            |         |              |      |       |           |          |
| Apr. 21 |       | 30 .41     | 30 .44  |              | 42°  |       | ESE. ENE. | Fine.    |
| 22      |       | .54        | .55     |              | 43   |       | E. SE.    | Fine.    |
| 23      |       | .69        | .79     |              | 46   |       |           | Fine.    |
| 24      |       | .88        | .82     |              | 42   |       | E. NE.    | Fine.    |
| 25      |       | .75        | .50     |              | 45   |       | E.        | Fair.    |
| 26      |       | .18        | .17     |              | 37   | .020  | N. W.     | Cloudy.  |
| 27      | ○     | .19        | .14     |              | 37   |       | NNW.      | Cloudy.  |
| 28      |       | .07        | .05     |              | 43   | .035  | S.W.      | Cloudy.  |
| 29      |       | .14        | .26     |              | 36   | .020  | W.        | Cloudy.  |
| 30      |       | .39        | .46     |              | 33   |       | WNW. ESE  | Fine.    |
| 5th Mt. |       |            |         |              |      |       |           |          |
| May 1   |       | .47        | .44     |              | 35   |       | E. SE.    | Fine.    |
| 2       |       | .40        | .30     |              | 43   |       | E. SW.    | Fair.    |
| 3       |       | .25        | .11     |              | 42   |       | E.        | Fair.    |
| 4       |       | .04        | .01     |              | 41   |       | E.        | Fine.    |
| 5       | ◐     | .06        | 29 .94  |              | 45   |       | NE.       | Fair.    |
| 6       |       | 29 .82     | .72     |              | 37   | .365  | SW. S.    | Cloudy.  |
| 7       |       | .78        | .69     |              | 43   | .075  | ESE. SW.  | Cloudy.  |
| 8       |       | .54        | .52     |              | 44   | .097  | SE. S.    | Cloudy.  |
| 9       |       | .50        | .49     |              | 47   | .086  | SE.       | Showery. |
| 10      |       | .51        | .66     |              | 44   | .025  | S.        | Showery. |
| 11      | ●     | .74        | .87     |              | 46   |       | S.        | Fair.    |
| 12      |       | 30 .01     | 30 .05  |              | 45   | —     | WSW. S.   | Fair.    |
| 13      |       | .00        | 29 .94  |              | 45   | .070  | SE.       | Showery. |
| 14      |       | 29 .86     | .82     |              | 45   | .091  | SE.       | Fair.    |
| 15      |       | .78        | .80     |              | 42   | .215  | SW. SE.   | Showery. |
| 16      |       | .79        | .75     |              | 44   | .184  | NE. SE.   | Showery. |
| 17      |       | .79        | .64     |              | 43   | .268  | SW.       | Showery. |
| 18      |       | .45        | .54     |              | 40   | .167  | N.        | Cloudy.  |
| 19      |       | .80        | .91     |              | 43   | —     | W. SW.    | Fair.    |
| 20      | ◑     | 30 .11     | 30 .30  |              | 50   |       | SW.       | Cloudy.  |

N. B.—The above observations, excepting those of the Barometer, apply to a period of twenty-four hours, beginning at 10 A.M. on the day indicated in the first column. A dash in the column for "Rain," denotes that the result is included in

the next following observation; the guage is elevated about 53 feet above the level of the ground. The last column merely relates to that portion of the day included between sun-rise and sun-set.

## REMARKS.

4th Month, 26th. A brisk Gale from NW. Showery forenoon; fair afternoon.

5th Month, 6th. Between 4 and 5 P. M. a very heavy shower of rain, rather more than three tenths of an inch fell in twenty minutes; evening very clear; shooting stars observed. 7th, fine morning. 10th, a gale from south during the forenoon of this day. 15th, 2 P. M. heavy showers, with thunder. 16th, P. M. thunder and lightning, with hail and heavy rain

## RESULTS OF FOURTH MONTH.

|                               |                    |                   |   |     |   |          |
|-------------------------------|--------------------|-------------------|---|-----|---|----------|
| Barometer, greatest height    | 10 A. M.           | 24th day, wind E. | - | -   | - | 30 .88.  |
| — least                       | —                  | 8th               | — | SE. | - | 29 .28.  |
| — mean                        | 10 A. M.           | -                 | - | -   | - | 30 .08   |
| — mean                        | 10 P. M.           | -                 | - | -   | - | 30 .09°  |
| — mean of both                | -                  | -                 | - | -   | - | 30 .085  |
| — temperature of Mercury      | 32°.               | -                 | - | -   | - | 30 .026. |
| — range                       | -                  | -                 | - | -   | - | 1 .60    |
| — greatest range in 24 hours, | 5th and 25th days  | -                 | - | -   | - | .57      |
| Thermometer, greatest cold    | 6th day, wind WNW. | -                 | - | -   | - | 30°      |
| — mean of greatest daily cold | -                  | -                 | - | -   | - | 40°      |

55, City-quay,

26th of 5th Month, 1820.

J. P. Jun.

✎ In consequence of one of my Thermometers having met with an accident, I have been obliged to discontinue the registry of the Maximum of Temperature until I can get it replaced.

## NEW INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

MINERAL YELLOW DYE FOR WOOL, &C.—BY H. BRACONNOT.\*

All the colours employed in the art of dying (with the exception of Prussian Blue, which will not fix upon every kind of stuff, and prussiate of copper and oxyd of iron, which give solid rather than brilliant tints) are derived from organic matters, because they are more easily applied than mineral colours, but they are also more or less alterable by time. The yellows are peculiarly liable to fade; and if the intermedium of mordants will render the dye of weld more permanent, it is at the expense of its lustre: in this respect indeed much advantage is derived from the *datiscus*, the cultivation of which I have recommended in another place.

\* Annal. de Chim. et Phys.

The mineral substance which I have succeeded in fixing upon stuffs, and which I now recommend to dyers as the most brilliant and permanent yellow that can be imagined, is the *sulphuret of arsenic* or *realgar*, which also is used to furnish a very lively permanent yellow to the painter, when care is taken to keep it free from other metallic oxyds which tarnish its lustre.

The preparation of *realgar* which I employ, is its solution in ammonia; but it is necessary to bring the sulphuret to a certain state of division before it will easily dissolve in this alkali. The process is the following:—Mix one part of sulphur, two parts of white oxide of arsenic, and five parts of pearlash; and melt the whole in a crucible, at a heat little short of redness. The result is a yellow mass, which is to be dissolved in hot water; and the liquor filtrated, to separate it from a sediment formed chiefly of metallic arsenic, in shining plates, and in a small part of a chocolate coloured matter, which appears to be a sub-sulphuret of arsenic. Dilute the filtrated liquor, then add weak sulphuric acid, which produces a locculent precipitate, of a most brilliant yellow colour. This precipitate, washed upon a cloth filter, dissolves with the utmost ease in liquid ammonia, giving a yellow solution, which colour is to be removed by an excess of the same alkali. This solution is the dying liquid in question; into which, more or less diluted, according to the depth of tint required, the wool, silk, cotton or linen, is to be dipped. All metallic utensils must be carefully avoided. When stuffs come out of this bath they are colourless, but they gradually assume a yellow hue as the ammonia evaporates. They are to be exposed as equally as possible to a current of open air; and when the colour is well come out, and no longer heightens, they are to be washed and dried.

Wool should be fulled in the ammoniacal solution, and should remain in it till it is thoroughly soaked; then, very slightly and uniformly pressed, or else merely set to drain of itself. Silk, cotton, hemp, and flax, are only to be dipped in the dying liquid, which they easily take. They must then be well pressed.

The sulphuret of arsenic will give every imaginable tint to stuffs, from the deep golden yellow to the lightest straw-colour, which has the invariable advantage of never fading, of lasting even longer than the stuffs themselves, and of resisting all re-agents except alkalies. Hence it is peculiarly fitted for costly tapestry, velvets,



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and other articles of furniture, which are not in danger of being washed with alkalies or soap, and to which the durability of colour is a most important object. It may also be used with advantage in paper-staining.

It appears to me that the low price and easy application of this colouring liquid will render it an important acquisition to the art of dying.

When the sulphuret of arsenic is dissolved in ammonia, a small portion of the arsenic becomes oxidated; for if an excess of lime-water is poured in, there is a white precipitate of arsenite of lime. This oxidation appears also to take place spontaneously when a pretty strong solution of the ammoniacal liquid is exposed for a time to the air, and is shewn by the formation of small crystals of arsenite of ammonia: or if an acid is added, sulphuret of arsenic falls down, mixed with a pale yellow sulphuretted oxide of arsenic. On this account it is better to make no more of the solution at a time than is wanted for use.

With regard to the danger to be apprehended from the poisonous quality of this metal, though the native realgar, from its mixture with oxide of arsenic, is not free from hazard, the artificial sulphuret, when obtained in the way above-mentioned, appears to me to be quite innocent; at least I have given pretty large doses of it to dogs and cats, which these animals have borne without inconvenience.

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*Artificial Stones.*—A Memoir has appeared from the pen of M. Douault-Wieland, a Parisian Jeweller, on the preparation of coloured artificial stones. The basis is called "Strass." It is best made from Silica, (Rock Crystal,) Potassa, Borate of Soda (Borax,) Deutoxide of Lead (Minium,) and Arsenivus Acid (Arsenic.) This latter ingredient may however be dispensed with; every article should be in its purest state. The Silica may be best pulverised by heating it to redness, and then plunging it into cold water, previous to the action of the pestle.

The materials should be fused, by gradual heat, in a Hessian Crucible, placed in an earthen furnace, and remain about twenty-four hours in the fire, and be suffered cool very gradually.

The following are proportions for forming good *Strass*.

|                        | ozs. | gros. | grs. |  | ozs. | gros. | grs. |
|------------------------|------|-------|------|--|------|-------|------|
| Silica                 | 7    | 0     | 24   |  | 6    | 0     | 18   |
| Minium                 | 10   | 7½    | 0    |  | 9    | 2     | 0    |
| Potassa                | 3    | 5½    | 30   |  | 3    | 3     | 0    |
| Borax                  | 0    | 3½    | 24   |  | 0    | 3     | 0    |
| Arsenic                | 0    | 0     | 12   |  | 0    | 0     | 12   |
| oz. gros. gr.          |      |       |      |  |      |       |      |
| For Topaz; take Strass | 1    | 6     | 0    |  |      |       |      |
| Glass of Antimony      | 0    | ½     | 7    |  |      |       |      |
| Purple of Cassius      | 0    | 0     | 1    |  |      |       |      |

Good Topazes may be made only by colouring 6 ozs. of *Strass* with half a gros of oxide of Iron, denominated *Crocus Martis*.

For Rubies fuse together 5 ozs. of *Strass* and 1 gros of oxide Manganese.

For Emerald, *Strass* 8 ozs. green oxide of Copper ½ gros. 6 grs. and oxide of Chromium 1½ gr. The addition of oxide of Iron will give a very deep shade.

For Sapphire, mix 8 ozs. of *Strass* with ½ gros. 32 grs. oxide of Cobalt.

**For Amethyst.**

|                       | ozs. | gros. | grs. |
|-----------------------|------|-------|------|
| Strass . . . . .      | 8    | 0     | 0    |
| Oxide of Manganese    | 0    | ½     | 0    |
| Oxide of Cobalt . . . | 0    | 0     | 24   |
| Purple of Cassius . . | 0    | 0     | 1    |

**For Syrian Garnet.**

|                       | ozs. | gros. | g s. |
|-----------------------|------|-------|------|
| Strass . . . . .      | 0    | 7     | 8    |
| Glass of Antimony . . | 0    | 3½    | 4    |
| Purple of Cassius . . | 0    | 0     | 2    |
| Oxide of Manganese    | 0    | 0     | 2    |

**ANTIQUITIES.**

ON THE SERES. (*Continued from page 122.*)

Sogdiana, Bactriana, Thibet and India constituted their asylum, and the revolutions which these countries experienced in consequence of those conquests altogether changed the state of a portion of Europe. Dionysius, the author of the *Periegesis*, points out some of the Seres even then on the borders of the Sir.\* *Jornandès* also extends their dominion almost into Bactriana. *Ser-hend* was one of their colonies. They there established the culture of the silk-worm, and it is from thence, that certain Greek missionaries, in the time of Justinian, transported the eggs of that insect to Constantinople.

\* Sir, a river rising in the mountains of Tartary, about 160 miles west of Cashgar. runs into the Lake of Aral in N. Lat. 45° 10'.

The third *Serica*, that of which the ancients have most generally spoken; and which I call *Seria*, is Ptolemy's India beyond the Ganges, the country which Cosmas-Indicopleustes named *Juvia*, and which at the present day constitutes the empire of the Barmas, or the kingdoms of Pegu and Ava. In the capital city of the latter I think I recognize that which the author of the circumnavigation (*Periple*) of the Erythrean sea calls Thina: and which he says is situated on the little Oursa; this also Ptolemy points out in a nearly analogous manner, under the name of Urathinæ, on the river *Serus*, or the Golden river; the greater *Sera*, *Sera major* of Æthicus and the tables of Peutinger; the place named *Sinia Sinarum* by the Edresi, &c. From Dacca, situated near the mouth of the Ganges, proceed two routes, one of which leads by Cospour, and Munnypour, to the City of Ava: and the other running southward along the sea-coast, leads to *Aracan* (Besynga.) The kingdom of that name, is the *Argentea Regio* of Ptolemy. His *Golden Chersonesus* falls on the part of the coast coming immediately after the western extremity of the Delta, formed by the river Irrouaday. The agglomerations, formed at the mouth of the river, by the earth washed off and carried down by the floods since the age of Ptolemy; the uncertainty of our information on the interior of the country; the change of names, &c. have rendered the precise determination of the places pointed out by that Geographer extremely difficult. His acquaintance with this region extended almost to the Western and Southern limits of China, *Yunnan*. The name of the city of Monchaboo appears to recal to us that of a Northern people, whom he placed immediately under Mount Ottorocoras, the *Cacobæ*. The Mountaineers of Silhet and of Tipera are there designated by the names of Tilædæ and Basadæ—Two species of silk worm (*Bombyx*) (*Mylitta* of Fabricius and *Cynthia* of Drury) are here very common, and have for time immemorial, furnished a silk in great request. I am convinced by a Chinese Manuscript, accompanied by figures, which has been communicated to me by M. Hussard, that the Caterpillars of these *Bombices* are the wild silk-worms of China. It is probable, that part of the silk stuffs which the ancients procured by their maritime commerce with the Indians, came from these Insects. The people of *Yunshan*, those who seem to be the *Sesates* of the author of the *periple* of the Erythrean sea, the *Bassanaræ* and the *Acadiæ* of Ptolemy, traded in the natural productions of their



country, and left, on those places where they resorted for that purpose, reeds with which they made three kinds of panners, termed *Malabathrum*. It is in this *Serica* that we must place the isle of *Seria* of Pausanias, also watered by the river *Sir*, whose inhabitants cultivated the insect which produced silk, and which that author compares to a spider.

The Gulf of Martaban was, for a long time, the limit of geographical knowledge in the eastern part of the world; but we see, by what Pliny and Pomponius Mela have transmitted us, that navigation had already made greater progress, and that they had penetrated as far as the Mergui Archipelago.\* Ptolemy and Cosmas-Indicopleustes † confirm these indications. The latter tells us that they could go to the country of Isin both by land and sea; he reckons 400 day's journies, of thirty miles each, from the commencement of that route up to Cadiz, traversing the country which he names *Juvia*, India, Bactriana &c. and the length of this route is the measure of the length of the earth—supposing that these were Greek miles of 90 to a degree, or that the thirty are equal to 200 olympic stadia, estimated from day's journies, we will have 133 degrees and a third part.—If we deduct from it one third, to reduce the route to a straight line there will remain  $88^{\circ} 53'$  a value nearly approaching that of the Arc formed by this route.

Such is the summary of my principal observations on the *Sericeæ* or the ancient depots of the Silk-trade, I propose to myself to give a full view of these ideas in a particular memoir.—

L.

\* The Mergui Archipelago, was the name given by Capt. Forrest to the sea in which is situated the island whose principle town is Mergui, N. Lat.  $12^{\circ} 6'$  E. Long.  $98^{\circ} 25'$ —Ed.

† Cosmas Indicopleustes was an Egyptian Merchant, who about the year 522 made several voyages to India—he, however, afterwards assumed the monastic habit—among other works which he wrote in his retirement was one named “Christian Topography.” In this he maintained the Earth was not of a spherical figure, but an oblong plane, 1200 miles long from east to west, and 6000 broad from north to south, surrounded by high walls and covered with the canopy of the heavens: that the sun moved round a mountain, situated in the Northern extremity and that the shadow of this immense mass caused the alternation of day and night. He however gives much valuable information, seemingly with a great adherence to truth.—Ed.

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## PURE DEMOCRACY CONSIDERED.

“S’il y avoit un peuple de dieux, il se gouverneroit démocratiquement. Un gouvernement si parfait ne convient pas à des hommes.”

Rousseau

“Du Contrat Social.”

SIR,

In my former paper on Civil Government, inserted in your last number, I spoke of only one kind of Democratic Government; that wherein the legislative body was composed of representatives, chosen by the people, and intrusted with the management of their affairs. I shall now bring under consideration what I term pure Democracy, that is, where the body of the people legislate and appoint the Executive Government.

There has been some difficulty in determining to what kind of Government the term Democratic does properly belong. According to Rousseau, no Government can be truly Democratic but that where the administration is committed to all, or to a majority of the citizens.—“The sovereign,” says he, “can commit the charge of administering the laws to all the people, or to the majority of the people; so that there shall be a greater number of citizens filling the office of magistracy than private citizens; and this form of Government is called Democracy.”\* I know not from whence he has taken this idea of a Democracy, certainly not from historical experience, for the absurdity of all the people or the greater part of them being employed in acts of magistracy, must at once confound every notion of Government, and reduce the state to anarchy and ruin. Of this the author appears fully aware, for in the next chapter he tells us, that, “taking the word Democracy in its strictest sense, there never did, and there never will, exist such a Government: for it is against the natural order of things that the greater number should govern, and the smaller be governed.” If he had for a moment considered that the term itself was the arbitrary work of man, he might have found that it was equally applicable to different modifications of popular government so long as no other terms were invented to designate each in particular.

No writer, however absurd, or however addicted to republicanism, that I have yet met with, has thought it possible for a great state to

\* Du Contrat Social. It must be remembered that by “Sovereign” Rousseau means the whole state as a body-politic.

subsist under the form of pure Democracy. Ancient Greece and Rome have, however, been sometimes brought forward as examples to prove the benefit arising from the people resolving; and Rousseau considers this absolutely necessary in a free state.—“The deputies of the people,” says he, “are not, nor can they be, their representatives; they are only their stewards; they can conclude nothing definitely. Every law which the people have not ratified is void; it is not a law.” I shall, therefore, consider in the present paper how far the interests of the community are likely to be promoted by this kind of popular legislation, what advantages it can have over representative legislation, and whether the people by legislating in person are not more likely to give away than to preserve their liberties.

“The moment,” says Rousseau, “that the people resign their power into the hands of representatives they are no longer free.”—Whether this be true or not I shall not now stop to inquire; but I think there will be little difficulty in proving that their situation is in no way improved when they meet themselves to discuss public affairs. Those who have seen a popular assembly of some thousands may judge from thence what kind of meeting it would be if composed of millions; and there is not a state in Europe where the male population does not amount to more than one or two millions. Now, the idea of such a concourse of people continually traversing the country to and fro, to meet for the discussion of affairs and the enactment of laws, will at once appear so impracticable and absurd, that I shall dismiss the subject, \* and proceed to examine with what wisdom and justice a popular assembly is enabled to decide, or how far the country and the people are likely to be benefited by having the uninformed peasant and the illiterate artisan to legislate and resolve upon affairs of state and policy. It has been said, that although there is not great wisdom, there is at least greater integrity in a popular than in a representative assembly. If this was really true, I might agree to its utility; but they must know little of human nature who can ever suppose that ignorance and simplicity are less open to the assaults of faction and ambition, than the man of sound understanding and liberal education: nothing is more easy than to work upon the passions of an uninformed multitude; nothing more easy than to bewilder them with a maze of words, of which they know not the meaning, and to mislead the judgment by

\* Even Harrington himself, with all his visionary models of Government, never thought such legislation practicable.



sophistry and delusion. If it is the business of a man's life to learn to reason justly, and to decide with wisdom, can we expect it from those who by their necessary avocations and the poverty of their circumstances are cut off from either study or reflection? If, as Rousseau admits, a good legislator is so rarely, if ever, to be found; if a Solon and a Lycurgus have committed errors, what are we to expect from a legislature of peasants and soldiers? But, setting aside these general observations, let us take a nearer view of the subject, and examine in what manner the discussion of affairs is managed in an assembly of the populace.—The person who has to propose the law or subject of deliberation, mounted upon a stage or rostrum, addresses himself to the multitude, and, speaking less to their understanding than their passions, he turns his argument on every side that will suit the purpose he proposes; the same system is pursued by those who support or oppose the measures of the first speaker; all the talents of oratory, all the arts of sophistry are brought into action, until every thing being affirmed or denied that the subject will admit of, the citizens are called on to decide, either by acclamation or individual suffrage. Now, according to the number assembled, not one-fifth, or perhaps one-fiftieth, can have heard the subject proposed, or the arguments brought forward to support or controvert it; they may to be sure have learned something of it before, or through the medium of others during the debate, and they can know whether it is generally popular or otherwise, and this last knowledge it is that most frequently entrains a thoughtless multitude. But can the popularity of a law arise from its utility before the nature or tendency of it is known?—No; it is the popularity of the proposer that decides the question; and it is well known how popularity is often acquired, and to what purposes it is often applied. But let it even be admitted that the whole body of the people assembled hear the subject-matter of debate, and the arguments pro and con, a thing impossible, except in a very small state, yet if they are immediately called upon to give their suffrage without that due deliberation, which is necessary to draw just conclusions, the chances will be equal whether they give the vote on the right side or the wrong, or whether they advance their interests, and strengthen their liberties, or favour the views of faction and ambition.

There are few men who even in the ordinary affairs of life can reflect and decide in the same moment. The clearest heads and best understanding will frequently be perplexed after reading or

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hearing a contrariety of opinion on the same subject, and unless it be in a matter absolutely demonstrable will scarcely know at what side the beam may kick. Are we then to look for greater acuteness or a brighter genius in the decision of weighty matters from the man brought up to guide the plough, than from him who with an enlightened mind, a liberal education, and general views has accustomed himself to reason on affairs of state and policy? But we are told that every man is the best judge of his own interests and of that which will be most conducive to his happiness, and as the general prosperity of the state is an aggregation of the prosperity of each individual, that nation must be best governed, and consequently the happiest, where the people legislate in person. Now I deny the proposition from which this deduction is drawn, and I say that every man is not the best judge of his own interest, no, not even in the ordinary affairs of life; much less can he be in those things which require him to generalise his ideas and to look into futurity. “De lui-même, le peuple veut toujours le bien, says “Rousseau, mais de lui-même il ne le voit pas toujours. La volonté générale est toujours devite; mais le jugement qui la guide n’est pas toujours éclairé.” Man is led by his passions, present comfort and security will always be more gratifying to him than greater advantages in perspective. This is a feeling common both to the rich and to the poor, to the ignorant and to the enlightened, and it is one to which statesmen have too often sacrificed the dearest interests of their country. There are few laws so simple that they have no relation to others; the immediate effect of a law may be seen but not its more remote tendency, since ages sometimes elapse before the real evils or advantages of a system come to light. Moreover, as the great Montesquieu observes, “the worst legislators are those who have favoured the vices of the climate, and the best those who have opposed them.” May we not expect that where the people legislate in person they will give way to those propensities of sloth or luxury, avarice or ambition which the nature of the climate or long-established customs have rendered habitual and almost necessary. It will readily be granted me that the man of education and enlightened mind must have a better comprehension of law and policy than him who is bred in ignorance. But it might possibly be asked, is not the former more likely to swerve from the duty he owes the state, and to use the power with which he is invested, for his individual interest? I have already in some

degree answered this objection; I will now add, that when the representatives of the people betray the confidence reposed in them; it is not because they are invested with the power they are corrupt, but because the power which invested them is corrupted. And I think it might easily be shewn that a nation once free can never lose that freedom until public virtue has degenerated. If it be said that it is easier to corrupt one hundred men than one thousand, I will admit it, but I also say, that it is easier to impose upon one thousand men, than upon one hundred; and the more numerous the body, the more difficult it is to punish them for their crimes or negligence, the better chance they have of escaping with impunity. When the people legislate and their sanction is obtained to an iniquitous law, they are taken in their own snare and can neither murmur or redress the evil; the supreme power, or as Rosseau calls it, the majesty has decided, and the citizen must abide by the decision. But on the other hand, when the people have intrusted the legislation to a select and comparatively small number of men; they cannot, however for their inclination might lead them, openly sacrifice the interests of the state to suit their private views, so long as public spirit and virtue remained abroad. From the paucity of their number the part which each individual takes in any measure must be known, the eyes of the multitude are constantly upon him, and when honour and virtue cease to act as a silent monitor, the voice of the nation becomes a public one which must recal him to his duty. Or if in the end faction and knavery should perversely triumph the people are forewarned of their danger and have a last and never-failing resource in their own stability. I cannot however agree with de Lolme, that the people ought wholly to trust their legislative authority to their representatives\* and I would therefore approve of their occasionally assembling to consider and make known their wants and wishes; but these assemblies ought not to be for the purpose of legislating, but to advise the legislators; nor ought they to be general meetings, but confined to the respective districts; thus the system of petitioning from towns and counties, so frequently resorted to in Great Britain, is both laudable and necessary; not only to make the legislative assembly acquainted with the wishes and the wants of the people, but also to remind them from whence their power springs. If there is a case wherein the ratification of

\* See De Lolme on the Constitution of England, Chap. XII.



the people is necessary to give validity to an act of the legislative body, it must be in something which regulates or affects their own powers. This power being but the concentrated power of the people, they would then be bound to revert to that which was antecedent to their establishment. But occasions for such appeal do but rarely occur, and in the parliamentary history of Great Britain I know only one, namely, the Septennial act. The impossibility however, as I have already shewn, of the people meeting in a large state for such appeal or ratification renders it the more necessary on such occasions for the members of the legislative body to know the will of their constituents previously to giving their vote; and by this knowledge they ought to be wholly guided.

If there be any thing yet wanting to shew that the people have a fairer chance of wise and judicious laws, of a beneficial policy, and, of just decisions where they intrust their affairs to deputies than where they legislate and resolve in mass; if there be any who think that the Greeks and Romans derived advantage from their popular appeals, I will say, that there has been nothing however absurd, nothing however unjust that has not been decreed by those assemblies. Let it be remembered that a popular assembly expelled Aristides from Athens and Coriolanus from Rome, that a popular assembly deprived Tarquinius Collatinus of the consulship and drove him from the City merely on account of his name, "*Tarquinius Collatino statim sublata dignitas est: placuerat enim, ne quisquam in urbe maneret, qui Tarquinius vocaretur.*" \* And above all, let it be remembered, that a popular assembly defeated every exertion of the Roman senate to restore the liberties of their Country, and sealed their own fate by becoming the blind instruments of the ambition of Mark Antony and Augustus.

R. N. K.

\* Eutropius.

## DOING BUSINESS IN SCOTLAND.

The following is an extract of a letter from an English commercial Traveller giving an entertaining sketch of the mode of doing business North of the Tweed.

"It is not as in England, where, an article is offered for sale, it is immediately purchased, or at once rejected as being too dear:

but here there is a long haggling and cheapning of every article successively offered. The relation of my transactions with one man will serve to shew you the general mode of doing business. I call and inform him who I am, and request him to fix a time for the transaction of our business; he bids me call again, which I do several times without doing any thing. He wishes to be the last I do with, but *all* cannot be *last*, and all have wished to be so. After a few days I get him to proceed to business; he objects to the prices of the articles I offer, and says he will not buy. I try to induce him, but do not offer to make any deduction. Says he, "You are over dear, Sir, I can buy the same goods ten per cent. lower; if ye like to take off ten per cent.—I'll take some of these." I tell him that a reduction of price is out of the question, and put my sample of the article aside; but the Scotchman wants it.—"Well, Sir, it is a terrible price; but as I am out of it at present, I'll just take a little till I can be supplied cheaper, but ye must take off five per cent."

"Sir," says I, "would you not think me an unconscionable knave to ask ten or even five per cent more than I intended to take? He laughs at me, "Hoot, hoot, man! do ye ay expect to get what ye ask? Gude Lord! an I was ay to get what I ask, I would soon be rich. Come, come, I'll give ye within twa an'a half of your ain price, and gude faith, man, ye'll be well paid," I tell him that I never make any deduction from the price I first demand, and that an adherence to the rule saves much trouble to both parties." "Well, well," says he, "since you must have it all your own way, I must e'en take the article, but really I think you are over keen." So much for buying and selling; then comes the settlement of the account. "How much discount do ye take off, Sir?" "Discount! why, Sir, you cannot expect discount after the account has stood a twelve month," "Indeed, but I do expect discount; pay siller without discount! na, na, Sir, that's no way here: ye must deduct five per cent. I tell him that I will take off no discount at all. "Weel, Sir, I'll gie you no money at all." Rather than go without settlement, I at last agreed to take off two and a half per cent. from the amount, which is accordingly deducted. "I have ten shillings down against you for short measure, and fifteen shillings for damages." "Indeed! these are deductions, but if you say that you shall lose to that amount, I suppose I must allow it." "Oh,

aye, it's all right. Then, Sir, here's eight and fourpence for pack sheet, and thirteen shillings for carriage and postage." These last items astonish me. "What, Sir,, says I, "Are we to pay all the charges on your business? But I find if I do not allow these to be taken off, he will not pay his account; so I must acquiesce, resolving within myself that since these unfair deductions are made at settlement, it would be quite fair to charge an additional price to cover the extortion.

I now congratulate myself on having concluded my business with the man, but am disappointed. "Have ye a stamp?" asks he. "A stamp, for what?" "Just to draw you a bill," replies he. "A bill, my good Sir! I took off two and a half per cent, on the faith of being paid in cash." But he tells me it is the custom of the place to pay in bills, and sits down and draws a bill at three months after date payable at his own shop! "And what am I to do with this?" "Oh, ye may take it to Sir William Forbes, and he'll discount it for you on paying him three months interest." "And what can I do with his notes?"—"He'll gie ye a bill on London at forty five days." "So, Sir, after allowing twelve months credit, and two and a half per cent discount and exorbitant charges which you have no claims on us to pay, I must be content with a bill for which we are not in cash for four months and a half. "Well, well" "And now, Sir" says he, "if ye are going to your Inn, I'll gang with ye, and take a glass of wine!"

The mode of doing business here described, we do not think peculiar to Scotland.

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### A DUTCH DRIVER.

The sullenness of their drivers is such, that it is with the utmost difficulty you can get an answer to any question. This humour in the lower Dutch is truly characteristical. A Dutchman is always wrapt up in himself, whatever chances to be his condition. He is smoaking his pipe, and you disturb him. He is meditating upon his own business, and you interrupt him. It is true you hired his chaise at a certain rate, to transport you from this place to that—which he will faithfully perform in the usual time: there ends your contract. You did not hire him to be your gazetteer or interpreter.



Idle curiosity is sure to be baffled by such fellows. He will either be deaf to the question, or surly, if repeated, or ignorant touching the matter questioned, or unsatisfactory in his answer.—How many leagues, honest friend, do you count it to Gircum?—Ugh! (not very unlike the sound of our *Och!*) says Mynheer—How many did you say?—Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!—which is as much as to say, you might have inquired that before you set out. Shall we be there by dinner-time, think you?—*Ik versta u niet!* I don't know what you mean.—What fine castle is that?—*Igaat my niet aan!*—that's no bread and butter of mine, says the Dutchman—you make use of your eyes, and welcome, thinks he; but the devil may be your decipherer for me.

He takes upon himself the whole command, and is to all appearances no less the master than the driver. No man, he thinks, has any right to interrupt or direct him in his business, which he knows, and will execute upon the mere principle of duty.

He sits in the front of the carriage, under the awning, consequently interrupts your prospect. He lights his pipe, and fumigates his passengers at pleasure, without ever consulting whether such incense be grateful to them, especially before breakfast:—if they like it, so much the better; if they dislike it, they will not have a whiff the less.

His perfect serenity and total disregard of the company is such, that you would be almost persuaded to think he was recreating himself, rather than accommodating them.

When he is tired with sitting, he stops the horses, and dismounts; walks them leisurely, and marches by their side. When he has walked sufficiently, he stops them again, remounts, and reassumes the reins.

He has his regular houses of call; at each of which he is presented with a dram, and a fresh pipe, ready charged with tobacco. He takes the glass from the attendant; drinks one half of its contents, and returns it. He next takes the pipe in one hand, and the fire pan in the other. He is sure to have his pipe well lighted. Then swallows the remainder of his liquor.

Between whiles, he takes from his pocket a parcel neatly wrapped up. He begins to unfold it. You perceive several clean paper wrappers, and begin to wonder what they are; they are so distinct as not to interfere with each other. In one you have bread, in

another cheese, and in another ham, or hung-beef, or it may be a pickled herring, and lastly (in a small pot or saucer) butter. He spreads his butter upon his bread, lays his stratas of hung-beef and cheese, and claps on its farinaceous cover; these he eats with great composure, driving his horses accordingly. His meal finished, he bethinks himself a little walk may not be amiss, so dismounts as before, by way of aiding digestion.

An English coachman, postboy, or waterman, generally expects some grace from the passengers, over and above his fare; neither is it an easy matter to content him upon that score. A Dutchman of the same character has no such expectation. Is it his modesty, think you, that prevents his asking?—No; what then?—perhaps he has been taught that it is unmanly to beg, and that the stated price of his labour is sufficient to support his rank. I believe there is something in that. If it comes without begging, says he, good and well, I shant refuse it; but I have no title to ask.

After all, it may arise from a consciousness that he has not deserved any thing. His sorry behaviour to his passengers, in my opinion, indicates no less.

## MUSIC.

ON THE NUMBER OF SEMITONES IN THE THIRD MAJOR, &c.

Mr. Editor,

Having observed it inculcated in some of the first musical seminaries, and in many instruction books, that the third Major is composed of 5 Semi-tones, and the third Minor of 4, I was long at a loss to account for this doctrine, which had always appeared to me as a manifest inconsistency, being so strenuously maintained. The most general reason seems to be the confounding the terms *sound* and *interval*: there is, however, another cause, which arises from imagining that the sound forming the graver termination of an interval is that which marks the interval. Thus, suppose the part C E of the line C F  $\overset{c}{\text{C}}$   $\overset{c\sharp}{\text{Csharp}}$   $\overset{d}{\text{D}}$   $\overset{d\sharp}{\text{Dsharp}}$   $\overset{e}{\text{E}}$   $\overset{f}{\text{F}}$  to represent the continuous ascent of a sound C constantly increasing in acuteness by infinitely small intervals, till it arrives at a sound E. Suppose then the interval between C and E to be divided into four parts, it is asserted that the interval from  $\overset{c}{\text{C}}$  to  $\overset{d}{\text{D}}$  can only be called the semi-

tone C<sup>sharp</sup>, or that the graver sound implies the acuter interval. In this way, the sound E would imply the interval EF, and hence five semitones in the third Major. As to the first cause of error, the very name of interval signifies *a space between*, and a space cannot be included without having terminations. Take any portion of a right line, it must be terminated by two fixt points—there is yet but one interval. Thus, when we take the sound C as one boundary, we do not determine any *interval*; but when, increasing the number of vibrations made in a certain fixt time, we make the sound noted C<sup>sharp</sup>, we then determine the distance in tune between the two sounds; this distance is properly termed an interval, and named by its bounding note, thence *figuratively* called a semitone: in a similar manner, when a certain space of that measure of time called a day, has passed over, or a certain limit of time is arrived at, we say it is two or three (o'clock.) An hour in time, like an octave in sound, is made up of a fleeting succession of parts, which cannot, in the manner of tangible substances, be all at once, or together, submitted to the inspection of the understanding. If a right line be allowed to represent a flow of sound, continually becoming more acute by infinitely or imperceptibly small increments, it will then be evident, that if we divide it ever so often, the number of intervals, or spaces, will be less, by one, than the number of terminating points in the same line, because we must allow that the line in its original state possessed two terminations.

From considering the nature of the Octave, it will readily appear what an error we should be led into by following that theory which asserts that each interval ought to be, and actually is, named from its graver terminating sound. Take the tonic C, make that sound which causes, or is rendered audible by, two vibrations in the contiguous particles of air, while the tonic causes but one, the interval between these is called an Octave by all parties and the sound C acquires the *same title*; thus evidently denominated from the interval below it, and implying nothing acuter. However it seems to me that, both mistakes arise from not considering the definition of an interval, and forgetting that a semitone is not strictly the name of a sound, but of an interval. I fear you will think that even those hurried remarks have wasted too much paper.

R,



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**\*BONAPARTE IN ELBA.**

“ His restless activity attended him every where. On his passage he had designed a national flag for his imperial island, and actually had it made by the sailors of the frigate which brought him to Elba; and before he set foot on shore, he had it hoisted on the fort, and saluted by the ships, as they came to anchor in the roads. His mode of life was peculiar. He rose at two in the morning, and studied till daylight, being particularly fond of French History and Egyptian researches. At daylight he went out on foot, or on horseback, whatever the weather, to superintend his public roads, or the building of his country house at Saint Martins, about three miles from the town. At nine he returned to breakfast, which consisted of a dish or two of meat, of which he eat sparingly, and various kinds of wine, of all which he tasted. A cup of coffee followed. He then retired to bed, and slept two hours; after which he remained in his cabinet till evening (in summer) receiving strangers, directing his government, giving audiences on business, arranging his plans, and latterly, perhaps, preparing those spirited proclamations which he issued on his landing in France. In the evening, attended by Bertrand or Drouet, he took an airing to St. Martins, or Longone, with more than his usual state, and always in his carriage. He dined at eight, and never without company. Persons of distinction he placed beside him, but at the opposite side of the table there was left an open space. He eat rapidly of a great variety of dishes, calling for them promptly as he wanted them: a few glasses of French wine, swallowed hastily, concluded his dinner, and a dish of coffee was the signal for rising from the table, which all were expected to obey, whether they had dined or not. Half an hour sufficed for this meal. If ladies were at table, he would generally help them himself, and sometimes when gay, was full of compliment to all around. When thoughtful, he said nothing, and nobody presumed to address him. His drawing room after dinner was usually the little garden behind the palace, where he spent the rest of the evening in conversation with his

\* The three succeeding articles are extracted from Mr. William's *Travels to Italy, Greece and the Ionian Isles*, 2 vols. 8vo. Edinb. 1820. We give this work an unqualified recommendation to the Lover of Taste and the Fine Arts; he will find an highly interesting narrative, written with elegance and fidelity, and interspersed with judicious remarks: on the whole, it ranks far above the general mass of *Journals, Travels, &c.* and may be recommended as a model.

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friends. He retired at eleven, but his mother, and his sister Pauline, still remained till the company separated. On Sunday he went regularly at 12 o'clock to mass, where all the authorities were expected to attend ; the mass was celebrated in the palace. A levee followed, when he addressed himself in order to each person round the circle.

When he arrived in Elba, he was to the last degree unpopular. The visitations of the French had left lasting memorials among the suffering inhabitants ; but his address and liberality soon operated a change. He began instantly to alter and improve ; to make roads, and to raise buildings. In a few weeks, a theatre was erected for the evening's amusement of the Elbese ; an old church was converted into a spacious barrack, an easy carriage road was made into the town, and conducted by the best level towards the opposite extremities of the island ; others were lined and levelled. Five thousand men were constantly employed at six pails or about three shillings a day, in these various undertakings ; and the peasantry witnessed suddenly the effect of improvements, which, till then, perhaps, they had scarcely imagined. The influx of Foreigners, attracted by curiosity to see the individual, who had been unceasingly present to the hopes and fears of almost every man in Europe, during by far the most eventful period of its history, brought money and occupation to the islanders. They seemed to receive a new existence, and for the first time, perhaps, to regard themselves as holding an ascertained place in the mass of the world ; a place not only comparatively but actually distinguished. Within nine months, 867 English alone had been presented to Napoleon. Besides, this was only a foretaste of the blessings in store ; long years of prosperity, astonishing improvements, an imperial revenue, actually overflowing into the pocket of every peasant, peace with the world, a national flag respected, an independent and commercial state. Can any one conceive, as the effect of all this, any thing short of the strongest attachment to a man, whose appearance among them was working such a change ? Add to this his insinuating address. Napoleon, who had bowed with his single arm the stubborn necks of Emperors, and shaken the very foundations of the oldest European thrones, that seemed to have existed but by his license, talking unattended, and familiarly, with any common peasant whom he met with in his walks, interesting himself in his condition, listening to his story, hearing, and, when possible, redressing his complaints, was calculated to

make an irresistible impression ; and he has done so. The populace are said to have wept when he left their island, from the regard to his safety. Had he sufficiently regarded his own, he would not have given them occasion for tears.

CHARACTER OF THE ROMAN NOBILITY, (*abridged.*)

There is no peculiarity in Roman manners, which is more apt to excite the surprise and the contempt of strangers, particularly Britons, than the indolence of the nobility and principal gentlemen. Yet there are circumstances in their political condition, which, when duly considered, convert our surprise into compassion, and transfer our indignant contempt from these degraded orders themselves, to the unwise and oppressive government by which they are held enthralled. The imperfect manner in which they are educated, is likewise to be ascribed to the state of depression, in which they are kept by the policy of the court. Rigidly excluded from all offices of honor and emolument, which are entirely engrossed by the priests, they have no inducement to cultivate those branches of literature and science, which would enable them to distinguish themselves among their countrymen, and qualify them for becoming able statesmen and politicians. To pass away life in the gayest, easiest manner, seems the grand object, to which they believe that all their education ought to be directed. Gallantry, intriguing, gaming, and fidling, are, therefore their favorite accomplishments ; and their character is marked by all the frivolity and meanness, which are the natural results of such an education and such circumstances. Their whole system of morals, both with the men and women, is well known to be highly reprehensible, and greatly at variance with our view of correct conduct ; one would think they made scarcely any distinction between virtue and vice. Domestic comfort there can be little, and, I should think, as little affection. The husband must be uncertain, whether the children that his wife presents to him, be his own. She is never without her cavalieri servante at her toilette, or in her airings in the Corso, attending to all her capricious whims. The husband, a cavalieri servante himself, performs the same offices to other women. Is it not disgraceful, that men of rank should be thus employed, instead of attending to the general good of their country ?

The *cutting system* (as it is called in Britain) is quite unknown in Rome. Poorer relations and friends may safely look up to the rich-



est, without being repulsed by the frown of disdain. The frosty look of a colder climate is unknown in Italy. How beautiful and grateful it is to a benevolent mind, to see even those of low condition step up with confidence and kiss the hand of a prince, secure of meeting with gracious smiles! this general urbanity and propriety of feeling admits of no particular sets, and eyeing, selfish, quizzing parties; nor is modesty or backwardness allowed to brood in a corner upon its own reflections. The music-room is generally crowded, and, what may appear a little singular, the performers are attended to, and can be heard, without the accompaniment of whispering and endless talking. The music is pleasingly varied, but the *Buffo* style is the favorite with the Italians. Little applause is given, even should a Dutchess play; but I recollect when an old superannuated male Soprano, not unlike a large baboon, sat grinning at the piano-forte, accompanied by a bass and fiddle, every one laughed, every one was delighted, though sing he did not; he merely talked to the instrument in a low tone of voice, and occasionally raised his head with a satyr-looking expression; and when he concluded, bravos and expressions of applause resounded from every mouth; some of the audience, indeed, must have had very long ears, to have heard his almost inaudible voice, at the distance from whence the shouts of praise proceeded. The concert rooms are emptied and filled with a succession of new visitors at every act, or great pause in the performance. The pressure and stream of company which this occasions in the various rooms, is itself amusing, though, I must confess, delicacy and refinement took no part in the general squeeze. The parties in the talking, promenading, and music-rooms, moved away about 11 o'clock. The gamblers were not so easily dispersed; when we took our last and scrutinizing look, we perceived a hundred eyes fixed upon a heap of gold, which *the table had honorably acquired*. No parting adieus; it would indeed be a sad want of good breeding to interrupt a Dutchess in the middle of her game.

## CITY OF POMPEII.

Pompeii which was entombed in a softer substance than Herculæum, is getting daily disencumbered, and a very considerable part of this Grecian City is unveiled. We entered by the Appian way, through a narrow street of marble tombs, beautifully executed, with the names of the deceased plain and legible. We looked into the

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columbarium below that of Marius Arius Diomedes, and perceived jars containing the ashes of the dead, with a small lamp at the side of each. Arriving at the gate, we perceived a centry box, in which the skeleton of a soldier was found with a small lamp in its hand; proceeding up the street beyond the gate, we went into several streets, and entered what is called a Coffee-house, the marks of cups being visible on the stone; we came likewise to a tavern, and found the sign (not a very decent one) near the entrance. The streets are lined with public buildings and private houses, most of which have their original painted decorations fresh and entire. The pavement of the streets is much worn by carriage wheels, and holes are cut through the side stones, for the purpose of fastening animals in the market place; and in certain situations are placed stepping stones, which give us rather an unfavorable idea of the state of the streets. We passed two beautiful little temples; went into a surgeon's house, in the operation room of which chirurgical instruments were found; entered an iron-monger's shop, where an anvil and hammer were discovered; a sculptor's and a baker's shop, in the latter of which may be seen an oven and grinding mills, like old Scotch querns. We examined likewise an oilman's shop, and a wine shop lately opened, where money was found in the till; a school in which was a small pulpit with steps up to it, in the middle of the apartment; a great theatre; a temple of justice; an amphitheatre, about 220 feet in length; various temples; a barrack for soldiers, the columns of which are scribbled with their names and jests; wells, cisterns, seats, tricliniums, beautiful mosaics; alters, inscriptions, fragments of statues, and many other curious remains of antiquity. Among the most remarkable objects was an ancient wall, with a part of a still more ancient marble frieze, built in it as a common stone; and a stream which has flowed under this once subterraneous city, long before its burial; pipes of Terra Cotta to convey the water to the different streets; stocks for prisoners, in one of which a skeleton was found. All these things incline one almost to look for the inhabitants, and wonder at the desolate silence of the place.

The houses are in general very low, and the rooms are small, I should think not above ten feet high. Every house is provided with a well and cistern. Every thing seems to be in proportion; the principal streets do not appear to exceed 16 feet in width, with side pavements in proportion; these are occasionally high, and are

reached by steps. The columns of the barracks are about 15 feet in height ; they are made of tuffa with stucco ; one third of the shaft is smoothly plaistered, the rest fluted to the capital. The walls of the houses are often painted red, and some of them have borders and antique ornaments, masks and imitations of marble, but in general poorly executed. I have observed, on the walls of an eating room, various kinds of food and game tolerably represented ; one *woman's* apartment was adorned with subjects relating to love ; and a *man's* with pictures of a martial character. Considering that the whole has been under ground upwards of seventeen centuries, it is certainly surprising that they should be as fresh as at the period of their burial. The whole extent of the city, not one half of which is excavated, may be about four miles. It is said, that Murat employed no less than 2000 men in clearing Pompeii, and that Madame Murat attended the excavations in person every week. The present government have not retained above 1000.

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### CRITICAL REMARKS.

ON LORD BYRON'S POETRY.\* (*Continued from page 59.*)

But I fear I have digressed too far from my immediate object: my only excuse is, that, in an attempt to shew that the general opinion of the moral tendency of his work is too favorable, it may not be irrelevant to bring proof of his taste and judgment not being quite so good as they are thought.

One of the most efficacious modes of weakening the social feelings is to begin with subverting the belief in the immortality of the soul, and thus shaking the foundation of all religious obligations. It were an easy task to select passages which are evidently of this tendency: that which I now extract is not capable of any other interpretation.

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“religions take their turn.

'Twas Jove's,—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds

Will rise with other years, till man shall learn

Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds ;

Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds.”

\* We must apologize to our correspondent for not giving this continuation of his remarks on Lord Byron in our third number, the communication was unfortunately mislaid.



"Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—  
Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to know  
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,  
*That being, thou wouldst be again*, and go  
Thou know'st not, reek'st not to what region, so  
On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?  
*Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?"*

CHILDE HAROLD."

Alluding to the same topic he says,

"Each has his pang, but feeble suff'rers groan  
With *brain-born dreams of evil* all their own;  
Pursue what *chance or fate* proclaimeth best;  
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron:  
There no forced banquet claims the sated guest  
But silence spreads the couch of ever welcome rest."

It is terrible to see a man look with such horrid satisfaction on what our nature shudders at, *Annihilation*: and nothing can be more chilling than the manner in which he alludes to the rewards of the blessed, on the supposition that there is to be a future state.

"Yet *if*, as holiest men have deem'd, *there be*  
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
How sweet it were in concert to adore  
With those who made our mortal labours light!"

I will not much quarrel with his calling

—————"the Lyre  
That *only Heaven* to which earth's children may aspire."

the phrase may be only metaphorical; yet it were better without being quite so strongly express'd.—

But to come more directly to the charge of misanthropy;—nothing tends so much to bring on that disease of the mind, as an overweening opinion of individual superiority and a habit of thinking that we ourselves would have done every thing better than we see it done by those around us. We begin to fancy ourselves above the weaknessess of our nature, too magnanimous for all the meannesses and foibles of which others are guilty, and strong enough to overcome the temptations by which they are vanquished. The natural consequence of this temper is a contempt for our species, and of course a desire to shun their society; for who will seek any intercourse with those whom he despises? Thus is the misanthrope

driven to a solitary communion with his own mind, whose discordant jarrings in the stillness of retirement are heard with feverish and fretful sensibility. But the propensities of our nature will at length force him to mix amongst men, frequently after the mind has been, so soured that he takes a pleasure in observing the faults of his fellow-men, in accounting for every action so as to make it appear the worst possible, or even in calling into action those very vices at which he may afterwards sneer. But more frequently the misanthrope (much as he affects to despise men) seeks to obtain an exalted station, not in the love but the fear and awe of the world; not by benefiting or delighting mankind, but by displaying his own chilling and repulsive powers. This is the sort of man who can behold two mighty armies preparing for the work of havoc, and speak of himself, as "one that has no friend, no brother there:" he feels no sympathy with their valour, and in his cold-hearted apathy he scarcely seems to pity the dreadful ruin which that day was to bring on thousands of gallant and high-spirited warriors. It is such a man that will at length forfeit every pleasure, every advantage of society, that will look on the pleasures and the sorrows of his fellow-creatures, with the same contempt: what can be more miserable! other afflictions admit of alleviation and relief;

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,  
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
And roam along, the world's tir'd denizen,  
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;  
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!  
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,  
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,  
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought and sued;  
*This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!*

In truth it is, and worse than solitude; but the noble author seems to forget that our own happiness or misery in such points, most frequently rests with ourselves. Will he, that indulges the feelings of benevolence which God for the best purposes has implanted in man; that endeavours to render others happy, to raise up those that are poor and needy around him; will such a man find

"None to bless him, none whom he can bless?"

Will not those to whose happiness he has contributed "smile the less" when such a man is gone?—

I am not insensible to the high poetical beauty of this passage ; but that is the very reason for which I think such writings so extremely dangerous ; the most cautious may be led on to a morose misanthropy by an opinion that it is nobleness of sentiment, and that every one, who does not look with disgust on all the concerns of his fellow-men, is to be numbered among the vicious and the unthinking. It appears to me a much more sublime exercise of our understandings, to teach ourselves a suitable degree of humility ; for self-conceit is always the proof of an unenlightened mind. The man who diligently studies his own heart will find there so many weaknesses, so many evil propensities, that he will soon cease to look on himself as superior to those around him, and instead of captiously looking for the worst side of human nature, he will more nobly employ himself in always finding some cause of gladness, where others needlessly afflict themselves : or where this fails, he will not be proud of his own fancied excellence, but will be thankful that he was not exposed to equal temptations.

I am aware that most of what I have said will be counted for mere assertion without proof ; but I will entreat those who do not find my arguments sufficiently strong, not to slight the considerations which I have offered, because I cannot state or maintain them strongly enough ; but coolly to examine whether there be not some danger to morality and to the pure spirit of poetry from the writings of one who teaches us to despise and shun all the social feelings of our nature ; who looks upon virtue with suspicion, on vice not with pity but derision, and who would have nothing estimable but the gloomy ferocity of passion or the terrifying audacity of exalted villainy.— I had intended to have quoted more largely, but I fear that I have already trespassed too long on your patience and that of your readers.

R.

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Our Novelists, like Sam. Foote in his farces, often touch upon real characters, and when Dr. Smollett in the second volume of the *History of Ferdinand Count Fathom*, p. 106, makes one of the interlocutors observe, that many persons of mean parentage have raised themselves to power and fortune, and by way of example to use these words, "one, she said, sprung from the loins of an obscure attorney ; another was the grandson of a Valet-de-chambre ; a third was the issue of an accomptant ; and a fourth the offspring of a woollen-draper ;" it is thought, that by the first he means, Philip, Earl of Hardwicke, who was son of an attorney of Dover ; by the second, Henry Fox, Lord Holland, whose grand-father Sir



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Stephen Fox is said to have been a valet. In Peregrine Pickle, the memoirs of a lady of quality, is the history of Lady Vane; and afterwards the story of James Annesley is introduced.

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As it was customary with the Hebrews, and indeed with all nations, to impose names of good omen or import, upon their children, the learned Perizonius was of opinion, in his MS. lectures on Tursellinus, that the name of Abel, which signifies *vanity*, was not given him at first by his parents Adam and Eve; but after his death, as expressive of the vanity of their fond hopes concerning him. In further proof of this, he alledges, that the change of names was very frequent anciently, and the parties were afterwards better known by their new name than their old one; as Jacob by that of Israel, and Gideon by that of Jerubbabel. Nimrod he thinks, was in like manner so called, because he and his associates often used the word נמרד "let us rebel."

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The barbarisms of the latin tongue, in the latter ages of it consisted partly in the use of stiff and strong expressions on every trifling occasion; so we have our *monstrous, prodigious, vast, shocking, devilish*, at every turn; are we not fast driving towards barbarity? but, what is worse, some of our strong words are even sinful; every uncommon thing is *miraculous*; to such a place, tis a *d—m—d* long way; the miles *devilish* long; and the roads *cursed* bad; nay, we do not stick at a little nonsense; but say, *the weather is hellish cold*. These tend to familiarize the great sanctions of religion, and so lessen the apprehensions we have of them—nay, they lead at last to swearing; for after these expressions, by their frequency, have lost their weight, then we must swear; for people swear for the same reason that they use the expressions, out of earnestness, to exaggerate and the like.—

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## REVIEW.

"*Nice Distinctions, a Tale.*—8vo. Dub. 1820.

On opening this volume, we should have proceeded (according to the custom in such cases established) to the first chapter of the narrative, without even looking into the dedication, but, in turning over the leaves, we were surprised to catch the name of that modest and ingenious gentleman, Jedediah Cleishbotham, &c. &c. Any one who has read his most delectable tales will readily believe that, in spite of our haste, we paused to see what caused the apparition of his revered name. It was but a *dedication* to the worthy pedagogue, in which the \**Author* intimates an intention of illuminating the world, now that the great light of the north has set, adding,

\* Those who feel much zeal for "*Propia quæ Maribus*," may quarrel with our using the word *Author* in this case; but, however it be, such was the signature to the dedication.

that it is impossible for two suns to shine together. Now, it is not usually the case for one sun to rise when another sets; more commonly "The Sun set, and uprose the yellow Moon." If we may be allowed our metaphor in turn, the style of the Scottish hero is as difficult to be assumed by any weaker hand, as the sword of Douglass to be wielded by the graceful arm of his daughter. Seriously, we think that this dedication is no farther applicable to the work than as a sort of humorous admission of inferiority. And we were happy to find through the work no weak attempts to copy his manner of writing—attempts that invariably provoke a comparison very unfavorable to the imitator. The author has, we doubt not, been improved in taste by reading those admirable novels; but, farther than that, there is very little to remind us of that writer. The tale is fitter to be classed with the works of Miss Edgeworth, Miss Burney, and Mrs. Opie.

The character of those amiable writers is of a class quite distinct from the energetic delineations of the author of *Waverly*. In the volume now before us there is a passage alluding to the animadversions of the *Quarterly Review* on a well-known Irish authoress, which may give no bad idea of the style of *NICE DISTINCTIONS*.

"From the pen of a female, they, (*the Reviewers*,) with the remainder of mankind, expect piety, morality, and particular delicacy of sentiment, and these are generally found to compensate for the absence of that energy, force, and nerve, discoverable in the writings of men."

Our readers must decide whether we are warranted in applying these remarks to the *Author* of this tale. When we mention Miss Edgeworth, it is but fair to say, that she is the only female novelist we know of, who gives strong, correct and natural delineations of the characters of men. There is a writer to whose works this volume bears perhaps a closer resemblance than any we have yet named—the *author* of "*Discipline*," &c.

The action of this tale is quite of a domestic nature, and displays a very intimate acquaintance with the passions, objects, and motives of female minds. Females indeed hold the greatest place in the *Dramatis Personæ*, and we are much better pleased than we should be with weak or over-drawn representations of men. Having premised thus much, (*perhaps too much*,) we shall now give a brief recital of the story.

"Early in the summer of 181—, on a day, usually denominated 'a pet day,' a large party had assembled at dinner in the magnificent residence of the

Courtneys, Glendalough Abbey. The windows of the splendid dining room were open to the ground, displaying the party within; the table was cover'd with a variety of wines and fruits, the dresses of the company were gay, and in the extreme of the French mode, forming a melancholy contrast to the miserable remnants on a distracted looking figure who stood courtesying before the windows. She carried a small phial, which she held up, muttering some broken and indistinct sounds. The lady of the feast ordered the servant to enquire what *that woman* wanted; adding, 'she must know I never permit beggars to approach the house.' The servant return'd, saying, 'she says, Ma'am, her name is Catherine Kennedy, and she wants a little wine.' 'Wine!' exclaimed the lady, (sipping her glass of Madeira,) 'Wine indeed! the drunkenness of the lower order of Irish is intolerable—tell her to begone instantly.' The woman urged to despair by the rejection of her petition, now elevated her voice, and cried 'for the love of the Redeemer, lady, give me a drop of wine, 'tis for my husband, who is lying in the black fever.' 'Fever!' screamed Mrs. Courtney, 'you wretch, how dare you come here with the fever.'

We could wish to make this extract longer, as it shews the character of the haughty and purse proud lady in a strong and (unfortunately) just point of view. The poor creature's touching appeal is ineffectual; she is driven from the inhospitable mansion; but there was one in the company who felt for her sufferings, but had no power in that house to relieve her—It was the tutor of the young Courtneys, Charles Delacour, an amiable young clergyman, who from family circumstances was necessitated to accept the situation, which he had but just come to fill.

The poor woman next repairs to the parsonage, where she is gladly supplied by the Rev. Mr. Vernon. Immediately after, Mr. Delacour comes to visit his college friend, Henry Vernon, whom he has unexpectedly found to be his neighbour at Glendalough. This amiable young man, at the time he is first introduced to us, is far advanced in a decline.

"Supported by pillows, in a large chair, sat he, whom but two years before Delacour had seen rich in health, youth and hope;" "Now a hepatic decline had given a bilious hue to his countenance, which was so emaciated as to exhibit distinctly the smallest vein; the eyes appeared hollow and sharp, and mortality was depicted on every feature." However, cheered by the presence of his friend he says, 'I hope soon to be quite well, and able to shew you the innumerable beauties of the surrounding country; it is a scene to realise the vision of the most fanciful son of song; you may 'sit on rocks and muse o'er flood and fall,' and there is scarcely a stone or thorn-bush but has its attendant tradition: St. Kevin has been here, a very prominent character, but his heart was flinty as his couch, else he could not have resisted the charms and constancy of the fair Kathleen; who, if legend say true, 'had loved him well and long,' and whose 'eyes of most unholy blue,' and intrusion on his sacred slumbers induced him to 'hurl her from the beet-



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ling rock' into the lake beneath. I must point out to you the scene of this exploit, for which I am, and ever shall be, his implacable enemy."

The illness and eventual death of this young man are painted with a delicate correctness throughout; and too many families can bear mournful testimony to the truth of the picture. Scarce one will read this tale without being reminded powerfully of the lingering death of some promising and beloved young relative. Henry Vernon is, as a last resource, recommended to try the effects of Bristol, whither he is accompanied by Caroline, his youngest sister, whose gentle piety and unassuming goodness are shewn in her patient attendance on her dying brother. She is uniformly attentive to the duties and restraints of Religion; and when she urged some of its claims,

"Her sisters laughed, and called her 'Methodist,' yet often mentally confessed, with king Agrippa, 'thou almost persuadest me to be a christian'."

Yet those sisters are not represented as volatile, or inattentive to religion; but they are not so meekly devoted to it as Caroline. Henry had first asked his eldest sister, Maria, to accompany him; but she, notwithstanding her affection for him, was unwilling to leave home: the cause was no other than *love*. Her brother, in a half playful manner, but with the greatest delicacy, cautions her against being ensnared into an unrequited passion, and to take care that her swain be as enamoured as herself. Maria had been long receiving marked attentions from a Scotch captain, named Maxwell, who, as Maria said in his praise,

"Is uniformly attentive at church, very literary, and wears a medal for Waterloo," for which latter she had 'a veneration suited to a martyr's crown.' In short every day brought Captain Maxwell, with some present in the way of music or poetry, and to her

"The hours fled pleasantly away until the month of September, which had been appointed for Henry's departure from a home he loved. It required all the mental energy of Mr. Vernon, the piety of Mrs. Vernon and Caroline, and the spirits of Maria and Harriett to sustain the melancholy separation; but in consideration of the invalid's debilitated state, his mother stifled her emotions until the last sound of the carriage wheels had died on her ear; nature then prevailed, and throwing herself into the arms of her husband, she exclaimed 'O my son, my dear boy, I fear I have honored thee more than my God,' that thou art thus snatched from me."

Shortly after this distressing parting,

"An unexpected visit from Mrs. Courtney and her daughters, who never came but on some *mission*, occupied Maria and Harriett for several days in forming surmises as to its object; the enigma was, however, solved by the arrival of cards from the Abbey for a ball, to celebrate Mr. Somerset Courtney's birth."

Maria expects that at this ball Captain Maxwell will be as attentive as usual, and that his doing so in presence of his brother officers, will be equivalent to a declaration of his attachment. The ball at length arrived; but it brought only disappointment to Maria, Captain Maxwell not only neglected to ask her as his partner, but payed through the whole night the most marked attentions to another lady. Miss Vernon was too little acquainted with the world to be easily consoled on the occasion; but finally, after some delusive gleams of hope, the faithless captain goes to the south with his regiment, without feeling any regret at parting.

We are obliged to omit the particulars respecting the ball, which with its usual consequences, visits, inquiries, &c. is very correctly described. At this fete we are introduced to some new characters; among others, a Mr. O'Toole, who is terribly addicted to satirical remarks, which are generally not misapplied; he is on the whole an amusing character, and instructive too; for his unfortunate propensity rendering him universally disliked, at last caused his death in a duel. We have also a Mrs. Jenkinson, an indefatigable gossip, and her daughter Salina, (christened Sarah,) a vulgar, ignorant, sentimental, novel-reading damsel, conspicuous for affectation of dress and manner. We fear the character is a little in the *caricature* style; however, it is not without its originals. On their return from a visit to the abbey, Mrs. Vernon and her daughters walk along the shore of the lake, and Harriet steps into a boat, which was lying at the side, with its sail partly raised.

“Harriett kissed hand playfully to her sister, and saying she would pay a visit to St. Kevin, inadvertently gave the rudder a sudden turn, when the boat shot off, and in one moment, was at a considerable distance from the bank. The screams of Mrs. Vernon, Maria, and the affrighted Harriett, soon bringing the owner of the boat from his cottage. ‘Oh save my child! for God’s sake save my child!’ shrieked the terrified mother; ‘and name your own reward.’ The man hesitated; saying, ‘I am but weak, my lady, from sickness; but I know a great swimmer, and I’ll just run and see if he’s at home; he’ll surely come to help the young lady.’ The boat was meanwhile scudding in a current; and a squall now causing the sail to give, it fell on its side, the mast almost touched the water, and the cries of Harriett, who clinging to the frail bark, implored assistance, were heard distinctly. At this awful moment a woman hastening from a field which overlook’d the lake, seized the fisherman by the arm, vehemently exclaiming, ‘if you’d ten thousand lives you ought to risk them all for one of that blessed family, and thank the Virgin that brought you to such luck; for where would you have been now if they hadn’t sent you wine, eye, and every thing, when you were down lying in the fever, and none to help

you; no not one. Who fed your wife? who fed your children? and you not able to do a hand's turn for them."

This appeal was not ineffectual; the man plunged into the lake, and succeeded in bringing the young lady safe to land. Our readers will have recognized poor Catherine Kennedy and her husband; he had been in the army, and his story is interestingly told: the poor man refuses the offer of Mrs. Vernon's purse as a recompense for preserving her daughter. The exhausted state of poor Harriet, compelled them to send to the Abbey for a carriage to convey them home. The carriage came, driven by Mr. Somerset Courtney, who contrary to his usual character paid the greatest attention, accompanied them home, and became a constant visitor at the parsonage. He (as may be expected) entertains a passion for Miss Harriett, though without her knowing it. This comes to the ears of Mr. Courtney, with divers exaggerations proceeding from Miss Lambert, the governess of his daughters. The son on being charged with it, declares, that he will marry her in spite of the world. Mr. Courtney in a fury, goes to Mr. Vernon's, and charges him and his daughter, with entrapping his son into a match. He is there undeceived; and Somerset soon after agrees, to give up his love, on condition of being allowed to travel. About this time the tidings of Henry Vernon's death arrive; and his sister returns with a few memorials of their beloved and lamented brother. We feel regret at not being able to find room for even a few of the tender, and natural passages respecting his last moments, and the grief of his family. The following will give an idea of the excellent character of Caroline:

"Three days had she been with her family, yet no allusion to the past had taken place; mutual tenderness to the feelings of each other having prevented a recurrence to events, the recapitulation of which must have produced reciprocal pain, Caroline might indeed have told of long-protracted anxieties; of personal sufferings; of hopeless cares; of lonely watchings; of midnight vigils, unenlivened by any sound, save the moans of the dying, falling on her anguished ear as his funeral knell: her last visit to his undecorated tomb; her sensations at leaving the beloved remains undistinguished by the stranger who should heedlessly pass without even an enquiry 'who there is laid?' her renewed pangs of separation, more keenly consigned to its cold bosom. All these might have been described with the unornamented simplicity of truth, yet framed a tale which could not but claim an interest, and extract a sympathy from hearts the least impressible; but unostentatious and unobtrusive, seeking not the commendation of man, she preserved a uniform silence where to speak was to insure applause, and excite admiration how one so young, so delicate, so tried, could have such wisdom, strength of mind, and virtue!



" Amongst the celebrations of christmas-day was an interchange of gifts at the parsonage; and on that morning, Caroline produced a case from which she took two hearts of black enamel, and two mourning rings, presenting the former to her sisters, the latter to her father and mother. They needed not an explanation, for the well-remembered dark and glossy hair of Henry was tastefully disposed in each of the ornaments, and on the rings was inscribed with ' Am I not free ? ' A burst of long-suppressed feeling was all the acknowledgments which Caroline for some moments received for these her invaluable presents."

The manly resignation of Mr. Vernon is an excellent example of true christian piety. Charles Delacour shortly after, takes leave of Glendalough; in consequence of an attachment which Miss Frances Courtney has formed for him, and of which is honorable principles hindered him from taking advantage. But he does not remain long from his friends at the parsonage: he gets a living from the Bishop of L—— and returns to ask Caroline Vernon's hand, which he finds no difficulty in obtaining. Mr. Courtney dies suddenly of apoplexy, occasioned by the news that his son had married a Neapolitan opera-dancer, of more than questionable fame. The unnatural son sells Glendalough Abbey; and the pride of Mrs. Courtney is effectually humbled, by being expelled by her favourite child, from her splendid mansion.—We now meet a very amiable couple, Mr. and Mrs. Beresford, who, during a visit to the Vernons, help to remove the clouds of sorrow by a happy gaiety; they take Maria with them to Dublin, where she learns to forget Captain Maxwell, by admitting to her heart a more deserving object, Colonel Lindsay: to whom, in due course, she is married, and, (also in due course) bears a son, who receives the name of Henry Vernon. Delacour gets a farther promotion in the church, by means of a Mr. Leslie, who had made proposals for Caroline, without knowing that she was betrothed; he generously serves the husband of her he had loved, instead of indulging the hatred of a rival.

We have omitted to notice a journey through parts of Scotland and England, in which is introduced among others, an amusing *author* Mrs. Kildahl. We have also passed unnoticed Mrs. Hamilton and her little step-daughter Gertrude, whose story is one of the most interesting parts of the volume,

We have also in many instances changed the order of the story, passed lightly over interesting parts, and given greater importance to minor incidents: but we aim in some measure at giving such specimens, as would best shew the modes of writing, for which the *author* is particularly qualified.

Even the trifling share of extracts, which we have given may enable our readers to perceive a correctness in the distinctive shades of individual character : every person introduced speaks in the manner most suitable to his rank ; and in the lower characters particularly, there is a *keeping*, a freedom from exaggerated absurdity of language, which renders the pictures very gratifying. Irish men are generally sketched with so broad and flourishing a touch, that we cannot find the minuter lines which give the finish to a likeness. The humor of the Irish is the chief point on which the generality dwell, and which they turn into complete absurdity. Their high spirit, their ardent affection, their gratitude, and their shrewd intelligence have hitherto found no writer except Miss Edgeworth ; but the specimens in this tale induce us to look forward to future faithful representations of the national character, from the same pen. The touches of Irish humour too, are very pleasingly given, without degenerating into those palpable bulls, which we oftener hear on the stage, or read in certain novels, than meet with in real life. This general accuracy of delineation is, we think, owing to the excellent plan of describing nothing, the original of which, has not come almost under the actual observation of the writer. The lamentable failure of some well known novelists in fidelity of character, is owing to the vain attempt of drawing persons, whom they have not closely observed. The author of *Nice Distinctions* has, we imagine, beheld in private life, circumstances similar to almost all the incidents of the Tale ; and we sincerely hope, no vain love of originality, will take place of this admirable system. If it should, we promise a total failure in interest, without being a whit more original.

It must however be confessed, that the plot is defective in that interest which excites curiosity ; the disposal of the most conspicuous characters is easily foreseen ; the events are mostly such, as do not surprise us ; and there are almost no situations from which we feel at a loss how to extricate those engaged. Yet even here we can trace an observation of life ; the lingering and deceitful progress of disease, the slow and ceremonious advances of courtship, are what we are every day accustomed to.

We would not exchange a single natural description in this little volume, for a whole circulating library full of wonders and surprises. However we would recommend a selection from the incidents of life, a choice of those most calculated to arrest the attention.

It is not every day that furnishes events worthy of being copied into an amusing narrative. — There is one point on which we are sorry more pains were not bestowed—the description of the scenery at Glendalough. We are aware of the difficulty, of laying the scene in any inhabited part of the County Wicklow; but we are startled at finding that dark and solitary lake, with its bare and savage mountains, transformed into a place of gay resort, and laughing verdure. Glendalough is made to resemble one of the Lakes of Killarney; at least so we may judge from the little that is said, in the way of description. Lough ——— or any lough would have given room for some novelty, but so well known a place as Glendalough, should not have been named to no purpose. This vale has got the name of the Seven Churches from its monastic ruins; even yet the famed resort of Romish devotees: this circumstance has been overlooked, and to our surprise, it is made a flourishing Protestant parish.

The poor soldier's wife, Catherine Kennedy is evidently a Roman Catholic; yet we can scarcely be mistaken in thinking, that she is the same Catherine whom we afterwards meet at the *Parish-Church*.

But we will easily pardon the fault, with respect to Glendalough, as (after all) perhaps the scene could not have been more advantageously arranged: and as to Catherine we are ready to admit, that we may be mistaken as to the identity.

Perhaps we should inform our readers that the name of the volume is taken from the *NICE DISTINCTIONS* which Captain Maxwell wished to make between mere polite attentions and serious courtship. We cannot quit this little production without noticing the sublime sentiments of christian piety and resignation, which are uniformly to be found through the whole work; not thrown in to save appearances, but influencing the conduct of all those who hold the chief place in the interest of the tale. Religion is painted in its true colours, checking no innocent gaiety of heart, imposing no austere restraints, but directing the steps of its followers to true tranquility of mind, and affording consolation under sorrows which no merely human fortitude could sustain; it is indeed the worship of Him 'whose yoke is easy, and whose burthen is light.'

We now take our farewell of Miss D——'s *NICE DISTINCTIONS*; but we sincerely hope that we may again see characters as *nicely distinguished* as this work promises.



## REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

## VOCAL.

*A series of Select Airs, with appropriate words, Symphonies and Accompaniments, by JOSEPH A. WADE, Esq.*

Power, Dublin.

Lyric Poetry is a department in which few have been successful, although at first sight, it would appear to require very moderate powers. Prettiness and neatness are its general characteristics, and it demands no small share of skill and natural talent to be pretty without being silly. Lyric Poets do not in those days aim much at the sublimer part of their art; the favourite songs are all of a light (if not trifling) turn, when we except Burns's noble Address of Bruce, and a few of Moore's, &c. Authors now seldom spin out a connexion of ideas beyond two verses, and indeed, setting aside the poetic nonsense so often met with, the Symphonies, reiteration of passages, modern Cadenzas, &c. &c. take up such a length of time, that few would wish them prolonged. Distinct enumeration is so little attended to, that the finest poetry loses its charms. Moore has been the most successful song-writer of the age, particularly in adaptation; and yet how seldom do we hear his MELODIES, although supported by our native music? This charge does not come against the Poet, it is against the musical Amateurs, who, too often, care not how foolish or insipid the words are on which they waste powers, provided there be room for the display of skill. If they ever touch on higher compositions, the tenderness and expression of the language (if not wholly lost under the profusion of passing and grave notes) is too commonly disregarded, and a feeling singer is denominated *affected*. It is only necessary to allude to the miserable ditties which are made the apologies for warbling the finest airs. These considerations induce us to feel thankful to Mr. Wade for presenting us with a collection of Vocal Poetry of that order which ought to be prevalent in polished society. The delicacy and tender melancholy which prevail through them, approach to the manner of Moore; but on reading through one of these songs, we are apt to forget the beginning before we get to the end. This appears to us to argue some deficiency in the lines, which will perhaps be found to be that of *strength*. We would advise Mr. Wade to beware of that prettiness, which proceeds more from sound than from sense, which touches the ear, but does not rouse the brain; yet we would not be understood to charge him with failure in his present difficult undertaking; we merely caution him against the fault of which he seems most in danger. So far as to the Poetry. We shall now consider the Music.

No. 1. "YOU ASK ME WHY"—This air, the first in the work, is by SREIBELT, and consists of a simple and pleasing melody, in sixteen bars; the two first much in the Irish style. The accompaniment is well adapted to the air. In the last symphony, had the marks been given, which we conceive necessary for ensuring correct expression, the author's ideas would have been better understood. If he thinks the marks *piano* and *f* &c. quite sufficient for such a work as this before us, we must

beg leave to differ in opinion. The first bar should have been *slurred*, and bass marked *legato*; and the *fortz*, placed over the accented parts of the treble, we presume that the author intended it should be performed in this style; we may, however, be wrong. The skipp in the second bar is not pleasing, as it produces consecutive eights.

NO. 2. "I DREAMT OF STRAYING." (*From the Opera of L'Aomor Marinaro.*)—This is a pleasing air, in the Polonoise style. Mr. W's symphony is smooth and sprightly. The few notes appropriated to the flute, may, with sufficiently good effect, be played with the left hand. This Air is also harmonized for three voices, two trebles and a tenor. We cannot conceive how the author can reconcile himself to the arrangement of the harmony in page 8, bar 2. The accent necessarily lies on the c, b, and a natural in the vocal parts, while the Accompaniment has the full harmony of the dominant seventh; the Melody also appears too much disturbed by the second treble. We consider this piece correct in other respects.

NO. 3. "WEEP NOT AT THY WAYWARD FATE." (*Pleyel.*) This *Pensoroso* Air, although embracing but little compass, is very beautiful; the Accompaniments are characteristic and classical. It is also arranged for three voices.

NO. 4. "THEY TELL ONE DAY." (*Steibelt.*) The Melody before us we well recollect its playfulness and elegance, will always make it a favourite. The Symphonies and Accompaniments are well adapted.

NO. 5. "WHEN MOONLIGHT THRO' MY WINDOW GLEAMS." (*P. K. Moran.*) This is a composition of a recent date; the style appears rather stiff, and, we presume, it was written expressly for this work, as we cannot recollect ever seeing it before. The Bases and Accompaniments are judicious, and it is also well arranged for four voices.

NO. 6. "HOPE WITH HER RAINBOW." (*Sir J. Stevenson.*) An original, sprightly Melody.

NO. 7. "SUMMER SWEETS AGAIN ARE BREATHING." (*Mozart.*) We have only to mention the Composer's name; the Melody is in four sharps, and great care has been taken with the arrangement.

NO. 8. "WHEN FLOW'RS AGAIN." (*Steibelt.*) Notwithstanding the Author's name, we think Mr. Wade might have selected a better air than this, which seems best suited for a quadrille-book. It is harmonized for two voices, in a manner which we must object to. If sung by two treble voices, the second must interfere too forcibly with the melody. The harmony is not, in point of construction, objectionable; but the effect is particularly so—Licences, however admissable in themselves, require to be taken with judgment and caution.

NO. 9. "OH TAKE THIS LEAF." (*Pleyel.*) This is an interesting melody. The last two bars in the first symphony, which is highly appropriate, does not require the diversification of the bass.

NO. 10. "OH! THINK NOT LOVE." (*Mozart.*) The originality of this air renders it very pleasing; the accentuation of the music, is well suited by that of

the poetry. The chord  $\frac{7}{4}$  would have been more effective in the fourth bar, and have strengthened the dominant harmony in the eighth bar.

No. 11. "THOUGH DARK BE THE WOES." (*Pleyel.*) This *Mæstoso* air, from its character gives a sort of relief and diversification to the work. It is extremely well prefaced by Mr. Wade's symphony, and the accompaniment is strictly in character and the last symphony admirably conceived.

No. 12. "OH! LET US FEEL ENJOYMENT SWEET." *Steibelt.* The work finishes with a popular air from the storm concerto; but we do not approve of the alterations which in some measure destroy the interest of the air. The intention is evident, but, with such a versatility of talent as Mr. Wade possesses, we cannot see any difficulty that he could have experienced in strictly preserving the original melody. This air is harmonized for a Treble and Tenor, in a manner that must have a good effect. Page 47 bar 6th the arrangement for the second voice, although pleasing as it stands, would have been still better had the word *smile* been continued in that bar and repeated on the three quavers in the next bar. We are much pleased with the general effect of this work, the adaptation of the words to the airs is not one of its least beauties—indeed we have always had great pleasure from Mr. Wade's production, and we trust we shall soon again have occasion to notice them.

Our limits oblige us to defer the notice of other productions till our next.

## CONCERTS.

Mr. Hodson's concert took place on the 4th of May. The selection of music was in itself good, but the want of effective performers was much felt, particularly in the music of Macbeth.—Miss Ford's song drew much applause; she possesses a fine rich voice, which if properly cultivated under a first rate master, would rank her as a superior performer—she still wants that style and expression, which constitutes a good concert singer. Miss Hamilton sang the Bird duett with Mr. Hodson, her talents seemed to be on this night particularly exerted, and it gave us pleasure to witness her rapid improvement. Mr. Hodson gave several songs in his usual pleasing style. Mr. Panormo favoured us with an Irish Medley overture, of his powers on the Piano-forte there can be but one opinion, yet we often observe taste and expression sacrificed to the display of rapid and brilliant execution.

Mr. Blewitt's concert on the 10th, presented one of the most crowded rooms, that has been seen since Miss Stevens's visit. The music was well chosen and executed.—The opening glee of "Welcome friends," composed for the occasion by Sir J. Stevenson, was much admired. Miss Cheese and Mrs. Vincent, sang two duetts; one of these "Haste my Nanette" in superior style. This duett was originally written for a Soprano and Bass. The present arrangement had, however, a good effect; we nevertheless prefer the old. We never hear these ladies (whose voices &c. are too well known, and too justly appreciated to need comment) sing together, without observing, with pleasure, the fine effect produced by conjunctive practice.—The glee of "Blow gentle Gales" was admirably given. Mr. Spray,



(whose abilities every lover of music is acquainted with) sang "Auld Lang Syne" in that feeling and effective manner for which particularly in this air, he has been distinguished. Mr. Pigott's accompaniment on the Violincello had too much the character of a Solo; Mr. P's merits are sufficiently known, but we think in this case his florid performance did not add to the effect of the song (the grand object of an accompaniment) or evince much taste. Mr. Weidner's Flute solo evinced the master, and was so much admired as to be *encored*. Mr. Perceval on the Violincello, and Mr. Panormo on the Piano-forte, displayed their usual abilities—of the former we are great admirers. "Anna Marie" was delightfully sang by Masters' Attwood and Ormsby; every performer exerted himself.

Mr. Perceval's concert is fixed for the 5d June, and Miss Cheese and Mrs. Vincent's, for the 10th.

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### MISCELLANEA.

In respect of cloaths, as the world judges much by appearances, it is evident that where you are not known as when in Dublin, you should dress up to the top of your station; but, in the country, and at home, when you are known to all, you may go as plain as you please. as people make not there your exterior their rule of judgment but your substantial fortune.

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Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, when a certain bill was brought into the House of Lords, said, among other things, that he "*prophesied* last winter that this bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find that he had proved so *true a prophet*."—Lord Conninsby, who spoke after the Bishop, and always spoke in passion, desired the House to remark, that "one of the right reverend had set himself forth as a *prophet*; but for his part he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that furious prophet Balaam, who was reproved by his *own ass*." The Bishop wittily and calmly exposed his attack by a reply, which he concluded as follows: since the noble Lord has discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my Lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel.—I am sure I have been reproved by nobody *but his Lordship!*"

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The Pennachio is a plume of feathers on an helmet. Henry, when he entered Bologne, had one consisting of eight feathers of some Indian bird, and the length of each was four feet and a half.—It was esteemed so valuable as to have been a proper ransom for the king, had he been taken. The famous Dr. Harvey took the pains to describe it, and Sir Geo. Ent, an eminent physician, in the reign of Charles I. copied his description, which copy was to be seen at Dr. G. Lynch's, at Canterbury, in 1751. They supposed the feathers to have belonged to some Brazilian bird.

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How amiable a quality is courtesy, (or call it politeness or civility if you had rather) how pleasing to strangers!

Among the first it cannot cheer but daily strengthen the cement of social happiness; from the latter, it removes the fatigue of travel, it alleviates the pain of absence, and naturalizes us at once in a Foreign land.

It is the primitive "washing of the feet," and not the effect, but only the mode is changed. What can be more disinterested than the behaviour of these polite people respecting strangers? for a native to put himself out of his place or into a disadvantageous situation merely to accommodate one whom he never saw before, would you do as much? "I would keep my place if it was a good one" with the most engaging urbanity.—Vous etez étranger monsieur, prenez ma place—mettez vous la!—Vous verrez mieux.—Not only the common people (for the virtue of civility influences all ranks) will run to serve you, but the courteous shopkeeper will leave his business, his dinner, to accompany the stranger the length of two or three streets, that he may not mistake his way.

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In the family of Newcomen there is a tenure by which the Possessor of a certain Manor is obliged to keep a Pack of Hounds for the use of the Board of Trinity College, and a Hunter for each of the Senior Fellows. We believe the present Lord Newcomen compounds for £500 per annum. The Vice Provost's horse is to be richly caparisoned, and something is said about saddle-straps, for what purpose we are ignorant.

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It is a mistaken notion that the English Clergymen are becoming methodistical or their Congregations either. A friend of ours, very lately, passing through Congresbury, stopt in to see the Church, and, being fond of music, ascended the Music-gallery to inspect the books; after admiring the Anthems in the first part of the tenor-book, turning to the posterior extremity, he was struck with the difference of style it exhibited, "Maggie Lawder," "Paddy O'Carrol," &c. &c.!!

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## TUMULUS.

*The following Letter to the Proprietor of the Freeman's Journal, announces the discovery of a Tumulus in the County Dublin.*

Sir,

Rambling through a part of the Dublin mountains on Sunday last, in company with a friend, it was my good fortune to make a discovery, which, I am sure will prove interesting to every lover of Irish antiquity. Upon the summit of the black mountain, so called from its sombre appearance, and situated about two miles beyond Stepaside; between that village and Glencullen, there is one of those artificial mounts or tumuli, so frequently to be met with in the

mountainous parts of the kingdom, and which have been considered, time immemorial, as the sepulchres of ancient heroes. As it was quite visible from our path, and the object too interesting to pass by unnoticed, we resolve to visit it, and with some difficulty from the bog, heath, and furze, which every moment impeded our progress, as well as from the labour of ascending, we reached at last, this lonely dwelling of the dead. In our approach we observed that some clay had been freshly turned up, but on coming nearer, judge of our astonishment at discovering, that part of the tumulus had been newly cleared away, and the interior of the sepulchre exposed. From the imperfect manner in which the clay had been removed, apparently for the purpose of money-hunting, we could not be exceedingly correct in taking the dimensions; but the following description when examined under more favourable circumstances, will be found pretty accurate. It is formed of several large blocks of granite, nearly square, placed regularly above and after each other, the whole describing the rude outline of a coffin. We measured its length 10 feet, the broadest part 4 feet, and when I suppose the feet of the body to have been laid, is one yard in breadth. The tomb is situated like our modern graves, East and West, and is partly covered at the head, by a huge slab of granite, 8 feet long by 4. The remainder of the covering I conjecture to have been formed of less ponderous materials, from the facility with which it was removed, and the number of smaller stones, lying about the opening, which seem to have been used for that purpose. The whole round is about 30 yards in circumference, and is faced at the foundations with large stones, like the basement of a building. But no where, could the rudest tracery of art be discovered in embellishment or inscription. We examined the grave, and the clay which had been thrown out of it, very minutely, to see if any relics of its inhabitant were remaining: but they had mouldered, perhaps centuries ago, and the reckless hand of the peasant, has now scattered to the winds the dust of a hero. When we stood by the side of the sepulchre, and looked about us, we could not but admire the sublimity of conception which inspired our forefathers, in selecting such sports as this, for the last sleep of departed greatness. Before us, and almost beneath us, we saw the picturesque Bay of Dublin, and the whole breadth of the Irish Channel, bounded by the Welsh mountains, like blue clouds floating at the verge of the horizon; to



the right the lofty Giltspur, Sugar-loaf, Bray-head, and a large tract of a beautiful mountain scenery; behind, the wild and gloomy valley of Glendu, and to our left an immense waste of heathy mountain; forming altogether a scene which the soul of Ossian would have delighted in. We enquired in a Cabin at the foot of the mountain for some information relative to the opening of the *Moat*, as the country people call it, but they seemed ignorant of the transaction, or had only heard of it. As the same motive may cause a further delapidation of this remarkable curiosity, I think it my duty, thus to give publicity to the discovery, that every zealous lover of antiquity may have an opportunity to visit it, before it may be totally destroyed.

## CORONATION.

### COURT OF CLAIMS.

A Proclamation was issued and published in the *London Gazette* of the 9th May, announcing the ceremony of the Coronation of his Majesty, as fixed for the 1st of August next, and appointing a numerous list of Nobility and Gentry, including the Royal Dukes, the Ministers, Privy Counsellors, and Judges, as Commissioners, to receive and determine the claims of rights, privileges, fees, &c. &c. usual on such occasions; some of them are curious specimens of antique customs.

Pursuant to notice, the first sitting was held at 12 o'clock on Thursday, 18th, the Earl of Harrowby, High Steward of Tiverton, and Lord President of the Council, took the Chair.

The Earl of Abergavenny, as Lord of the Manor of Scoulton, alias Bourdelies, in Norfolk, claimed to be Chief Larderer; to be allowed to perform that office by himself or his deputy, Mr. Rowland, and to have for his fees the provisions remaining in the larder after dinner, namely, the beef, mutton, bacon, &c. &c. The petition set forth that the Lord of the Manor had performed such office at every Coronation from that of Queen Anne to that of George III. inclusive.

A gentleman from the Herald's College presented a petition, in which the services of Larderer were also claimed by the Lord of the Manor of Eaton, in Essex.

Sir G. Naylor appeared with the petition of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, setting forth their claims to assist at the service, &c.

A petition was presented from the Mayor and Burghesses of Oxford, claiming, under their Charter, to serve in the office of Butlership to the King, with the citizens of London; and to have three maple cups for their fee, &c.

Sir G. Naylor laid before the President and Council a petition on the part of the Duke of Norfolk, the Hereditary Earl Marshal of England, claiming to be allowed to perform by himself, or deputy, the office of Chief Butler of England, and to

have for his fees the best cup of gold and cover, with all the vessels and wine remaining under the bar, and all the pots and cups, except those of gold and silver, in the wine-cellar after dinner.

Sir G. Naylor presented another petition on the behalf of the same noble personage, claiming, as Lord of the Manor of Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, the service of finding a glove for the King's right hand, and of supporting the Monarch's right arm while holding the Sceptre Royal.

Mr. Parker, the Clerk of the King's Stables, presented a petition on the part of the Duke of Montrose, the Master of the Horse, claiming to attend at the Coronation as Serjeant of the Silver Scullery, and to have all the silver dishes and plates served on that day to the King's tables, with the fees thereto belonging; and to carry the Knight's spurs before his Majesty.

A petition was presented from the Lord of the Manor of Lyston, in Essex, claiming to make wafers for the King, and to attend with the same at the royal table during the Coronation Banquet.

The Court adjourned to Thursday, the 25th, when it was again held in the Painted Chamber of the House of Lords, and the following claims urged and received:—

The Common Serjeant, attended by the Remembrancer of the City of London, presented a petition, stating the claim of the Lord Mayor to serve the King after dinner with wine from a golden cup, and to have the cup at his departure for his fee and reward. A claim was annexed for divers others of the citizens of London, to serve in the office of Butlers, and to have the usual fees. His Lordship claimed, besides, to sit at the table next the large cover at the left side of the Hall.

The Rev. Frederick W. Blomberg, and two other Prebends of Westminster, all attired in their canonical robes, presented a petition from the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, claiming to be allowed, as heretofore, to instruct the Sovereign in the rites and ceremonies used at his Coronation; to assist the Archbishop of Canterbury in the performance of the Divine Service; and also to have the custody of the coronation robes. For these services they claimed to have robes for the Dean and three Chaplains; and for sundry members of the said Church, six yards of sarsnet, two ells black of cloth, the royal habits put off in the Church, consisting of the upper vestments, the several oblations, furniture of the Church, the bells attached to the canopy, the cloth on which his Majesty walks from the Church door of the Abbey to the banquet in the Hall, &c.

Dorset Fellowes, Esq. Secretary to Lord Gwydir, Hereditary Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain of England, presented the petition of his Lordship, claiming, in right of his said office, to be admitted to perform the duties and services of his high office; to have living and lodging in the King's Court at all times; to bring to his Majesty, on the day of the Royal Coronation, his Majesty's shirt, stockings, and drawers; with the Lord Chamberlain of the Household for the time being, to dress his Majesty in all his apparel on that day, and to have all fees and profits thereunto belonging, namely, forty yards of crimson velvet for his robes against the day of Coronation, together with the bed wherein the King "lays" the night previous to the Coronation, together with all the valances and curtains thereof, and all the cushions and cloths within the chamber, and the furniture within the same;

and also the night-robe of the King, wherein his Majesty is vested the night previous to the Coronation; and likewise to serve his Majesty with water, as well before as after dinner, on the said day of his Royal Coronation, and to have the basins and towels, and the cup of assay, for his fee.

The Barons of the Cinque Ports, by their petition, claimed to carry over the King, in his procession, a canopy of cloth of gold, or purple silk, with a gilt silver bell at each corner, supported by four staves covered with silver, four Barons to each staff (making sixteen in number;) and to have for their fee, the canopy, bells, and staves, with the privilege of dining at a table on the King's right hand.

A petition was presented from the Rev. John Dymoke, Rector of Scrivelsby and Prebendary of Lincoln, claiming the right to ride into the Hall, while the feast of Coronation is proceeding, mounted on one of the King's coursers, and clad in one of the King's best suits of armour. It was further stated, that if the petitioner should not be able to come himself, well armed for war, he claimed to send a substitute, who should enter in the person of William Reader, Esq. into Westminster-hall, in a full suit of armour, on a charger, with the Earl Marshal, the trumpet sounding, before the King at dinner, and proclaim by the mouth of a Herald, the following challenge:—

“If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord George IV. King of Great Britain, &c. to be the right heir to the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, or that he ought not to enjoy the same—here is his Champion, who saith that he lieth, and is a false traitor, being ready in person to combat with him; and in this quarrel will venture his life against him, on what day soever shall be appointed.”

The Champion then shall throw down his gauntlet, and if nobody do deny that George IV. is the rightful King, the Champion shall drink out of the golden cup to the King, and when he has drank his Majesty's health, shall take away the cup and the charger, the armour, and twenty yards of crimson coloured satin as his fees.

The Lord of the Manor of Heydon, in Essex, claimed to hold the basin and ewer for the King, when his Majesty washes before dinner, by virtue of one moiety of the Manor; and to hand the towel by virtue of another moiety of the Manor: to have the towel for his fee.

The Duke of Athol, who had taken his seat on the upper bench, by the Dukes of York and Clarence, then rose and presented a petition in his own behalf, claiming, as Lord of the Isle of Man, to present two falcons to his Majesty. By Acts of the last reign, the sovereignty of this island was purchased from the Duke of Athol, the tenureship being reserved to his Grace; and the service had been performed by his ancestor at the Coronation of George II. and by the Duke's grandfather at the crowning of George III.

Sir G. Naylor, Clarenceux King of Arms, appeared with the petition of Thomas Ryder, Esq. Lord of the Manor of Nether-Bilsington, Kent, claiming to present the King with three maple cups, by himself or deputy.

Charles Henry, Lord Viscount Maynard, as Lord of the Manor of Easton at the Mount, Essex, counterclaimed (against Lord Abergavenny) to serve the office of Caterer and Larderer.



Mr. Mitchell, of the Vote Office of the House of Commons, presented a petition, claiming to exercise, by virtue of his office of Chief Constable of the Verge of the Palace, the duties of "Cock and Crier" during the progress of the Royal Coronation.

Richard Waldgrave, Esq. for the Manor of Great Wymondley, Hertfordshire, claimed to serve the King with the first cup of silver gilt at dinner, and to have the cup for his fee.

The Baroness of Ruthyen, on behalf of her son, a minor, Baron Grey de Ruthyen, claimed that the young Baron might be allowed to carry the King's great golden spurs before his Majesty among the regalia in the procession to the Abbey; the service devolving upon Lord Grey by descent, from the family of Hastings, Earls of Pembroke, who performed it in ancient times.

The Hon. R. G. Herbert (brother to the Earl of Carnarvon) by his son, counterclaimed against the Duke of Norfolk, as Lord of the Manor of Buckenham, Norfolk, the office of Chief Butler.

The Earl of Exeter, as possessed of the Barony of Bedford in the County of Bedford, claimed to execute the office of Almoner; and to have for his fees the silver alms basin, with the distribution of all the silver therein, together with a fine linen towel, and all the cloth spread on the ground on which his Majesty walks; with a tun of wine, &c.

After some discussion, the Court adjourned till the 3d of June.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

### WALKING DRESS.

A high robe, composed of jaconot muslin: the body is plain; the waist long, and finished by a jacket, which terminates in three points; the jacket, is edged with rich work; the body is made up to the throat, but without a collar; the fronts fold across, and are trimmed with puffings of net; a row of rich work surrounds the puffings on the side next to the shoulder, and a row of narrow lace edges them on that next to the bust. The skirt, which is open, is trimmed up the sides and round the bottom to correspond with the bust. The halvesleeves are of a similar description, but upon a larger scale; the long sleeve, which is of an easy fullness, is ornamented at the bottom to correspond with the trimming. The pelisse worn over this dress, is composed of lemon-coloured and white figured sarsnet, and lined with white sarsnet; the skirt is a good deal gored, and moderately full; the body is tight to the shape; the waist long, and ornamented by rosettes on the hips; the collar is of a new form, high, but not pointed behind, and very shallow towards the front; the sleeve is rather tight to the arm, and falls very far over the hand. The trimming goes entirely round the pelisse; it consists of a wreath, which we cannot call leaves, but which resemble them a little in form: the outside of each is composed of plain *gros de Naples*; the middle is filled up by a satin puff. This trimming has a singular but tasteful effect. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of white crape over net: the crown is low; the brim very large, and stands out a good deal from the face; it is

edged with blond ; the crown is ornamented with roses : a rich ribbon passes under the chin, and ties in a full bow on one side. Limerick gloves. Pale lemon-coloured kid half-boots.

#### EVENING DRESS.

A round dress, composed of white figured lace over a white satin slip ; the *corsage* is long in the waist, has a little fullness at the bottom of the back, and is cut moderately low round the bust, which is ornamented with a falling lace tucker. Short sleeves, composed of alternate puffings of pink *gros de Naples* and white lace, the puffings are placed crosswise, and there are three of each. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with two rows of white satin leaves placed perpendicularly ; they are headed by a wreath of field-flowers. The hair is dressed in very full curls in front, drawn up behind in a full tuft on the crown of the head, and fastened with a jewelled comb. A plume of feathers, of a beautiful and novel description, is placed on one side of the head ; they are ostrich, but the middle of each is covered with down : one feather is of uncommon length ; the two others are shorter. Necklace and ear-rings, diamonds. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, for both these dresses.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade costume has not been for several seasons more gay, more striking, nor, as far as respects the materials, more varied than at present. Rich silk pelisses, worn over cambric muslin or sarsnet dresses, and made in a very plain style, are much in favour for what may be termed plain walking dress, as are also sarsnet high dresses made in the habit style : these last are sometimes worn with a light silk scarf, sometimes without. The trimmings of these dresses are of satin or braiding, but they afford no novelty worth describing.

Leghorn bonnets, trimmed with ribbons only, are very generally worn in this plain style of promenade dress ; these bonnets, and indeed all other fashionable ones, are very large : the only alteration we perceive in their shape is, that the crowns are something lower ; but then, as if to make amends for this little reduction in height, the brims are in general a little deeper than they have been for the last two months. All fashionable ribbons now are very broad and extremely rich ; those that are figured seem most in favour.

Silk pelisses are also a great deal worn in the dress promenade and carriage costume, they are made in a very tasteful style, and much trimmed. There is no variety in the form of pelisses ; they are all made in one style, but there is a good deal of difference in the manner in which they are trimmed. Many are ornamented with very narrow white satin rouleaus, disposed in waves ; there are sometimes five or six of these rouleaus in number : others are trimmed with an intermixture of satin and gauze, to correspond in colour with the pelisse ; and we have seen a few ornamented with a trimming of a shell pattern, formed of satin to correspond with the pelisse, but of various shades : this last trimming is usually made very broad, and has a striking effect. We observe that pelisses are in general trimmed all round ; and the collar, cuffs, and *épaulettes*, usually correspond.

Clear muslin and British net pelisses, lined with coloured sarsnet, begin to be a good deal worn : these pelisses are trimmed with lace in general. We noticed one the other day, of a novel and tasteful description : the trimming consisted of a single fall of broad lace, disposed in a zig-zag manner round the bottom of the pelisse ; this flounce was headed by a corkscrew roll of satin, and between each of the waves formed by the zig-zag, was a letting-in of lace, in the shape of a large leaf. A lace pelerine, with long ends, which crossed in front, and fastened in the middle of the back with a large bow of ribbon, almost concealed the body of the pelisse ; and as it was very full trimmed with lace, and fell a little over the shoulders, it formed a substitute for half-sleeves. The long sleeve, which was rather wide, was terminated by three falls of narrow lace, each headed by a corkscrew roll of ribbon. The pelisse was of clear muslin ; the lining pale rose-colour, and the ribbon to correspond.

Spencers are worn, but less generally than they have been, and we observe no novelty in their form.

Transparent and half-transparent (if we may be allowed the expression) bonnets are very much in favour. The first are made in white lace, British net, and different sorts of gauze ; they are made, as we before observed, with low crowns, large brims, and to stand out a good deal from the face : those made in gauze are finished by a *ruche* of the same material round the edge of the brim ; the others are ornamented either with blond or thread lace. Flowers, which are worn either in wreathes or bunches, always ornament the crowns. These bonnets have a very elegant appearance : we have noticed, that this season they are introduced unusually early.

The half-transparent bonnets are light, appropriate to the season, and perhaps better suited to our climate than those of a thinner texture ; they are likewise always adorned with flowers.

Muslin is the only thing worn in dishabille : jaconot is rather more in favour than cambric muslin, but the latter is fashionable. Robes and round dresses are equally in request ; the latter are very moderately trimmed. Robes are made in a more tasteful style : the one described as the under-dress worn with the pelisse, is by much the most elegant novelty that we have seen for some time.

Muslin now begins to be a great deal worn in dinner dress, but it is not yet so generally adopted as silk. Muslin dresses are in general trimmed with lace ; and we observe with pleasure, that there is also a good deal of ribbon mixed with it : the encouragement of this branch of our manufactures is particularly desirable, from the number of hands to which it gives employment. One of the most tasteful dinner dresses that we have seen this month, is a frock, the body of which is of a decorous height : the back is composed of strips of muslin let in full and bias between letting-in lace ; the front is a little full on each breast, but plain in the middle, which is formed of a demi-lozenge of letting-in lace, with the point downwards. Very short full sleeve, surmounted by three points, which hang loose, and are edged with lace. We should have observed, that the *corsage* is square round the bust, and ornamented by a narrow lace tucker, which stands up. The skirt is rather wide, and very much gored ; the fullness is principally thrown behind : the trimming of the skirt consists of muslin edged with narrow satin ribbon, and quilled in those large hollow plaits which the French call *wolves' mouths* ; the muslin



is scolloped at the edge, and the trimming is laid on bias in rows, which are put pretty close to each other. This trimming is the broadest of the kind we have ever seen, being nearly three half-quarters deep; the effect is singular and exceeding pretty. A broad satin sash, disposed in folds round the waist, and fastened behind in a bow and short ends, which are fringed, completes the dress.

Rich silks are now but partially worn in full dress, the favourite materials being white British lace, and white or coloured gauzes. We have seen in a few instances coloured satins made up for very matronly ladies. Several *belles* have adopted the peaked stomacher so fashionable at present in France: it is extremely unbecoming to the figure. Trimmings vary a good deal: flowers, blond, lace, satin mixed either with lace or gauze, and ribbon disposed in various ways, are all in favour: a pretty chain trimming is very much worn.

We have nothing novel to describe in millinery; in fact, no ladies, except those very far advanced in life, cover their heads in full dress. The hair is dressed moderately high, and in various forms, but always in such a way as to display its luxuriance as much as possible: the front hair is disposed in very full curls on the temples. The head is ornamented either with feathers or flowers: pearls or diamonds are a good deal worn with the former; but we observe, that when the head-dress consists of flowers, there is now seldom any mixture of jewels. Wreaths and bunches of flowers are equally fashionable: the former are placed very far back on the head, and rather to one side; the latter are too large; they resemble the gardener's nosegays worn in France, and when, as is often the case, they consist of a mixture of flowers badly contrasted, the effect is very inelegant. Exotics, fancy flowers, and all those of the season, are fashionable. Rose-colour, lilac, lavender, lemon-colour, green, and azure, are all in estimation.

#### FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, May 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

Since I wrote last, cambric-muslin dresses have become more generally fashionable for the promenade than those of any other material: silk and French cachemire are, however, still fashionable; but they are more worn in dinner or evening, than in promenade dress. Promenade gowns have not altered much in the form; waists are still very long, sleeves are very tight to the arm, and the skirts of dresses are, I think, more scanty than they have recently been. Dresses are once more trimmed almost to the knee: there is very little variety in the style of trimming, flounces or deep tucks being the only ornaments of dresses: if the former, they are narrow, and are placed three together, and almost close to one another at the bottom of the skirt: this triple flounce is surmounted by two or three deep tucks, and another flounce to correspond, and over that are tucks and a third flounce. If the dress is ornamented with tucks only, there are sometimes eighteen or twenty of them. Sometimes the bottom of the dress is ornamented with a single deep flounce, over which tucks on tucks arise half way at least up the skirt. This ridiculous fashion has been, as you know, several times revived within the last few years, but I do not think it ever was carried to such an excess as at present.

The bodies of gowns are in general made tight to the shape: I have observed, however, within the last few days, several high gowns with tucked bodies, and others in which the *corsage* had a little fulness; but I will speak of them presently, because, though worn for the promenade, they also form the morning dress. Out-door covering is now light, and appropriate to the season; spencers, *sautoirs*, and *canezoux* being all equally fashionable. This last part of out-door dress will surprise you, because I dare say you will recollect, that formerly we gave that appellation to little silk bodies which were worn in full dress; now we give it to what you, I think, would call a spenceret; that is, a silk body made partially high, and with short sleeves, which are very full, and are composed in general of a mixture of satin and blond: it laces behind, and is usually finished by a deep fall of blond at the bottom of the waist.

*Sautoirs* are composed either of French cachemire or net silk. Plaid gauze cravats with satin stripes, which are rather long, and are tied coquettishly on one side, are worn by some *belles* instead of *sautoirs*; but the latter are upon the whole more fashionable.

The only alteration in the form of spencers is, that they now begin to be peaked before; in other respects, they are made and trimmed as last month.

We still continue to wear large bonnets for the promenade. White straw, or white *paille-coton*, is at present more fashionable than any thing else; but gauze and crape are still worn; and *gras de Naples*, finished at the edge of the brim with straw intermixed with artificial flowers, is beginning to come very much into favour. I think bonnets are a little smaller than they were last month, but the difference in that respect is very trifling. Some bonnets are now bent a little on one side, in such a manner as that one part of the brim may sit rather close to the face, while the other part stands out very much from it. There is something so whimsically coquettish in this fashion, that one could think it was first introduced for the sake of displaying a pretty side-face. This kind of brim is confined to straw or *paille-coton chapeaux*; those made of other materials have the brim closer to the face than last month.

*Chapeaux* are so variously ornamented, that one would be puzzled to tell what style of trimming is most fashionable. The crowns, which are high, and either round or of a dome shape, are decorated either with flowers or feathers: in some instances, with a mixture of both; in others, with flowers and ribbons. Some have a large bunch of flowers placed in front, or a little on one side of the crown; the stalks of the flowers are inserted in a band composed of *coques* of ribbon: others have a bunch of flowers placed in such a manner as partly to stand up in front of the crown, and partly to droop over the brim. Half-wreaths, composed of various grasses mingled with heath-flowers are also disposed in this way. Those that are adorned with feathers and flowers, have a plume of Marabouts, to the middle of each of which is attached a bunch of lilac. Many are ornamented only with a bunch of different kinds of wheat, fastened by a knot of satin, in such a manner that one half of the bunch stands up in front of the crown, and the other half falls on one side of the brim. A good many hats have a wreath of Provence roses, mingled with wild flowers and ears of wheat; and others have a garland

composed of different kinds of flowers, so large that it nearly covers the whole front of the crown.

So much for *chapeaux*, methinks I hear you say. Softly, my dear Sophia, we have but half done yet: we must now speak of the decorations of the brims, a matter of no small consequence, I assure you, in the opinion of the fair Parisian fashionable. Besides a quantity of trimming the same as in favour last month, still continues to be worn by some *elegantes*, there are three or four other trimmings in fashion, which I will endeavour to describe to you as well as I can.

The most fashionable is, a fullness of gauze interspersed with loops of ribbon: each loop is ornamented with two ends; one stands up on the edge of the brim, the other hangs over the edge: next to this in favour is a plaiting of spotted, shaded, or mosaic gauze ribbon: this is formed in large hollow plaits, and there are often three rows one over the other; this triple plaiting is also worn in plain gauze, and in blond. Satin rouleaus, with rows of blond between, are also partially in estimation, as are also plain broad bands of satin.

I was interrupted by a visit from the three Misses S——, each of whom had on a bonnet differing from any that I have seen, and very well worth your attention. Miss S——'s was of white gauze; there was nothing peculiar in the shape, but the brim was covered with a white gauze drapery, disposed in deep folds; this drapery was edged with three very narrow rouleaus of lilac satin, and between each of the folds a bunch of lilac was partially visible. The crown was oval; the top of it was decorated with three satin rouleaus, to correspond with the brim; a full bunch of lilacs was placed on one side of the crown; a band of ribbon, to correspond, encircled the bottom of it, and a broad lilac ribbon passed under the chin, and tied in a bow at the left side.

Charlotte S. the second sister, had a bonnet composed of white crape over white satin; the crown was low, and of a dome shape; it was adorned round the top by two rows of white satin *coquings*; a twisted roll of lilacs and white satin surrounded the bottom of the crown, and also ornamented the edge of the brim; it was finished by white strings, which tied in a full bow under the chin. I am certain you would like this bonnet; it is, in my opinion, the most tastefully simple head-dress that I have seen for a length of time.

The youngest of the sisters had a *chapeau* of white *gros de Naples*; the crown of a dome form, but high, and rather raised in the top; the middle of the crown was decorated with straw points, edged with satin; they were placed perpendicularly, and a bunch of rose-buds was partially seen between each point; the edge of the brim was finished to correspond with the crown, except the hind part, which was deep and square, and ornamented only with a rouleau of satin. I should have observed to you, that the satin which edges the points is pink; this rouleau corresponds: rich white strings tie it under the chin.

Morning dress is always composed of cambric muslin; in some instances, the body is entirely covered with tucks which are either large or small according to the fancy of the wearer: the tucks are run straight and lengthwise; the sleeves are tucked across. Dresses are now made without collars; their place is supplied by ruffs, which are open in front, or *sautoirs* tied carelessly in such a manner as to display a little of the throat. Aprons continue to be worn, but only partially. I



have no occasion to speak to you of trimmings, as I have already mentioned them in the promenade costume.

Dinner gowns are now in general cut low; we see a good many in perkale, but a greater number in silk or French cachemire. White is considered most fashionable; rose-colour is next in estimation. We see sometimes a few lilac and citron dresses; but in general our tonish *elegantes* confine themselves to white or rose-colour.

Many dinner, and almost all full-dress gowns, are now peaked in front: this fashion, preposterous and unbecoming as it formerly was, when the waist of the dress was made to the length of the natural waist, is now ten times more so, because the body of the gown being still something shorter than the natural waist, it absolutely destroys the symmetry of the figure. The robes *a la Sevigne* which I recollect to have formerly described to you, and those made *en cœur*, are most fashionable both in dinner and full dress. The robe *en cœur* is pretty, and when worn without a peak, is very becoming to the shape. The back of the *corsage* is tight to the figure; the front slopes down gradually on each side of a stomacher in the shape of a heart; the stomacher is let in full to the dress, but the fullness is confined in the middle by a band consisting of three narrow folds of the same material as the dress, which, I should mention, laces behind. A very broad sash, with short bows and ends, which reach below the knee, ties at one side. The sleeves are very short and full; they are confined to the arm by a narrow band of the same material as the dress, beneath which is in general a very full roll of white satin.

Gauze and white satin are very fashionable in full dress; and flowers are a good deal used for trimmings, not more so, however, than flounces or tucks: the former are principally employed to decorate satin dresses, and are either of blond, lace, or gauze; they are put on in a similar style to those I described to you in speaking of promenade dress; the tucks are always of white satin.

Our mania for flowers has abated a little; some, even youthful *belles*, are now seen in *toques* and dress hats; the former are composed of gauze with a mixture of satin, or satin and blond; they have, what we call, a good deal of drapery; that is, the materials of which they are composed are set on very full: they are low, and are ornamented either with down feathers or flowers; if the former, the band which encircles the bottom of the *toque*, is usually mixed with pearl; if the latter, it is plain or wrought silk.

Dress hats are made with very small brims, in the Mary of Scotland style; they are composed of gauze, tulle, or white satin, and always adorned with down feathers.

Fashionable colours are the same as last month, with the exception of *ponceau*, which is not worn. Flowers also continue the same, but we have added to them the rhododendron, the snuff-flower, and the lilac; the last is particularly fashionable.

I meant to begin my letter by scolding you for being so idle: your letters are so short, that you really do not deserve the pains I take in recording for you, with scrupulous accuracy, the changes of the fickle deity Fashion. Remember, I give you notice, that if you do not mend, you will lose the services of your

EUDOCIA.

## Poetry.

### THE PEREGRINATIONS OF SHOLTO SHULADA.

(Continued from page 326.)

#### Canto the Fourth.

Farewell, the rustic scenes I love,  
The silver lake—the shady grove;  
The rippling rill,—the rocky cell,  
Where murmur'ing echo loves to dwell:  
Farewell to all the dear delights,  
Of sunny days,—and star-light nights!  
No more the fleecy fold will treat  
My eager ear with plaintive bleat;  
No longer will the frisking fawn,  
Bound briskly o'er the verdant lawn;  
Nor soaring sky-lark, sing on high,  
His matin to the morning sky!—  
The joys of rural life impart  
A rapture to the human heart,  
Which he who has a heart must feel,  
Like magic o'er his senses steal;  
No leaf that shoots, nor bud that blows,  
But with the fire of Heaven glows,  
And flowers their brightest bloom expand,  
When nurtured by fond nature's hand;

There is a mild yet pleasing grief  
In fading flower, and falling leaf;  
For still we hope again to view,  
The op'ning bud bedecked with dew;  
How different is the lot of man,  
Whose life is but a measur'd span,  
Whose earthly hope, (with fost'ring aid)  
Is but to bud, and bloom, and fade;—  
But oh! how doubly dark his doom,  
Who, hopeless, totters to the tomb;  
Who deems oblivion's veil is spread,  
O'er whom no heav'nly ray is shed,  
To light to lasting joys, that cheer  
The sainted soul, for suff'rings here!—

Farewell! a long farewell to all!  
The sylvan shade—the social hall;  
The daisied lawn—the darkling grove,  
Sacred to solitude and love;—  
The vale, and all that in it dwell,  
One long,—and kind—and last farewell!!—

For I must now attune my song,  
Amid the crowded city's throng;  
And o'er my midnight lamp invoke,  
The muse that reigns in fog and smoke;  
No more cerulean skies I view,  
But sooty clouds of sombre hue;

And in my white-washed attic pent,  
The dark and dismal change lament;  
Yet think not that some moon-light fay,  
Convey'd me thro' the air away;  
And dropt me in an instant here,  
So far from friends I loved so dear;  
Or that thro' empty space I pass'd,  
And brav'd the angry whirlwind's blast;  
Or that while borne on fancy's wing,  
In airy worlds I dared to sing!

No—faithful to my fav'rite charge,  
I saw young Sholto reach the barge;  
And heard the sturdy boatmen break  
The glassy bosom of the lake!—  
And felt his parents' parting sigh,  
While starting tears bedimm'd each eye,  
Which fast from Balmerino fell,  
As loud he sobb'd—"my boy—farewell."—

Nay, gentle reader, do not stare,  
Thou'lt know—the "how,—the why—the  
where!"

How Sholto left his happy home,  
In infancy thus doom'd to roam;  
Anon thou'lt learn—but yet—the why?  
I dare not now the truth deny.

The first-born pet, the parents' pride,  
Those parents' guidance soon defied.  
A thousand wanton tricks he'd play,  
In mischief revel all the day;  
Once, when a plough-boy soundly slept,  
Perch'd on a hay-cock—Sholto crept  
Old Sholto's powder-horn to gain,  
He mined the spot—he laid the train;  
No fear his wicked hand delays,  
The train he fires—beholds the blaze,  
And laughs to see come tumbling down,  
The frightened plough-boy, scorched and brown!  
The brisk and ready breeze conveys,  
From cock to well-stack'd corn—the blaze;  
And barn and haggard—wheat and hay,  
One devastating flame display;  
And much 'twas fear'd Shulada Hall,  
A victim to the flame would fall!—

Amongst old Sholto's martial spoil,  
The trophies of a life of toil;

Hung round the dark and gloomy wall,  
 Of old Shulada's gothic hall,  
*One* fixed young Sholto's wand'ring eyes;  
 An Indian bow—of mod'rate size;  
 Wrung from a chieftain's dying grasp,  
 Who gave it—but with life's last gasp !  
 Soon was he taught to use with craft,  
 The bending bow and feather'd shaft;  
 And soon acquired such perfect skill,  
 That he could hit the mark at will;  
 And oft, among his merry tricks,  
 He would a sheep or lamb transfix;  
 Or shoot the poultry in the yard;  
 (For sport like his quite unprepared.)  
 But there's a fate attends us all,  
 Our doom is fixed—both great and small,  
 And trifling circumstances lead  
 Our steps, by devious ways indeed,  
 Round to the path we're doom'd to tread,  
 Tho' far from where our hopes were fed:  
 Old Balmerino loved his boy,  
 Yet *one* more did his cares employ;  
 None e'er could name the greater pet,  
 Young Sholto, or the *Paroquet* !  
 It was not jealousy I've heard,  
 Yet Sholto did not like the bird;  
 And Poll—with strange caprice inspired,  
 Against the boy her batt'ry fired.  
 With coarsest epithets she'd greet  
 Our hero, when they chanc'd to meet;  
 One day the "*puppy*" gall'd his heart,  
 Firm in his hand he held the dart,  
 But warm'd with sudden burst of rage,  
 He sent it whizzing to the cage:  
 With certain aim the arrow hied,  
 Poor Polly flutter'd—shriek'd—and died.

When youth and folly mast'ry gain,  
 Parental censure proves in vain;  
 'Twas therefore in high council thought,  
 Sholto could ne'er be curb'd,—and ought  
 Without delay to school be sent,  
 With orders to observe his bent;  
 And check the wild and froward will,  
 Which now foreboded future ill.  
 Thus much the "*why*!"—and now—the "*how*!"  
 In painted barge with figur'd bow,  
 A winding course the boatmen take,  
 Thro' wooded islands 'cross the lake;  
 'Twas on a still autumnal day,  
 When not a breeze was heard to play  
 Among the fragrant foliage round,  
 With murmuring music in the sound;  
 Thick exhalations vainly rise,  
 And strive to reach the vaulted skies;  
 Still and condensed, in middle air  
 And motionless,—they linger there;

And with a dull and vap'ry veil,  
 The noontide sun's bright rays conceal;  
 And o'er his glitt'ring glories shed,  
 A robe of dim, and dusky red!  
 The boatmen ply the patt'ring oar,  
 And quickly reach the farthest shore;  
 But Fortune here in fretful mood,  
 Our youthful hero still pursued;  
 For while with fearful outstretch'd hand,  
 He sought a needful aid, to land,  
 He slipped, and would have suffer'd sore,  
 Had he not grasp'd the uplift oar;  
 The other hand at random flew,  
 And fixed upon "*the lord knows who*."  
 'Twas neither parson, peer, nor prig,  
 But on poor Father Dennis' wig!—  
 The glitt'ring wave the wig receiv'd,  
 And left poor Dennis bald and griev'd;  
 One grisly wig, form'd all his store,  
 He never had, nor needed more;  
 A shirt was in one pocket plac'd,  
 While one a painted missal grac'd;  
 And thus equipp'd, with camelot gown,  
 He volunteer'd to go to town;  
 And at a public school to place  
 Our hero—when in dire disgrace:  
 Two trunks contained young Sholto's store  
 Of coats, and shirts, and school-boy lore;—  
 A grandame's tender care was shown,  
 In presents, "*for hims-elf alone*;"  
 Of pies and tarts, and figs and jam,  
 Enough the school for weeks to cram!  
 Thus sped our trav'lers on their way,  
 And reach'd an inn at close of day;  
 Where soon was slowly seen approach,  
 A huge—unwieldy—*four-horse* coach;  
 Which promis'd in as many days,  
 Barring upsets, and such delays,  
 (Which ev'ry traveller might dread,)  
 To reach in town—the *Brazen-head*!  
 A journey now, by Bourne's powers,  
 Perform'd with ease, in fourteen hours:  
 Such speed incredible must seem,  
 Tho' flies each Pegasus *by steam*!  
 'Tis vain, if merry tale you'd tell,  
 With dull prolixity to dwell  
 On narrow roads and rugged ruts,  
 And scanty meals, in smoky huts;  
 And beds of goose-quill, or of flock,  
 That all attempts at slumber mock;  
 And (lest tir'd nature claim repose)  
 A lack of rough and wretched clothes;  
 Long held by freeholders, at ease,  
 A *bouncing* colony of fleas,  
 Who *skip* from molestation free,  
 In all the sweets of liberty!



Like other black-legs, quite secure,  
Contented in a sinecure,  
Or like some *blood-suckers* we know,  
Who fatten on both high and low :  
To these we'll add—well-poison'd wine,  
And dinners—but no time to dine ;  
While guards and coachmen bending low ;  
Seek payment for each servile bow ;  
Like greater rogues—they'll crawl and cringe,  
Then chuckle when they pass the hinge ;  
E'en now the fretted traveller feels,  
Tho' years have roll'd, as well as wheels.  
That roads, repair'd—may claim his praise,  
But still he meets with *dirty ways* !  
There's yet this consolation given,  
The road is rough that leads to heav'n,  
And Sholto gazed with strange delight,  
When fair Eblana met his sight.

At length our travellers leave the road,  
The lazy coach yields up her load ;  
And Sholto, with the sage divine—  
Arrive, September twenty-nine :  
A day renown'd for *country geese*,  
Who swim in gravy and in grease ;  
To swell the glutton's sensual hoard,  
Or grace the civic festal board ;  
Young Sholto view'd with glad surprise  
Each changing scene that met his eyes.  
The splendid shops—the crowded streets,  
The river cramm'd with moving fleets :  
New wonders gather in his way,  
A gilded coach, with trappings gay ;  
And drawn by six proud steeds of grey. }  
Before, behind, on every side,  
The crowd increases like the tide ;  
And in the crush he's borne along,  
'Mid music, merriment, and song.  
The moving mass with single voice,  
Proclaims aloud the *people's* choice :  
Sagacious reader, need I say,  
All this occur'd on Lord-mayor's day ?  
In our degen'rate times I fear,  
Such loud acclaim we may not hear ;  
For when divided int'rests clash,  
Discord breaks out with dismal crash :  
But yet tho' fifty claim the *chain*,  
We shrewdly guess what *king* will reign.

At length our hero's plac'd at school,  
Where, subject to a master's rule,  
Unwillingly his spirit bends,  
And much he longs for home and friends ;  
His fervid soul with genius burns,  
Gay and contemplative by turns ;  
And while his rivals bend the knee,  
The pedagogue is pleased to see }  
His proud superiority.

Yet oft he would the truant play,  
And steal in solitude away ;  
And threats and punishment defied,  
When to the rocky glen he hied ;  
There on the rich and verdant shore,  
Fast by the rapid river's roar,  
Recumbent thrown, his thoughts would bend  
On home, and each remember'd friend ;  
And oft in tender verses, stole  
The soft effusions of his soul.

## Sonnet.

Hail, Memory ! dearest treasure of my heart !  
Thou endless source of rapture and delight ;  
Thou, who canst paint in colours ever bright  
The scenes of Nature's triumph over Art ;  
Where mossy bank, or cavern'd cell impart  
An image glowing with effulgent light,  
(When traced by thee,) like visions of the  
night,  
In which the faded scenes of being start  
Fresh into life,—with each minute detail  
Of home, and infancy,—when cheering smiles  
Of doating, fond, parental love prevail,  
And varying sports each childish care beguiles.  
The soul-entrancing retrospect I'll hail,  
And ne'er shall grief my buoyant heart  
assail !

At times his tender mood he'd change,  
And wander wide thro' Fancy's range,  
And cull the flow'rs that Nature yields,  
Prolific in her sunny fields.  
Tho' some the voice of praise deserv'd,  
This only fragment is preserv'd !

## A Fragment.

It was night, and the wind thro' the ivy-  
crown'd tower,  
Half moulder'd by time, whistled shrilly  
and loud ;  
The dark heavens dissolv'd—in the fast-falling  
shower,  
And the moon hid her face,—in a curtain  
of cloud.  
Not a ray thro' the darkness of midnight was  
beaming,  
To shed o'er the wild-wave, its tremulous  
light ;  
While the owl, in her leaf-shelter'd covert sat  
screaming,  
And her plaints seem'd to add to the gloom  
of the night.

Against the bold rocks, the rude torrent was  
dashing,  
And bursting in fury, foam'd far o'er the  
strand;  
When the mar'ner's oar, in the rough ocean  
splashing,  
Impell'd the light bark, through the billows,  
to land.

Now Alfred—the rage of the tempest defying,  
The winding path trod, and the portal had  
gain'd;  
When a light in the half-ruin'd turret espying,  
He was soon in the arms of sweet Isabel  
strain'd.

“ Oh Isabel, haste!—let no false fears alarm  
thee,  
“ Fly these towers ere Leolyn claims thee as  
bride;  
“ Oh! trust to thy Alfred,—no danger shall  
harm thee,  
“ For, aw'd by thy beauty the storm will  
subside.”

With fear and affection each faithful heart  
flutter'd,  
As in silence the slow-winding path they  
explored;  
Not a murmur was heard, not a sound was  
there utter'd,  
'Till they gain'd the wild beach and were  
safely on board!

The winds ceased to howl, and (its conflict  
subsiding)  
The wave mildly moved, tho' with buffeting  
warm;  
The bark, o'er its bosom—with gentle force  
gliding,  
Impell'd by the zephyrs that conquer'd the  
storm!

In the distance the towers of Leolyn fading,  
Seem like flick'ring specks to the wandering  
view;  
And the bright beams of Dian—(no clouds  
overshading)  
Distil all the fast-falling rain-drops to dew.

And now the lone Isle of St. Ronan appearing,  
The light bark more quickly skims over the  
main;  
And the watch-fire's blaze, the bold mariners  
cheering,  
They ply the broad oar, and the harbour  
they gain.

On the beach stood the friar, his aged form  
bending,  
And on to the shrine of St. Ronan they  
move;  
Where the purest of vows to bright heav'n  
ascending,  
Join'd the truest of hearts, that e'er melted  
in love!

How swiftly fly the school-boy's days,  
Who gains the well earn'd meed of praise,  
Tho' never free from jealous strife,  
A just epitome of life:  
Where emulation ushers forth,  
The germe of genius into birth;  
Therefore a public school should claim,  
The public palm of lasting fame,  
Where oft the impetus is given,  
That lifts the soul from earth to heav'n;  
Where art and genius blaze to light,  
With proud unconquerable might;  
Which in the still and silent scene,  
Might ever have neglected been!

'Twas thus that Sholto made amends,  
For all the tricks he played his friends;  
And thus old time, with pinions spread,  
That gently flutter'd o'er his head,  
Thro' changing seasons wheel'd his course,  
And Sholto never felt his force;  
Nor marked the moments as they flew:  
Bright-beaming, as the morning dew;  
And in the scale of being sank,  
Like dews by thirsting sun-beams drank,  
And like the glitt'ring drop is given,  
When summon'd to the highest heaven,  
Before they gain a second birth,  
To tell the good they've done on earth;  
Oh! may our moments mildly move,  
In peace, and harmony, and love;  
And at the throne of grace appear,  
Like chrystal dew-drops,—bright and clear!

At fifteen years of age 'twas thought,  
(A measure with discretion fraught),  
That Sholto should depart from school,  
Where he had conn'd each learned rule,  
And diligently studied more  
Than school-boys usual stock of lore;  
Collegiate honours he must gain,  
And cap and gown disturb his brain;  
New scenes, new joys, his soul inspire,  
He burns with emulation's fire:  
He hopes in learning's sun to bask,  
With added zeal pursues his task;  
And now behold—sans “*ifs*,” and “*buts*,”  
Sholto Shulada proudly struts,  
(His dread examination past),  
A fellow-commoner, at last!

End of Canto the Fourth.

## SCENES IN WICKLOW.

## NO. I.

## THE MOUNTAIN WAY.

The wild wind sigh'd thro' the blasted fern,  
And it blew full loud and it blew full stern,  
As we climb'd the mountain's craggy road,  
Which seldom the foot of pilgrim trod:  
No sound was there, save the hollow blast,  
Which moan'd thro' the heather as we pass'd,  
And no human footstep there we found,  
As the lonely mountain path we wound.

The roar of thy waves Lough Bray was near,  
And they sounded fearfully on mine ear,  
The wild bird scream'd as he skimm'd along,  
And hooted at times his uncouth song,  
And seem'd to wonder that human form  
Should brave the wrath of the mountain storm,

Then, sportive, flitted again away  
Afar o'er heathery waste, afar o'er upland brae.

We journey'd along thro' a dreary waste,  
Which human footstep had seldom trac'd,  
Where languid Nature never smil'd,  
Nor lent one flow'r to deck the wild;  
A shapeless mass of bog and fern  
Was all the weary eye could scan,  
Nor could e'en the eagle there discern  
The residence of man.  
As we roam'd o'er that barren soil a-far,  
It seem'd as if heaven's kindly star  
Had ne'er on that land its influence shed,  
But doom'd the desert wild a charnel for the dead!

O, Luggila! \* thy lovely strand,  
As it broke on our longing view,  
Was dear as the shore of his native land  
To patriot bosom true!  
And the waves which roll'd o'er thy surface fair

Invited the wandering stranger near;  
And the gentle heave of thy azure breast  
Seem'd to promise a haven of peace and rest:  
And O, we had linger'd and loiter'd there,  
But the misty dews of the ev'ning air  
Envelop'd the lake with a mantle gray,  
And hid the soft scene from the light of day:  
So we stray'd along—and, I know not why,  
But there fled from my bosom one parting sigh,

As I thought that I ne'er should behold again  
That tranquil lake, and that woodland scene.  
'Perhaps,' I said, 'ere the sun shall roll  
'His light to the realms of the icy pole,  
'My brow may be chill'd with the damps of  
'death,  
'And fled from my bosom its vital breath;  
'Where shall my soul then find its rest?  
'And where—but the thought I quick suppress'd;  
For why should my daring spirit try  
To explore what is not for mortal eye—  
The labyrinth of destiny?

E. S.

\* *Lough Tay.*

## NO. II.

## LOUGH TAY REVISITED.

Yes—I have liv'd once more to stray  
Along thy borders, lovely Tay!  
Again to view that "woodland scene,"  
And roam amid thy bow'rs of green;  
And the ripple of thy gentle spray  
Welcom'd the wanderer long away.  
But he, the friend who wont to share  
Each hour of joy, each hour of care,  
Far distant rov'd along the shore,  
Where ocean bids her billows roar,  
By Connemara's craggy wild,  
Yet meet, howe'er, for Nature's child,  
For him who lov'd her stern and rude,  
In waste uncultur'd solitude.  
Yet, as I paus'd, I thought that ne'er  
That friend again might wander there;  
That now perhaps some rustic trod,  
Regardless, o'er the hallow'd sod,

Where Truth and Virtue's vot'ry lay,  
Mould'ring in premature decay!  
But Hope, with accents soft and sweet,  
As angel spirits use to greet  
Blest souls, who quit this world of care,  
To breathe Elysium's purer air—  
Hope,—bade the cheerless prospects fly,  
And brighter visions meet mine eye—  
Then, soothing syren, not in vain  
Was pour'd thy soul-enlivening strain;  
For thou shalt cheer my onward way,  
And chase those terrors far away,  
The phantoms of a gloomy soul,  
Unus'd to Pleasure's mild controul;  
For O! to thee, soft pow'r, is giv'n  
To dry the tear of woe—to wing the soul to  
Heav'n.

E. S.



## NO. III.

REFLECTIONS, WRITTEN ON THE EVE OF A THIRD VISIT TO LOUGH TAY.

Once more, fair lake, my wandering way  
 Along thy peaceful shore I'll bend;  
 Once more, fair lake, I'll fondly stray  
 Where high thy towering rocks ascend;  
 Tho' rich the vales which 'round me spread,  
 Tho' green the hills which 'round me rise,  
 More sweet to me each cliff to tread  
 Where thy bright waters greet mine eyes.

Bright are thy waves—yet soon the shade  
 Of envious night around shall low'r;  
 But morning's sun shall gild each glade,  
 And robe in brightness ev'ry flow'r;  
 But ah! for me no morn shall beam,  
 No sun to chase my bosom's gloom,—  
 My life—the same dull, joyless dream;  
 My only hope—an early tomb!

E. S.

## THE DYING SHEPHERDESS.

From the *Ocean Rével*, sung by Timotheus.

## A PASTORAL BALLAD.

It was evening—the Sun's parting beam  
 Was tinging Mount Pelion with gold,  
 And Peneus, with soft-silver'd stream,  
 In Meanders delightfully roll'd;  
 When Rhoda, reclin'd by a willow,  
 His amber made bright with a tear,  
 The blooms of the bank her soft pillow,  
 While thus she lamented her dear.

“And alas! my sweet Damon is fled  
 From these scenes that were dear to his  
 youth,

Oh! how my poor beating breast bled  
 When he seal'd the last vow of his truth.  
 Ye Virgins! he's torn from our groves,  
 He has left us to languish alone,  
 Ah! no more let us dream of our loves  
 For the pride of green Tempe is flown.

He is flown from this soft-bosom'd vale,  
 From his cottage, these hills, this lov'd river,  
 Which oft felt delight at his tale—  
 He has left his poor Rhoda for ever—  
 Unheard are the strains of his flute,  
 Our mountains no more shall rejoice,  
 The reeds of the Naiads are mute,  
 And Echo has forgotten his voice.

O my Damon was faithful and fair,  
 The delight of the nymphs and the swains,  
 No gay shepherd with him could compare—  
 The loveliest youth of our plains.  
 His glance was the wing of desire,  
 It shone like a sun-beam in flight,  
 As potent and vivid it's fire  
 And his face was the essence of light.

His mien—it was graceful and bold,  
 His smile was the blush of the even',  
 His faith—Oh! 'twas purer than gold,  
 And his mind was the mirror of heaven;

But alas! to the battle he's torn  
 'Mid the reign of wild terrors to dwell—  
 And has bid his poor Rhoda forlorn—  
 I tremble—a long last farewell.

Now perhaps in the tumult of war,  
 That bosom, the throne of soft ruth,  
 Pours his heart's-blood, deep-trenched with a  
 scar,

No longer the Temple of Truth,—  
 Or perhaps my poor swain lays his head  
 On a flint far from Tempe's green vest,  
 Who here had the lily his bed,  
 And his pillow the down of my breast.

O when, Love! again shall we tend  
 Together our flocks in the shade!  
 O when, Love! again shall you lend  
 Your help for my yearning that stray'd!  
 O when, Love! again shall you bring  
 The chaplet of sweets for my hair,  
 Woven from the first blooms of the spring,  
 To render your Rhoda more fair.

O when shall we climb the white rock  
 And view the blue lake turn to gold!  
 At even when gather my flock  
 And drive the glad bleaters afold!  
 O when from the down-bending bough  
 Shall you choose me the best of the fruit!  
 From my bosom when wrest the fond vow  
 Long denied to love's tenderest suit!

O pleasures! O moments of bliss!  
 Remembrance! dear—dear to the thought,  
 Could I then dream of anguish like this,  
 I'd have prized the sweet hours as I ought.  
 But then in a maid's wanton pride  
 I, these charms which to truth should begiv'n  
 To my fond pressing lover denied,  
 Tho' he softly averr'd them his heav'n.

Ah ! doubt far more dread than despair  
 If my Damon will ever return—  
 O let absence forget all its care,  
 And forbid a poor maiden to mourn—  
 Alas ! how neglected these charms !  
 And why not !—they're ripe for the tomb —  
 My dear Damon is far from my arms  
 The Sun that could keep them in bloom.

Of all the sweet wanderers of air  
 None's so blest as the kind of the dove,  
 By absence they feel no despair,  
 Their pang's the soft anguish of love ;  
 Without pain they enjoy all it's bliss,  
 They know all of love but it's guile,  
 With billing and cooing they kiss  
 And with ruffling their plumage they smile.

Not so the fair maid and the swain,  
 In love's rosy bondage allied,  
 They're withheld by humanity's chain,  
 Which severs the soft fetters they tied ;  
 But true love like it's thought should have wing  
 To it's mate's gentle bosom to fly,  
 Nor be toss'd in this world's wizard ring  
 Where all it can hope is—to die."

She ceas'd—the wan rose on her cheek  
 Was spangled with pity's soft pearl,  
 Her sighing forbade her to speak,  
 For full was the heart of the girl.  
 Now her fore-boding breast heav'd a sigh,  
 Now she dream'd of her Damon's return,  
 The chrystal now gemm'd her blue eye,  
 Soon to drop on his ideal urn.

It was then the bright moon shed her rays,  
 From her silver pavilion of light  
 'Mid the camp of the stars, and her blaze  
 Shed a smile o'er the visage of night ;  
 And the charms of the scenery soon  
 Were breathing their calm on her fears,  
 And hope like the orb of the moon,  
 Now clouded, now cloudless appears.

When lo ! o'er the dew-spangled plain,  
 Young Delia her sister is seen,  
 And in tears tells sweet Damon was slain,  
 With a spear on the blood-crimson'd green.  
 First the maddening maiden look'd wild,  
 But soon as tho' him she espied,  
 To her bosom she clasp'd him and smil'd,  
 And clasping the phantom, she died.

J. B. CLARKE.

### SONG.

Oh when the lips we loved are cold,  
 And fixed in silent death,  
 The tender tale that once they told  
 Parts not, with parting breath ;  
 A word—a tone survives its hour—  
 An angels passing strain,  
 Once heard when dreams from heav'n had  
 power,  
 And never heard again !

From eyes that death has closed, a gleam  
 Thrills softly o'er the heart !  
 That joins with life its blessed beam,  
 'Till life itself depart !  
 Then from it's last exhaling fires  
 It purely parts above,  
 And with the mounting soul aspires  
 To light it up to love !

Z. Z.

### STANZAS.

WRITTEN BY A LADY IN A NEGLECTED GARDEN.

" Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 " And waste it's sweetness on the desert air."

SONNET IN REPLY.

Say did a thought within thy bosom dwell,  
 With these lone flowers that sympathized too  
 well ;  
 Wasting like them as fragile-sweet and fair,  
 Its loveliness upon the desert air,  
 Without the solace of one mutual breast,  
 Framed for all love—neglected and unblest !  
 Yet not unblest art thou whose lot, with these,  
 Meek beauties of the wilderness, agrees ;

For purely they in this untended shade  
 Bloom by no thoughtless taste predoom'd to  
 fade.  
 And though full oft unknown to human view,  
 O'er arching heav'n embalms them with it's  
 dew ;  
 So, to the lone and tender soul is given  
 Pure dews of comfort from a higher heaven.

Z. Z.

## SONG.

Come with me love! come and stray  
 Over yon lone mountain way,  
 That winds its heathy track above  
 All sights but heav'n, all sounds but love,  
 Like the wild breeze far and free,  
 Breathing o'er the shadowy sea—  
 Will we roam without controul,  
 Save from true love pure of soul.

Come and let us as we go,  
 Lose all thought of things below,  
 If we gaze not on yon light,  
 O'er the dim wave fleeting bright,  
 Like those hours of love, dear maid,  
 Sunbeams that escape from shade—  
 Haste for swifter than they move,  
 Is the sunny hour of love.

Z. Z.

## SONG.

When far away, I ne'er forgot  
 The tender hope you gave,  
 My bosom's dearest, deepest thought,  
 On every land and wave!  
 When wild winds swept the main on high,  
 Thy voice broke softly in the storm;  
 When peace was in the deep blue sky,  
 Above I saw thy form!  
 When night fell darkly o'er the deep,  
 Or beams of starlight shone—  
 When other souls were sunk in sleep,  
 I thought of thee, alone;

Thine eye was in each star of love,  
 That o'er th' inconstant billow wept;  
 It came from far like Memory's dove,  
 To bless me while I slept.  
 Thro' every chance, and every change  
 Of fate, my heart was true,  
 Nor could its direst shock estrange,  
 One moment's thought from you.  
 And now sweet love, the same fond heart,  
 Beats high to press thee o'er and o'er—  
 Nor ever from thy bosom part  
 'Till it can beat no more!

Z. Z.

*To the Editor of the Dublin Magazine.*

SIR,

Your insertion of the following Song, written by our late distinguished countryman Henry Tresham, Esq. professor of painting to the Royal Academy (and which was never before published) will oblige

Yours &amp;c.

C. HAFFIELD.

How enchanting the charms lovely Women display,  
 Coy, cruel, enamoured, proud or meek, grave or gay;  
 They shed lustre on reason, rude passion refine.  
 Life's delights flow from WOMAN,—the Sex is divine!

The sweet balm of a kiss,—the pure perfume of sighs.  
 The thrill of soft contact,—melting language of eyes,  
 All the raptures the loves in bright unison twine,  
 Were created by WOMAN—the Sex is divine!

Whether sprung from the seas, and exhaled to the skies,  
 Or unzoned on Mount Ida demanding the prize,  
 At proud Sparta, or Cyprus, wherever the shrine,  
 Lovely WOMAN we worship—the Sex is divine!



## REYNALD AND BERTHA.

The moon had shot her palest ray,  
Down Snowdon's craggy side;  
And soon obscur'd in clouds she lay,  
As seeming man to chide.

Nor star, nor meteor cast a gleam,  
To guide the traveller home;  
In darkness all before him seem;  
Which leads him wide to roam:—

Nor is this all! for o'er his head  
The pealing thunders clash;  
Impressing still, with greater dread,  
The vivid lightnings flash.

'Twas such a night,—yet unappal'd  
The wandering Reynald mov'd,  
With hasty step, his heart impell'd,  
To objects, dearly lov'd.

Tho' years and days had pass'd away,  
Since those at parting press'd;  
Yet nought occur'd, that could allay,  
The flame fan'd in his breast.

Tho' ocean's swell, and billow's roll,  
Had interven'd between;  
Yet true to her, as steel to pole,  
His heart had ever been.

That heart lay light at near approach;  
Where once her cottage stood;  
Where tow'ring poplars oft encroach,  
On Dee's slow winding flood.

Still darkness void prevails around,  
The wind whistles dismal still;  
The fleecy snow decks white the ground,  
And caps the faint-view'd hill.

A twinkling thro' the mist appear'd,  
That shew'd the fatal way;  
His heart it rais'd, his soul it cheer'd,  
Fate sent it to betray.

Again shoots forth the glimm'ring light,  
Beguiles him as before;  
The brink he gains, O hapless plight!  
With life he sinks, to rise no more!

The morning sun had dimly beam'd,  
Scarce cast a tinge to show,

How from the surface beauties teem'd,  
Bright glistening mounds of snow.

To tend her flock fair Bertha rose,  
Tho' chill the morning air;  
Her rustic garment round she throws,  
And seeks afar her favorite care.

The noon-day past in tender toil,  
She winds the pathway home,  
Where slow the dusky volumes coil,  
That mark her parents dome.

And loitering onward, till the view  
Disclos'd the scene,—the verging wood;  
Where scatter'd shrubs of emerald hue,  
The season's rage had still withstood.

Here many an hour young Bertha spent,  
Where fancy oft would rove,  
To taste the sweets reflection lent,  
And quaff the nectar shed by love.

Her heart to Reynald still sincere;  
To him her virgin vows were given,  
And should death rudely interfere,  
Hope promis'd endless bliss in heaven.

While thus in thought she ponder'd o'er,  
Her eye bent on the watery scene;  
The swelling flood forgets the shore,  
And marks its course with verdant green.

Now on the eddying way she gaz'd,  
Its varying arch extending wide;  
With wild affright she starts amaz'd!  
A lifeless form rolls down the tide.

Motionless she stands in terror lost,  
Even reason now her powers refuse;  
When on the shore by surges tost:—  
Ah! 'tis Reynald's corse that Bertha views!

As hovering round the faithful dove,  
Her murder'd mate she spies;  
With grief neglects the silent grove,  
Drops from the wing and dies.

So Bertha's heart with woe oppress'd,  
To future joys directs a glance;  
Falls feebly on her Reynald's breast,  
And sleeps alas! in deadly trance!

Js. McNEIL.

## DISCOVERY OF A SECOND SEPULCHRAL MOUNT NEAR GLENCULLEN.

M. S. in his communication, having excited that curiosity which such contributions naturally give rise to, I took the opportunity of a favourable day, to visit the range of hills behind the Three Rock Mountain, on one of which is situate the subject of our present inquiry, in a country but little, or scarcely known to the citizens of Dublin, though within seven miles of the metropolis and exhibiting a truly picturesque and interesting scene, as your Correspondent has already described.

Having reached the tomb, as the mist of the hills descended in a smart shower its coverings afforded me a seasonable shelter; but imagine my surprise and satisfaction, when emerging from my temporary abode, I discovered a second tumulus, about two hundred yards distant, as you approach the decayed village of Glencullen; and on which the hands of the spoiler were not so recently employed, in disturbing the ashes of its sacred depositum, as the fragments of its immense covering, or top stone, lying promiscuously on its surface, (the chamber being filled with soil, &c.) bear ample testimony.—There is little to add by way of description, as the external form of the first is traceable in the second, and the chamber, already mentioned as having been filled up, defies comparison; however, the encompassing stones, which form the same abutment, indicate the same appearance in both.

As to the period when those tombs experienced their first spoliation, history and tradition are silent; and the good and brave sleep here alike unrecorded. That celebrated men received similar testimonies to commemorate their names and deeds to posterity, though in vain, a passage in Wormius, a Danish antiquarian, sufficiently elucidates “such mounts as are encompassed at the bottom with *one* range of stones, are thought to have been dedicated to the Generals of armies, or the greatest of their Nobility; whereas those that are plain, and not adorned by stones, are only raised for valiant Soldiers, and such as deserve well of their Country.”

To conclude, when seated on this lonely hillock, where the sleeper sleeps well, and contemplating the solemnity of the surrounding scene, an involuntary paraphrase of an affecting line, from the German Poets, rushed on my mind:

“Spirits of the ancient dead! where are ye?

“Echo replies—where are ye?

Your obliged Servant,

J.

# PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

On the 21st of April, Parliament assembled according to Royal Proclamation. The Marquis of Cholmondeley, as Lord Steward, appeared in the long Gallery and administered the oaths to about 100 Members of the House of Commons, this ceremony was continued by deputation till a quarter past Two o'Clock. The Commons then received a message from the House of Lords, requiring their attendance, to hear the Royal Commission read, commanding them to choose a Speaker. The Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Wellington, and the Earl of Westmoreland, acted as Commissioners. The Commons having returned to their House, Sir W. Scott proposed the Right Hon. C. M. Sutton, as Speaker; Mr. H. Sumner seconded the motion, and he was unanimously re-elected. Both Houses adjourned till the 22d.

## LIST OF MEMBERS.

Those printed in *Italics* were not in the last Parliament. Those marked thus (\*) are new for the respective places, all the rest are re-elected. Those marked thus (†) are returned for more than one place.

## ENGLAND AND WALES.

Abington, John Maberley  
 Albins, St W T Roberts, *C Smith*  
 Aldborough, H Fynes, & *C Antrobus*  
 Aldeburgh, J Walker, James Blair\*  
 Amersham, T T Drake, W T Drake  
 Andover, T A Smith, *Sir J Pollen*, Bart  
 Anglesea, Earl of *Uxbridge*  
 Appleby, J A Dalrymple, Rt Hon G Tierney†\*  
 Arundal, Robert Blake, Lord *Bury*  
 Ashburton, Sir L V Palk, Bt. Sir J S Copley  
 Aylesbury, Lord Nugent, William Rickford  
 Banbury, Hon Heneage Legge  
 Barnstable, F M Ommancy, *Michael Nolan*  
 Bath, Lord J Thynne, Col C Palmer  
 Beaumaris, T F Lewis  
 Bedfordshire, Marquis of Tavistock, *Francis Pym*  
 Bedford, Lord G W Russell, W H Whitbread  
 Bedwin, Rt Hon Sir J Nichol, Knt. J H Buxton  
 Beeralson, Lord Lovaine, Hon Jocelyn Percy  
 Berkshire, Charles Dundas, Hon Richard Neville  
 Berwick, Lord *Ossulton*, Sir *David Milne*, Bart.  
 Beverley, John Wharton, *G L Fox*  
 Bewdly, A W Roberts  
 Bishops Castle, (double return) William Holmes,\*  
*Henry Rogers*, *Robt Knight*, Hon E D Kinnaird,  
 Blechingley, Marq of Titchfield, Hon E H Edwards  
 Bodmin, J W Croker,\* Davies Gilbert  
 Boroughbridge, (double return) Geo Munday, Mar-  
 maduke Lawson, *Rich. Spooner*, *Henry Dawkins*  
 Bossiney, Sir C. Domville, Bart, Hon J W Ward  
 Boston, *Henry Ellis*, *G J Heathcote*  
 Brackley, R H Bradshaw, Henry Wrottesley  
 Bramber, William Wilberforce, John Irving  
 Breconshire, Thomas Wood  
 Brecon, C G Morgan  
 Breighton, Thomas Whitmore, *W W Whitmore*  
 Bridgewater, William Astell, *C K Tynte*  
 Bridport, *James Scott*, *Christopher Spurrier*  
 Bristol, R H Davies, *Henry Bright*  
 Buckinghamshire, Earl Temple, Hon Robt Smith\*  
 Buckingham, Sir G Nugent, Bt. W H Freemantle  
 Callington, Sir Chris Robinson, Bt. Hon E P Lygon  
 Calne, Hon Jas Abercrombie, James Macdonald  
 Cambridgeshire, Lord F G Osborne, Lord C S  
 Manners  
 Cambridge, Hon F W Trench, *E M Cheere*  
 Cambridge University, Lord Palmerston, J H Smyth  
 Camelford, Earl of Yarmouth, *Mark Milbank*  
 Canterbury, Lord Clifton, S R Lushington  
 Cardiff, *Wyndham Lewis*

Cardiganshire, W E Powel  
 Cardigan, Pryse Pryse  
 Carlisle, Sir James Graham, Bart. J C Curwon†  
 Carmarthenshire, Hon *George Rice*  
 Carmarthen, Hon J F Campbell  
 Carnarvonshire, Sir Robert Williams, Bart.  
 Carnarvon, Hon Charles Paget  
 Castle Rising, Earl of Rocksavage, Hn F G Howard  
 Cheshire, Davies Davenport, Wilbraham Egerton  
 Chester, Lord Belgrave, Thomas Grosvenor  
 Chichester, Lord I G Lennox, Rt Hn W Huskisson  
 Chippenham, W A Madocks,\* *J R Grosset*†  
 Christchurch, Rt Hon G H Rose, Rt Hon W S  
 Bourne  
 Cirencester, Lord Apsley, Joseph Cripps  
 Clitheroe, Hon Robert Curzon, Hon Wm Cust  
 Cockermouth, Rt Hn J Beckett, J H Lowther  
 Colchester, D W Harvey, J B Wildman  
 Corie Castle, Henry Bankes, George Bankes  
 Cornwall, Sir W Lemon, Bart, J H Tremayne  
 Coventry, Edward Ellice, Peter Moore  
 Cricklade, Robert Gordon, Joseph Pitt  
 Cumberland, John Lowther, J C Curwen†  
 Dartmouth, John Bastard, C M Ricketts  
 Denbighshire, Sir W W Wynn, Bart  
 Denbigh, J W Griffith  
 Derbyshire, Lord G H Cavendish, E M Munday  
 Derby, H F C Cavendish, T W Coke, jun  
 Devizes, T G Estcourt, John Pearse  
 Devonshire, E J Bastard, Sir T D Ackland, Bart  
 Dorchester, Robert Williams, Charles Warren  
 Dorsetshire, W M Pitt, E B Portman  
 Dover, E B Wilbraham, *Joseph Butterworth*  
 Downton, Hon Bath Bouverie, Sir T B Pechell, Bt.  
 Droitwich, Earl of Seaton, Thomas Foley  
 Dunwich, Michael Barne, *G H Cherry*  
 Durham, Co. of, Hon W V Powlett, J G Lambton  
 Durham, M A Taylor, Sir *Henry Hardinge*, KCB  
 East Looe, T P Macqueen, G W Taylor  
 Edmondsbury, St, Lord John Filzroy, Hon. A P  
 Upton  
 Essex, C C Western, Sir *Eliab Harvey*, KCB  
 Evesham, Sir Chas Cockerell, Bt. *W E B Boughton*  
 Exeter, William Courtenay, R W Newham  
 Eye, Sir Robt Gifford, Knt. S M Nightingale  
 Flintshire, Sir Thos. Mostyn, Bart  
 Flint, Sir E P Lloyd, Bart  
 Flint, Sir E P Lloyd, Bart  
 Fowey, Lord Villiers, *George Lucy*  
 Gattin, *Thomas Divett*, *J W Russell*  
 Germans, St. Rt Hon C Arbuthnot, Hon. S T  
 Bathurst



Gloucestershire, Sir *Chris opher Cole*, Bart  
 Gloucestershire, Sir B W Guise, Bart. Lord R H  
 Somerset  
 Gloucester, C E Webb, B W Cooper  
 Granpound, John Innes, Alexander Robertson  
 Graitham, Hon Edward Cust, *James Hughes*  
 Grimsby, Charles Tennison, *William Duncomb*  
 Grimsby, (East) Lord Strathaven, Hon. C C C  
 Jenkinson  
 Guilford, C B Wall, Arthur Onslow  
 Hampshire, G P *Jerooise*, John Flemming  
 Harwich, Rt H N Vansittart, Rt H C B Bathurst  
 Haslemere, Rt R H C Long, Robert Ward  
 Hastings, James Dawkins, Hon W H J Scott,\*  
 Haverfordwest, W H Scourfield  
 Helston, Harring Hudson, Lord J N Townshend  
 Herefordshire, Sir J G Cotterell, Bart, Robt. Price  
 Hereford, Hon J S Cocks, R P Scudamore  
 Hertfordshire, Hon Wm Lamb, Sir J Sebright, Bt  
 Hertford, Lord Cranborne, Nicholson Calvert  
 Heydon, Robert Farrand, *John Baillie*  
 Heytesbury, L H A Court, C A A Court  
 Higham Ferrers, William Plummer  
 Hindon, Hon F G Calthorpe, *John Plumer*  
 Honiton, Hon P F Cust, Samuel Crawley  
 Horsham, Robert Hurst, Sir J Aubrey,\* Bart  
 Huntingdonshire, W H Fellos, Lord J Russell\*  
 Huntingdon, John Calvert, Lord Ancrem  
 Hythe, Sir J Lloyd, *Stewa. t Majoribanks*  
 Ilchester, Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart. S *Tushington*  
 Ipswich, T P Leonard, *William Haldinand*  
 Ives, St *James Graham*, *Lyndon Evelyn*  
 Kent, Sir E Knatchbull, Bart. W P Honeywood  
 King's Lynn, Lord Walpole, Sir M B Folkes, Bart  
 Kingston-upon Hull, John Mitchell, *Daniel Sykes*  
 Knaresborough, Sir J Mackintosh, Kt. Rt Hon G  
 Thorneycroft  
 Lancashire, Lord Stanley, John Blackburne  
 Lancaster, Gabriel Dovey, J F *Canthorne*  
 Lanchester, James Brodgen, Hon P B Pellow  
 Leicestershire, Lord Robert Manners, G H L *Kech*  
 Leicester, John Mansfield, Thomas Pares  
 Leominster, Lord *Hotham*,\* Sir W C *Faithlie*, Bart  
 Liskeard, Hon W Elliot, Sir W H Pringle, K C B  
 Lestwithiel, A C Grant, Sir Robert Wigram, Bart  
 Lewes, Sir J Shelly, Bart. Sir George Shiffner, Bart  
 Litchfield, G G V Vernon, Sir Geo. Anson, K C B  
 Lincolnshire, Hon C A Pelham, Charles Chaplin  
 Lincoln, C W Githorpe, *Robert Smith*  
 Liverpool, Rt Hon Geo Cauning, Gen Gascoyne  
 London, Matthew Wood, Sir W Curtis,\* Bart.  
 Thomas Wilson, *George Bridges*  
 Ludgershall, Stamford Graham, Earl of Carhampton  
 Ludlow, Lord Olive, Hon R H Clive  
 Lyons Regas, Hon J T Fane, Vere Fane  
 Lyvington, Sir H B Neale, Bart. *George Finch*  
 Maidstone, A W Roberts, *John Wells*  
 Maiden, Benjamin Gaskell, C C *Sturt*  
 Malmsbury, Kirmau Finlay, Charles Forbes  
 Malton, Lord Duncannon, J C Ramsden  
 Marlborough, Hon Jn Wodehouse, Lord Brudenell  
 Marl w, Owen Williams, T P *Williams*  
 Maves, St Sir S B Morland, Bart. Jos Phillimore  
 Merionethshire, Sir W V Vaughan, Bart  
 Michael, Sir Sir Geo. Staunton, Bart. W T Money\*  
 Mil Helsex, George Byng, S C *Whitbread*  
 Mithurst, John Smith, *Asel Smith*  
 Milborne Port, Hon Berkeley Paget,\* Lord Graves  
 Minehead, H F Luttrell, J F Luttrell  
 Monmouthshire, Sir C Morgan, Bart. Lord G H  
 Somerset  
 Monmouth, Marquis of Worcester  
 Montgomeryshire, C W Wynn  
 Montgomery, Henry Clive  
 Morpeth, Hon William Howard, William Ord  
 Newark, Sir W H Clinton, K C B H Wilmoughby  
 Newcastle on Tyne, Sir M W Ridley, Bart. W Ellison  
 Newcastle, Staffordshire, W S Kinnersey, R J  
 Wilson  
 Newport, Cornwall, Wm Northey, Jonathan Raies  
 Newcastle, Hants, Sir L T Holmes, Bart. Charles  
 Duncumb

Newton, Lancashire, Thos Leigh; Thos Claughton  
 Newton, Hants, Hudson Gurney, D L North\*  
 Norfolk, T W Coke, Edmund Wodehouse  
 Northallerton, Henry Perse, W S *Lawells*  
 Northamptonshire, Lord Althorpe, W Cartwright  
 Northampton, Sir G Robinson, Bt. W L Maherley\*  
 Northumberland, T W Beaumont, C J Brandling  
 Norwich, R H Gurney, William Smith  
 Nottinghamshire, Lord W H C Bentinck, Frank  
 Sotheron  
 Nottingham, Joseph Birch, Thomas Denman\*  
 Oakhampton, Lord Dunalley, Albany Saville  
 Orford, John Douglas, H B *Seymour*  
 Oxfordshire, John Fane, W H Ashurst  
 Oxford, J J Lockhart, *Charles Wetherell*  
 Oxford University, Rt Hon Sir W Scott, Rt Hon  
 R Peel  
 Pembrokeshire, Sir J Owen, Bart  
 Pembroke, J H Allen  
 Penryn, Henry Swann, Pascoe Grenfell\*  
 Peterborough, James Scarlett, Sir Robert Heron, Bt  
 Petersfield, Hylton Joffie, *Lord Hotham*  
 Plymouth, Sir T B Martin, Bt. Sir W Congreve, Bt  
 Plympton, Alex Boswell, R G Macdonald  
 Pontefract, Thomas Houldsworth, Lord Pollington  
 Poole, B L Lester, John Dent  
 Portsmouth, Sir John Carter, Knt. *John Markham*  
 Preston, Edmund Hornby, Samuel Horrocks  
 Queenborough, Rt Hon J C Villiers, G P Holford\*  
 Radnorshire, Walter Wilkins  
 Radnor, Richard Price  
 Reading, C F Palmer, J B Monck  
 Retford, William Evans, Samuel Crompton  
 Richmond, Hon Thomas Dundas, S M Barrett  
 Ripon, Rt Hon F J Robinson, George Gips  
 Rochester, Lord Binning, Ralph Bernal\*  
 Romney, R E D Grosvenor, G H D Tennant  
 Rutlandshire, Sir G Heathcote, Bt Sir G N Noel, Bt  
 Reigate, Hon J S Cocks, Sir J S Yorke, K C B  
 Rye, Peter Brown, John Dodson  
 Saltash, Matthew Russell, M G *Prendergast*  
 Sandwich, Joseph Marryat, Sir G Warrender, Bt  
 Sarum, New, Lord Folkestone, Wadham Wyndham  
 Sarum, Old, James Alexander, A G Crawford  
 Scarborough, Rt Hon G M Sutton, Lord Normanby  
 Seaford, C R Ellis,\* Hon G A Ellis  
 Shaftesbury, Hon Edw. Harbord, *Abraham Moore*  
 Shoreham, Sir C M Burrell, Bart. J M Lloyd  
 Shrewsbury, Hon G Bennett, *Panton Corbett*  
 Shropshire, Sir J P Kynaston, Bart. John Coates  
 Somersetshire, William Diekenson, Sir T B *Leth-*  
*bridge*,\* Bart  
 Southampton, W. Chamberlayne, Sir W C De  
 Crespieny  
 Southwark, Charles Calvert, Sir R T Wilson, Knt.  
 Staffordshire, E J Littleton, Sir J F *Boughey*, Bart  
 Stafford, Benjamin Benyon, *George Chiswood*  
 Stamford, Lord Thomas Cecil, Hon W H Percy  
 Steyning, Geo Phillips, Lord H M Howard\*  
 Stockbridge, J F Barham, *Joseph F Barham*  
 Sudbury, William Heygate, C A *Tuisk*  
 Suffolk, T S Gooch, Sir William Rowley, Bart  
 Surrey, G H Sumner, W J Denison  
 Sussex, Walter Burrell, E J *Curtis*  
 Tamworth, Lord C V *Townshend*, W Y Peel  
 Tavistock, J P Grant, J N Fazakerley\*  
 Tamton, Alex. Baring, J A *Warre*  
 Tewkesbury, J E Dowdeswell, James Martin  
 Thetford, N W R Colburne, Lord Charles Fitzroy  
 Thurst, Robert Frankland, R R Greenhill  
 Tiverton, Right Hon Richard Ryder, Lord Sandon  
 Totness, T P Courtenay, John Bent  
 Tregony, Lord Barnard, James O'Callaghan  
 Truro (Extra Return) Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Sir  
 R H *Touan*, K C B, J R *Grossell*  
 Waddington, W L Hughes, G J Roberts  
 Wareham, John Calcraft, J H *Calcraft*  
 Warwickshire, D S Dugdale, Sir Chas Mordaunt, Bt  
 Warwick, Hon Sir Chas Greville, K C B, C Mills  
 Wells, C W Taylor, J P Tudway  
 Wendover, George Smith, Samuel Smith\*  
 Wenlock, C W Forrester, W L *Childe*

Weobly, Lord F C Bentinck, Sir G Cockburne,\* Bt  
Westbury, *Nathaniel Barton*, *Jonathan Aylford*  
West-Loce, Hen. Goulbourn, Sir Chas. Hulse, Bt.  
Westminster, Sir Fras Burdett, Bt. *J C Hobhouse*  
Westmorland, Lord Lowther, Hon H C Lowther  
Weymouth and Melcombe Regis, T F Buxton,  
Masterton Ure, Right Hon Thos Wallace, Wm.  
Williams

Whitechurch, Hon H G P. Townshend, Sam Scott  
Wigan, J A Hodson, Lord *Lindsay*  
Wilton, Lord Fitzharris, Ralph Sheldon  
Wiltshire, John Bennett, *J D Astley*  
Winchester, J H Leigh, P S J Milmay  
Winchelsea, Hen Brougham, Lucius Concannon\*  
Windsor, John Ramsbottom, Sir *H Taylor*  
Woodstock, John Gladstone,\* *T H Langton*  
Wootton-Basset, *Horace Twiss*, *George Phillips*  
Worcestershire, Hon H B Lygon, Sir *T E Win-*  
*nington*, Bart.

Worcester, T H Davies, Lord Deerhurst  
Wycombe, Sir T Baring, Bart. Sir J D King, Bart  
Yarmouth, Great, Hon Geo Anson, C E Runbold  
Yarmouth (Hants) Sir C Pole, Bart. *T H Broadhead*  
Yorkshire, Lord Milton, J S Wortley  
York, Hon Laurence Dundas, *Marmaduke Wyvill*

## SCOTLAND.

## Counties.

Aberdeen, James Ferguson  
Argyle, Lord J D E Campbell  
Ayr, James Montgomerie  
Banff, Earl of Fife  
Berwick, Sir John Marjoribanks, Bart  
Caithness and Bute, Lord P J Stuart  
Cromartie and Nairn, Hon G P *Campbell*  
Dumbarton, Rt Hon Archibald Colquhoun  
Dumfries, Sir W J Hope, K C B  
Edinburgh, Sir George Clerk, Bart  
Elgin, F W Grant  
Fife, *James Wemyss*  
Forfar, Hon W R Maule  
Haddington, Sir J G Suttie, Bart  
Inverness, Right Hon Charles Grant  
Kincardine, Sir *Alexander Ramsay*, Bart.  
Kinross and Clackmannan, *Robert Bruce*  
Kircudbright, James Dunlop  
Lanark, Lord Archibald Hamilton  
Lanlithgow, Hon Sir Alexander Hope, G C B  
Orkney and Shetland, Hon G H L Dundas  
Peebles, Sir James Montgomery, Bart  
Perth, James Drummond  
Renfrew, John Maxwell  
Ross, Thomas Mackenzie  
Roxburgh, Sir Alexander Don, Bart  
Selkirk, W E Lockhart  
Stirling, Sir Charles Edmonstone, Bart  
Sutherland, G M Grant  
Wigtoun, J H Blair

## Royal Burghs.

Aberdeen (District) Joseph Hume  
Anstruthers, Rt Hon Sir William Rae, Bart  
Ayr, T F Kennedy  
Dumfries, W R K Douglas  
Dysart, Sir R C Ferguson, K C B  
Edinburgh, Rt Hon William Dundas  
Elgin, *Archibald Farquharson*  
Fortrose, George Cumming  
Glasgow, Archibald Campbell  
Jedburgh, Sir *H D Hamilton*, Bart  
Peebles, *Henry Monteth*  
Perth, Hon *Hugh Lindsay*  
Stirling, *Robert Downie*

Tain, Sir Hugh Innes, Bart  
Wigtoun, Hon J H K Stewart

## IRELAND.

## Counties.

Antrim, Hn. J B R O'Neil, Hugh Seymour  
Armagh, Chas Brownlow, Hon *Henry Caulfield*  
Carlow, Henry Bruen, Sir U B Burgh, K C B  
Cavan, Rt Hon J M Barry, Nathaniel Sneyd  
Clare, Rt Hon W V Fitzgerald, Sir E O'Brien, Bt  
Cork, Hon Rich Hare, Lord Kingsborough  
Donegal, G V Hart, Earl of Mount Charles  
Down, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Arthur Hill  
Dublin, Hans Hamilton, R W Talbot  
Fermanagh, M Archdall, Hon Sir G L Cole, G C B  
Galway, James Daly, Richard Martin  
Kerry, James Crosbie, Rt Hon M Fitzgerald  
Kildare, Ld Wm Fitzgerald, Rt La Touche  
Kilkenny, Hon J W Butler, Hon F C Ponsonby  
King's County, Thomas Bernard, John Parsons  
Leitrim, Luke White, Hon J M Clements  
Limerick, Hon R H Fitzgibbon, *Standish O'Grady*  
Londonderry, G R Dawson, A R Stewart  
Longford, Lord Forbes, Sir G Fetherstone, Bart  
Louth, Rt Hon J Foster, Lord Jocelyn  
May, Dominick Browne, James Browne  
Meath, Earl of Beective, Sir M Somerville, Bart  
Monaghan, C P Leslie, Hon R H Westenra  
Queen's Co. Rt Hon W W Pole, Sir H Parnell, Bt  
Roscommon, Arthur French, Hon Stephen Mahon  
Sligo, E S Cooper, Charles O'Hara  
Tipperary, Rt Hon W Bagwell, Hon F A Prittie  
Tyronne, Rt Hon Sir J Stewart, Bt. Wm. Stewart  
Waterford, Lord George Beresford, Lord Power  
Westmeath, Hon H R Pakenham, G H Rochfort  
Wexford, R S Carew, *Lord Stoford*  
Wicklow, Wm Parnell, Hon G L Proby

## Cities and Boroughs.

Athlone, *John M'Clintock*  
Armagh, *William Stewart*  
Bandon, Lord *Bernard*\*  
Belfast, Earl of Belfast\*  
Carrickfergus, Arthur Chichester\*  
Carlow, Charles Harvey  
Cashel, *E J Collett*  
Clonmel, *J H M Dawson*  
Coleraine, Sir J P Beresford, Bart  
Cork, Sir N C Colthurst, Bt. Hon C H Hutchinson  
Downpatrick, *J W Maxwell*  
Drogheda, *Henry Metcalfe*  
Dublin, Rt Hon H Grattan, Robert Shaw  
Dublin University, Rt Hon W C Plunket  
Dundalk, *John Metige*  
Dungannon, Hon Thos Knox  
Dungarvon, A W Clifford\*  
Ennis, Sir *Ross Mahon*, Bart  
Enniskillen, Richard Magennis  
Galway, *J M Prendergast*  
Kilkenny, Rt Hon *Denis Browne*  
Kinsale, George Coussmaker  
Limerick, Hon J P Vereker  
Lisburne, Horace Seymour  
Londonderry, Rt Hon Sir G F Hill, Bart  
Mallow W W Beecher  
Newry, Hon. F J Needham  
Portarlington, David Ricardo  
Ross, John Carroll  
Sligo, *Owen Wynne*  
Tralee, James Cuffe  
Waterford, Rt Hon Sir John Newport, Bart  
Wexford, *William Wigram*  
Youghall, *John Hyde*

The controverted returns, in Ireland, are, for Galway (Town) by Mr. Blake; Petition to be heard on May 30th. For Drogheda (Town) by Mr. Wallace; Petition to be heard June 6th. For Limerick (City) by Mr. Rice; Petition to be heard June 15.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

*Thursday, April 27th, 1820.*

## OPENING OF THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF GEORGE IV.

This day his Majesty proceeded in state to the House of Lords for the purpose of opening the new Parliament. So great was the anxiety to gain admission into the House of Lords, that many of the Peers' carriages arrived before ten o'clock, but positive orders had been given not to open any of the doors till twelve o'clock, not even to the Peers themselves. This order was strictly enforced; and when the doors were opened, none but Peers' orders were admitted. Besides Palace-yard being filled with carriages, a line of them reached to the end of Parliament-street by 11 o'clock.

His Majesty entered the House about two o'clock. Being seated on the throne, the Commons were summoned to attend at the Bar, as usual, when the King delivered the following most gracious speech:—

“MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

“I have taken the earliest occasion of assembling you here, after having recurred to the sense of my people.

“In meeting you personally for the first time since the death of my beloved father, I am anxious to assure you, that I shall always continue to imitate his great example, in unceasing attention to the public interests, and in paternal solicitude for the welfare and happiness of all classes of my subjects.

“I have received from Foreign Powers renewed assurances of their friendly disposition, and of their earnest desire to cultivate with me, the relations of peace and amity.

“GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

“The Estimates for the present year will be laid before you; they have been framed upon principles of strict economy. But it is to me matter of deepest regret, that the state of the country has not allowed me to dispense with those additions to our military force which I announced at the commencement of the last Sessions of Parliament.

“The first object to which your attention will be directed is the provision to be made for the support of the Civil Government, and of the honour and dignity of the Crown.

“I leave entirely at your disposal my interest in the hereditary revenues, and I cannot deny myself the gratification of declaring that so far from desiring any arrangement which might lead to the imposition of new burthens upon my people or even might diminish, on my account, the amount of the reductions incident to my Accession to the Throne; I can have no wish, under circumstances like the present, that any addition whatever should be made to the settlement adopted by Parliament in the year 1816.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Deeply as I regret that the machinations and designs of the disaffected should have led, in some parts of the country, to acts of open violence and insurrection, I cannot but express my satisfaction at the promptitude, with which those attempts have been suppressed by the vigilance and activity of the Magistrates, and by the zealous co-operation of all those of my subjects, whose exertions have been called forth to support the authority of the laws.

The wisdom and firmness manifested by the late Parliament and the due execution of the laws, have greatly contributed to restore confidence throughout the Kingdom; and to discountenance those principles of sedition and irreligion which had been disseminated with such malignant perseverance, and had poisoned the minds of the ignorant and unwary.

I rely upon the continued support of Parliament on my determination to maintain, by all the means entrusted to my hands, the public safety and tranquillity.

Deploing, as we all must, the distress which still unhappily prevails among many of the labouring classes of the community, and anxiously looking forward to its removal or mitigation, it is, in the mean time, our common duty, effectually to protect the loyal, the peaceable, and the industrious, against those practices of turbulence and intimidation, by which the period of relief can only be deferred, and by which the pressure of the distress has been incalculably aggravated.

I trust that an awakened sense of the dangers which they have incurred, and of the arts which they have employed to seduce them, will bring back over the greater part of those who have been unhappily led astray, and will revive in them that spirit of loyalty, that due submission to the laws, and that attachment to the constitution, which subsist unabated in the hearts of the great body of the people, and which, under the direction of Divine Providence, have secured to the British Nation the enjoyment of a larger share of practical freedom, as well as of prosperity and happiness, than have fallen to the lot of any nation in the world.



## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The 21st, 22d, 25th, and 26th, were occupied in swearing Members. On the 27th a message was received to attend His Majesty. Mr. Speaker reported His Majesty's speech as above.

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons of the United Kingdom of *Great Britain* and *Ireland* in Parliament assembled, beg leave to return your Majesty our humble and unanimous thanks for your most gracious speech from the throne :

We acknowledge, with the liveliest gratitude, your Majesty's gracious assurance, that you shall always continue to imitate the great example of our late venerated Sovereign, your Majesty's beloved father, in unceasing attention to the public interests, and in paternal solicitude for the welfare and happiness of all classes of your Majesty's subjects :

We beg leave to express the satisfaction we feel at the prospect of continued tranquility, derived from the assurances of the friendly disposition of Foreign Powers, which have been renewed to your Majesty, with the earnest desire to cultivate the relations of peace and amity :

We return our humble thanks to your Majesty, for having ordered the estimates for the present year to be laid before us, and for the attention to strict œconomy which your Majesty has been pleased so graciously to assure us has been observed in forming them.

We entreat your Majesty to believe that we fully participate in the deep regret expressed by your Majesty, that the state of the country has not enabled you to dispense with those additions to our Military force, which were found necessary in the last session of parliament :

We assure your Majesty, that we shall proceed with the utmost readiness to make such an adequate provision for the support of your Majesty's Civil Government, as may be sufficient to maintain the honor and dignity of the Crown :

We beg leave to express our gratitude to your Majesty for the paternal solicitude for the interests of your people, by which you have been guided, in the manner in which your Majesty has been graciously pleased to bring this important subject under our consideration ; and especially for your Majesty's most gracious declaration, that, so far from desiring any arrangement which might lead to the imposition of new burdens upon your people, or even might diminish on your Majesty's account the amount of the reductions incident to your Majesty's accession to the throne, your Majesty can have no wish, under circumstances like the present, that any addition whatever should be made to the settlement adopted by Parliament in the year 1816 :

We beg to assure your Majesty, that we shall not fail to enter upon this important subject with corresponding feelings of loyalty and attachment to your person and government.

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We offer our most dutiful acknowledgments to your Majesty for the satisfaction which you have expressed of the vigilance and activity of the Magistrates, and the zealous co-operation of all those whose exertions have been called forth to support the authority of the laws, by which the machinations and designs of the disaffected, which we deeply regret to find have led, in some parts of the Country, to acts of open violence and insurrection, have been happily suppressed :

We assure your Majesty, that while we trust that the wisdom and firmness manifested by the late Parliament, and the due execution of the laws, have greatly contributed to restore confidence through the kingdom, to discountenance these principles of sedition and irreligion which had been disseminated with so much perseverance, and had so poisoned the minds of the most ignorant and unwary ; your Majesty may securely rely upon our continued support in your determination to maintain, by all the means entrusted to your hands, the public safety and tranquility :

Deploring as we all must do the distress which still unhappily prevails amongst many of the labouring classes of the community, and anxiously looking forward to its removal or mitigation, we feel it to be in the mean time our indispensable duty to concur with your Majesty in every measure necessary to give effectual protection to the loyal, the peaceable, and the industrious, against those practices of turbulence and intimidation by which the period of relief can only be deferred, and by which the pressure of the distress has been incalculably aggravated :

We concur most heartily in the benevolent wish expressed by your Majesty, that an awakened sense of dangers which they have incurred, and of the arts which have been employed to reduce them, will bring back the far greater proportion of those who have been unhappily led astray, and will revive in them, that spirit of loyalty, that due submission to the laws, and that attachment to the constitution, which we are confident subsists in the hearts of the great body of the people, which, under the blessing of Divine Providence, has secured to the British nation the enjoyment of a larger share of practical freedom, as well as of prosperity and happiness, that has fallen to the lot of any nation in the world.

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#### TRINITY COLLEGE.

The Examination for the vacant Fellowship commenced on the 23d. The Candidates were, Messrs. O'Brien, Martyn, Herbert and Boyton.—On Wednesday Dr. Sadlier examined in Logics, and Dr. Lloyd in Mathematics.—Thursday, Dr. Wilson, in Natural Philosophy ; Dr. Kyle, Morality.—Friday, Dr. Phibbs, Chronology ; Dr. Hodgkinson, History ; Dr. Barrett, Latin and Hebrew ; the Provost, Greek.—On the 29th Mr. O'Brien was elected to the vacant Fellowship. On the same day thirteen vacant scholarships were filled by the following gentlemen viz. Messrs. Callaghan, Semple, Montgomery, Sproule, King, Irwin, Dunceith, Carpenter, Purdue, Tracy, Stack, Delamere, O'Sullivan.

THE  
**Dublin Magazine ;**  
OR,  
GENERAL REPERTORY  
OF  
**PHILOSOPHY, BELLES-LETTRES,**  
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MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION.

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[No. VI.

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ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΤΡΙΤΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΧΕΥΣΙΜΟΝ.

LUCI.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF  
R. L. EDGEWORTH, Esq.

RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH was born in Bath, in the year 1744, and was the third eldest of the four surviving children of Counsellor Edgeworth, of Edgeworthstown, County Longford, Ireland; who, in 1732, married Jane Lovell, the daughter of Samuel Lovell, a Welsh Judge, son of Sir Salathiel Lovell, (the *obliviscor*), Recorder of London in the reign of James II. Counsellor Edgeworth was the only son of Colonel Francis Edgeworth, whose step-daughter married Thomas Pakenham, father to the first, and grandfather to the present Lord Longford. The Edgeworth family appear to have arrived in Ireland about the year 1583. The subject of the present memoir was lineally descended from Francis Edgeworth, Clerk of the Hanaper in 1619, and brother to Edward Edgeworth, bishop of Down and Connor in 1593: his great-grandfather, when a child, experienced an escape from death, as narrow as that of a member of a noble Irish house now existing. This circumstance happened



at Cranallagh Castle, in the County Longford, in 1641, the first year of the Irish rebellion. The then possessor, Captain Edgeworth, was at some distance from home, on duty : the rebels rose, attacked, and fired the castle. Mrs. Edgeworth with difficulty escaped to England, leaving her infant son in his cradle. "One of the rebels seized the child by the leg, and was in the act of swinging him round, to dash his brains out against the corner of the castle wall, when an Irish servant, of the lowest order, stopped his hand, claiming the right of killing the little heretick himself, and swearing that a sudden death would be too good for him; that he would plunge him up to the throat in a bog-hole, and leave him for the crows to pick his eyes out. Snatching the child from his comrade, he ran off with it to a neighbouring bog, and thrust it into the mud; but, when the rebels had retired, this man, who had only pretended to join them, went back to the bog for the boy, preserved his life, and, contriving to hide him in a pannier, under eggs and chickens, carried him actually, through the midst of the rebel camp, safely to Dublin. This faithful servant's name was Bryan Ferral."—But to return to our legitimate object. Mr. Edgeworth, in the early years of his infancy, was nearly starved by two nurses, whose names, SELF and EVIL, were certainly such as boded no good. His faculties were so acute, when but four years old, that he could, in fifty years afterwards, recal to mind circumstances which took place at that early age. The turn for mechanicks, which prevailed through the latter part of his life, seems to have been impressed on him, when about seven years of age, by his admiration of the mechanical contrivances shewn and explained to him by a Mr. Deane: this evinces, "that what is usually called in children a genius for any particular art or science, is nothing more than the effect of some circumstance that makes an early impression, either from a strong association of pleasure or pain: such circumstances are most commonly accidental; but sometimes they are purposely thrown in the way, to produce a particular propensity in youth."

The Rev. Patrick Hughes, the early instructor of the celebrated Goldsmith, had the task of leading Mr. Edgeworth into the paths of literature. In 1752, he was placed at Warwick school, under the care of Dr. Lydiat, being then about eight years old. He was, in two or three years, removed to Dr. Norris's school, at Drogheda, where he shewed a great taste for knowledge; but was soon trans-

ferred to Mr. Hynes's school, at Longford: from whence, on the 26th April, 1760, he entered the University of Dublin, as a fellow-commoner, under the Rev. P. Palmer. To the *propensity* of changing from school to school we must give a decided disapprobation; nothing tends more to impede the literary progress of youth.

Mr. E. passed the first six months of his collegiate career in dissipation and idleness, with which he became so disgusted, as to be radically cured of the inclination for *exceeding in his potations*; indeed so effectually, as he himself has asserted, that he "had passed some time at two Universities, and had been concerned in conducting four or five contested elections without ever having been intoxicated. In 1751, he was removed to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and entered under Mr. Russell. At this time a most particular era of his life was determined by placing him under the immediate care of a Mr. Elers, an old friend of his father, and whose conduct shews his character in a highly honourable point of view. When Mr. Edgeworth first applied to him for permission to introduce his son, he represented that he would be most happy to serve his friend, but candidly mentioned to him, that he had several daughters whose fortunes were but small, and pointed out the danger of an imprudent attachment being formed. This attachment was formed, and terminated in a union productive of little happiness. Dr. Randolph, who was then president of Corpus Christi, presents a pattern of resignation. He had a habit of muttering on every trivial occasion. "*Mors omnibus communis.*"—One day his horse stumbled on Maudlin bridge; the resigned president let his bridle go, and, drawing up the waistband of his breeches, as he sat bolt upright, exclaimed, before a crowded audience, "*Mors omnibus communis.*" "This indulgent president's good humour made a more salutary impression on the young men he governed than has ever been effected by the morose manners of any unrelenting disciplinarian." During vacations Mr. Edgeworth passed his time at Bath, where he was introduced to several families, for the express purpose of looking out for a matrimonial connexion: but here he soon perceived, that those who made the best figure in the ball-room were not always qualified to please in conversation. He saw, that beauty and grace were sometimes accompanied by a frivolous character, by disgusting envy, or despicable vanity. His heart had been enchained at Mr. Elers, at Black-Burton; but whether that

chain was not even now broken we cannot say. Before he went to Bath he had paid particular attentions to one of the young ladies: having engaged her affections, on his return he entered into the bonds of matrimony, having, as he acknowledges in his life, no honorable means of extrication. This match appears to have had its origin in that thoughtless attention which young men are too apt to carry to excess, without having a single distinct idea, further than the amusement of the moment. On seeing new faces, or even by mere continuance, this becomes tiresome; and unless, as in the present instance, a sense of honour intervenes, the affections they have won are treated with indifference, if not totally despised. Should a union, urged by feelings of honour, take place, how seldom do we find it tend to happiness, unconnected, as it is, by the chains of love, or the more lasting ties of friendship and esteem! The step he had taken, of course, subjected Mr. E. to the displeasure of his father and mother, particularly of the former; however, forgiveness was obtained by the intercession of his sister. The marriage ceremony had been performed in Scotland; but, a few months afterwards, it was again celebrated by license. The first child, a son, was born in 1764. Shortly after this, Mr. Edgeworth and his bride came over to Edgeworth-town, little more than in time to take a long farewell of his mother, whose last impressive advice we cannot forbear recording and recommending.—“My son,” said she, “learn how to say no; your inventive faculty will lead you eagerly into new plans, and you may be dazzled by some new scheme before you have finished, or fairly tried, what you had begun.—Resolve to finish; never procrastinate.” On Mr. Edgeworth’s return to England, being at Chester, in 1765, and hearing an account of Dr. Darwin’s carriage, he determined to turn his thoughts to the construction of carriages: hence we may date the origin of his future numerous experiments. He now also began to study law. During the period of serving his terms he was very limited in his circumstances, living near Reading on a small allowance from his father. On going up to London to keep his terms, he became acquainted with the famous Sir Francis Delaval, Dr. Knight, Dr. Watson, Sam. Foote, Macklin, &c. &c. Various interesting anecdotes are related of Sir Francis in the Memoirs of Mr. Edgeworth lately published. One of these, detailing his stratagems at his last Andover election, we cannot pass over in total silence. Sir Francis’s interest was at lowest ebb:



he had drawn down upon himself the vengeance of the Mayoress, by sending her, on a former occasion, plated, instead of the promised silver tea-cannisters. This was unpardonable. She would hear of no apology. Her influence was felt by the loss of the mayor's and his friends' votes. The corporation openly declared, that unless some person of wealth, and consequence, and honour, appeared from London, and proposed himself candidate, they would elect a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had never canvassed the borough, rather than let Sir Francis come in. Next morning an express arrived early in Andover, with an eloquent and truly polite letter from Sir Robert Ladbroke, who was then father of the city, declaring his intention to stand candidate for the free and independent borough of Andover, intimating that his gouty state of health required care, and begging the mayor, with whom he had some acquaintance, to secure for him a well-aired lodging. Mrs. Mayoress, in high exultation, had a bed prepared for the infirm Sir Robert in her best bed-chamber. Supper was ready at an early hour; but no Sir Robert appeared. At length a courier arrived with a letter, excusing his presence that night; but promising that Sir Robert would breakfast next morning with the mayor. In the mean time, the neighbouring gentleman, who had been thought of as a rival candidate to Sir F. Delaval, not finding himself applied to, and seeing no likelihood of success, had prudently left home, to avoid being laughed at. The morning came, the breakfast passed, and the hour of election approached. An express was sent to hurry Sir Robert. The express was detained on the road; and when the writ was to be read, and the books opened, the old member, Sir Francis Delaval, appeared unopposed on the hustings; his few friends gave their votes, and in default of the expected Sir Robert, who was never forthcoming, Sir Francis was duly elected.

Mr. Edgeworth was now much occupied with mechanical schemes; he brought up his son, till about the age of eight years, entirely upon the natural system of Rousseau, a system which we must consider highly dangerous in its tendency. About this time he became acquainted with Mr. Day, a man of "strict morality in words and actions," of deep erudition, patriotic, noble, and yet withall combining the character we would denominate an *oddity*; he was never acceptable to Mrs. Edgeworth, indeed her domestic unhappiness seemed every day to increase. Mr. Day on a first

acquaintance had but little prepossessing in his manners, which were completely stoical and totally regardless of external forms, or of those accomplishments which he himself did not possess.

Mr. Edgeworth made his first essay in public speaking, at a debating Society in Coach-maker's-hall, "on the influence of female manners upon society." It originated from a wager laid to try his powers, and he succeeded so well in the difficult task, that he successively drew from his audience, laughter, hisses and applause, having thus won the bet. This trial gave him that confidence which he afterwards found of such utility. In 1769 his father died at the age of 70; he consequently came into possession of a property, which placed him above the necessity of a profession: he therefore was not called to the Bar. Here we will draw a veil over many incidents of his life.—When a man quits his wife and family and lingers away months in absence, to what dangers does he not expose himself—it is seeking for unhappiness; Mr. Edgeworth forgot every good, every amiable, every domestic quality of his wife—he thought she should be all perfection—he compared her with the gay, the lively, on whom care had never laid his rugged hand—he no more recollected her who passed with him years of seclusion and who was then left in lonely solitude; how could she be cheerful, who must quickly have perceived that for her kindled no sentiment of affection—for her was but the chilling coldness of regret. Mr. Edgeworth passed a long time at the house of a friend, rivetted by the fetters of a passion which was never abandoned, and from which, a sense of propriety at length forced him to fly to France.

Mr. Day, and his own son, then about eight years old, were the companions of his tour. When at Lyons, he was engaged with Mons. Perache in the execution of a plan for enlarging the city, by cutting a new channel for the river Rhone, so as to form its junction with the Soane, nearly a mile farther from the town than where it then took place. As this was a work of time, Mrs. Edgeworth, with one of her sisters was invited over; her stay in France was but short, as previously to her expected confinement, she returned to England under the care of Mr. Day. Mr. Edgeworth had now little time to devote to the education of his son, which was thus entirely placed in the hands of a tutor who had accompanied them from England; here that self-will arising from the dangerous spirit of independance, infused by the system of Rousseau, shewed itself in so high a degree,

as to render the labours of the tutor inefficacious. The College des Oratoires presented the only resource, and thither young Edgeworth was sent, after a promise having been made by the superior that his religious faith should not be interfered with. Mr. Edgeworth's services had no mercenary objects. The work made rapid progress, but unfortunately was not finished before the floods, from want of exertion in the proprietors; the consequence was foreseen by the projector, but could not be counteracted. The torrents descended; and the labours of months were destroyed in a day. The proprietors, far from imputing any blame to Mr. E., wished to have his opinion on the erection of flour-mills, by which they hoped to retrieve their losses. It was just after completing and sending in an essay on their construction, that Mr. Edgeworth received an account, that his wife had expired soon after her accouchment: this obliged him to return to England. Before his departure, he received from the Rhone company a grant of part of the reclaimed land, as a testimony of the estimation in which they held his services. This grant was, of necessity, vested in a trustee, whose family and records were swept away by the revolution. Mr. E. returned to London free from restraint in respect to the attachment which we before mentioned his having formed; his addresses were received and approved of, and in 1773 he was married to Miss Honora Sneyd of Litchfield, and immediately set off for Ireland.

Edgeworth-town house and demesne, after a good deal of pulling to pieces and rebuilding, hewing down, and ploughing up, presented a comfortable residence, which for three years was occupied in domestic retirement—perhaps *ennui* began to shew itself—the dullness of Ireland was exchanged for the advantages of society, presented by a residence in Hertfordshire. Mr. Edgeworth returned to his mechanical pursuits, and in 1776 completed a clock on a new construction, the particulars of which, we are not in possession of. Mrs. E. had sufficient to employ her time, in attending to two children of her own, and three of the former marriage. The eldest son was sent to school, but his application was desultory, and his father thought it better to comply with his wishes, and allow him to embrace a seafaring life: he died in 1796.

A law-suit in the Irish courts called for the immediate presence of Mr. Edgeworth: he found that his Irish estates were every day becoming of less value from want of that management and attention;



which nothing but personal residence could secure to them. He wisely determined to sacrifice pleasure to interest—what a different aspect would the country wear, if such was to be the determination of the mass of the landed proprietors: unfortunately, they prefer the gradual deterioration of their property, the rapacity of middlemen, and the heavy duties of exchange.—To what must the country at length arrive? total bankruptcy.--It is in vain to say, our fathers predicted it, and it has not yet arrived—sooner or later it must happen, unless we can arrest those rapid strides, which are every year accelerating our course to indigence and degradation. The last two months present a sad and unparallel'd spectacle of distress;—but we must return from our digression. Mr. Edgeworth communicated his sentiments to his wife, who had remained in England; and she immediately took measures for visiting Ireland. During her preparations, she caught cold from sitting under a tree to rest after a walk: this brought on a slight fever; and, in spite of medical assistance, her disorder terminated in confirmed consumption, which a few months brought to its fatal conclusion. Thus in the bloom of life was snatched away, an amiable and affectionate wife, a fond sister, and a sincere friend: beloved by her acquaintances, and idolized by a husband, whom her departure from a painful state of existence, left sad indeed. We say sad indeed; for although we may judge from Mr. Edgeworth's frequent matrimonial connexions, and the short time passed under the denomination of a widower, that he possessed too much philosophic coolness to allow of the long continuance of grief; yet, while it did last, it was poignant. It was his opinion, that “nothing is more erroneous than the common belief, that a man, who has lived in the greatest happiness with one wife, will be the most averse to take another. On the contrary, the loss of happiness which he feels when he loses her, necessarily urges him to endeavour to be again placed in a situation which had constituted his former felicity.” This reasoning may be fair enough; but it is not every one that can so soon pour the oil of philosophy on the troubled sea of sorrow, and re-arrange the affections wandering without their sun.

Mrs. Edgeworth had, on her death-bed, recommended her husband to fix his attention on her sister Elizabeth: probably with the view of insuring maternal affection to the infants from whom she was thus prematurely called. Miss E. Sneyd, in obedience to her

sister's suggestion, changed the opinion which she had conceived of Mr. Edgeworth, and from friends conceiving themselves totally unadapted for each other, they became lovers. After many difficulties thrown in their way by officiousness and malice, they were at length united on 25th December, 1780. Mr. Edgeworth, in the Memoir of his own Life, says "the subject of this marriage became public, and was made the object of party disputes." Why it became a subject of party dispute we are ignorant; but perhaps it was on ecclesiastical grounds.

Scarcely any thing particular occurred between the period of Mr. Edgeworth's marriage and his return to Ireland in 1782. On his arrival, he found the usual *domestic welcome* of an absentee—mouldering walls and grumbling tenants. He had now seven children. The present Miss Edgeworth, (whom well-merited fame has pointed out as a luminary of no ordinary brilliancy, a bright star in the literary hemisphere,) being a daughter by his first wife, was then about twelve years old, and seemed to be his favourite: she assisted in copying his letters of business, and receiving his rents; and perhaps to these circumstances we may ascribe the acute knowledge of men and manners which she has displayed in delineating her principal characters.

Mr. E. received his rents at his own house: thus preventing the necessity of a *driver*. In making leases he gave the preference to the term of 31 years; and wisely considered that a lease for 99 years is not to be accounted a lease for ever. Another peculiarity in his system was, his not allowing lands to be relet, and refusing to permit his estate to be portioned into plots, scarcely sufficient to supply potatoes for a wretched family. It is to the encouragement of this system of contented beggary, satisfied with supplying the mere cravings of nature, and ignorant of artificial comforts, that much of the misery of the Irish peasantry is to be attributed. The subject of the present sketch was the first person in Ireland who brought an action to recover double rent against a tenant for holding forcible possession after notice to quit. On this occasion, Mr. (afterwards Judge) Fox was his advocate: the able and eloquent address then delivered extracted from the jury a verdict for his client.

As a magistrate, Mr. Edgeworth was impartial and strict; unbiassed by the ruling party in points of law or justice: averse to the tricks

of electioneering and the jobbing of grand-juries. We have little hesitation in saying, that the freedom of his religious opinions and his general impartiality must have rendered him an object of envy, if not distrust, to a government, at that time unfortunately prejudiced and contracted in its sentiments: exercising too much of the dictatorial power over a people not utterly dead to a sense of freedom, or incapable of appreciating their primeval superiority in refinement.

Immediately on his arrival in Dublin, Mr. Edgeworth took a part in the opposition to ministerial measures, as appears from his address to the Volunteers of the County Longford, inciting them to parliamentary reform, and in fact to aspire to a free representation.\*

At the county of Longford meeting, held in June, 1782, for the purpose of naming candidate representatives, Mr. Edgeworth, after much opposition, succeeded in carrying a set of resolutions and a petition for REFORM. He thus had the honor of being the mover of the first petition on that subject, in Ireland. When it was in agitation to send delegates from the different volunteer corps to form a national convention, Mr. E. shewed his judgment and foresight in endeavouring (though ineffectually) to dissuade the provincial assembly from nominating *military* delegates, and proposing to *let the counties chose for themselves*.†

\* In 1778, when the American war drew off our choicest troops, when Ireland was threatened with invasion from without, and rebellion from within, her principal nobility and gentry boldly stepped forward to volunteer in her defence. The first corps was commanded by the patriotic and esteemed Duke of Leinster, (father of the present Duke.) Freedom and independence then prepared to unfurl their banners, and the volunteer standard was quickly raised among 50,000 men, under the command of the Earl of Charlemont. Government saw the precipice on which it stood; tottering from the vast expenditure of blood and money, resulting from a disastrous war, which presented no reasonable hope of success; and, alarmed at opposition which their conduct excited at home, its endeavour was to conciliate: hence the many concessions to the cause of religious and political freedom which passed the English House of Parliament.

† This was over-ruled, and in 1783 delegates to the amount of 160 met at the Royal Exchange, Dublin. Here indeed was a fearful crisis—an armed assembly prepared to legislate, if not with the pen, perhaps with the sword. The step was intemperate, and blasted their prospects. Mr. Flood, the member of parliament, was sent to the house to make a motion for reform, and propose the conventional plans. The delegates were to await his return. Now indeed every man of cool sense began to tremble for the consequences if news of the rejection of the motion should be carried back to a body of men, many of them inflamed by enthusiasm and debate. The president Lord Charlemont, at length prevailed upon them to dissolve the meeting. But for this step anarchy and confusion would have reigned. The raging tempest, the fury of passionate debate, subsided towards morning, when the motion was negatived by a large majority. The hope of reform henceforth gleamed brightly but at distant intervals, to shew that it was expiring. The impetuous necessity which had called out the volunteers was no more: Government regarded them with a jealous eye, and determined to make no further concession: peace came, and amusement was their business.



The assembling of the national convention gave a vital stab to the too gigantic hopes of their constituents, by setting parliament to work instantly to raise bulwarks for its defence. Mr. Edgeworth withdrew from political to domestic occupation. When the Royal Irish Academy was forming in 1785, he was proposed as one of the original members by Dr. Usher; but he seems to have been rejected, as it was Lord Charlemont who obtained the insertion of his name in the patent when on the eve of transmission for the royal assent. It is a curious circumstance that these literary bodies were formed almost in the midst of civil tumult—the Royal Society, the Irish Academy, and the National Institute.

In 1786 and 7, Mr. Edgeworth's time was chiefly occupied in mechanical and agricultural pursuits. He clearly saw the utility of the liming system, which he practised to a great extent. For the conveyance of lime and marl to remote parts of his estate, he made use of moveable wooden railways, and a number of *small light* waggons linked to each other.

In 1789, Mr. E. suffered a severe shock in the loss of his friend Mr. Day, and soon after had to endure the trial of losing his daughter Honora, when she had just attained her 15th year. She died of hereditary consumption, nurtured by a sedentary and thinking habit.

In 1792 he went to Clifton on account of his son's health. Fashionable follies, routes and visits, ill suited the habits of a man who had devoted so much time to the more active operations of the mind, reflection and invention; or even, of one, who like him, had been intimate with the cleverest men of the age. Years had taken off from that diffidence and fear of offending which in earlier days he might have possessed, and he scrupled not to inveigh with bitterness against the levities and trifling manners of the day. However his mind was on the alert, as his different proposals to Mr. Wedgwood testify: one of these was to carbonate the Clifton waters. At Clifton he became acquainted with the celebrated Dr. Beddoes, and there the Dr. formed an attachment for Miss Anna Edgeworth which led to their marriage at Edgeworth-town, in April 1794.

In the autumn of 1793, *the heart of oak boys, and defenders* begun to shew themselves in Ireland; and the protection of his property required his immediate return. The rumours of a French invasion rendered a quick mode of communication desirable, and Mr. Edgeworth again turned his thoughts to telegraphs. In a letter to Dr. Darwin, dated Dec. 11, 1794, he thus mentions his labours.

“ I have been employed for two months in experiments upon a telegraph of my own invention. I tried it partially 26 years ago. It differs from the French in distinctness and expedition, as the intelligence is not conveyed alphabetically. I propose to government, to raise a corps of *Videttes*, and to station them in fifty or

sixty posts, from which a constant correspondence may be kept up with the capital. I also propose to carry my visual communication across the channel to London. In your country I hope, that ministers have satisfied themselves, that there was no design to introduce *sans-culottism*; and that the discontent, which reasonable men expressed against the flagrant abuses, and insane wars, was a feeling very different from a wish to call old Chaos from the bed of night. Here things are very different; the lowest order of the people has been long oppressed; they are ignorant, they are  *vrais sans culottes*, and, without prevention, the most horrid calamities may ensue. I intended to detail my telegraphs (in the plural,) but I find that I have not room at present. If you think it worth while, you shall have the whole scheme before you, which I know you will improve for me. Suffice it, that, by day, at eighteen or twenty miles distance, I shew, by four pointers, isoscles triangles, twenty feet high, on four imaginary circles, eight imaginary points, which correspond with the figures 0. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. So that seven thousand different combinations are formed, of four figures each, which refer to a dictionary of words; by an additional contrivance, seven different vocabularies are referred to, of lists of the navy, army, militia, lords, commons, geographical and technical terms, and, besides an alphabet. So that every thing one wishes may be transmitted with expedition.

By night, white lights are used—query, the most economical? I wrote to another friend but he is as laconic and obscure as Delphos."

This telegraph was tried between Pakenham-hall and Edgeworth-town, and afterwards at Collon the seat of Mr. Foster, who was so convinced of its efficacy, that in 1795, under his auspices, a memorial was presented to Lord Camden who treated it as useless. In Sept. 1796 it was again agitated, and in the November following totally dropped. On the 30th December, 1796, the French were off our coasts. Mr. E. again made proposals which produced no more than a complimentary note, and the promise of an answer which was never sent. The hurry and confusion which existed in the ordinance department at this time was so great, that the cannon sent to Bantry Bay were provided with balls of totally different calibre. The shifting of the wind prevented the fleet from effecting a landing. *Afflavit Deus et dissipantur.*

Miss Edgeworth was in this year engaged, with her father in the *essay on practical education* which was early suggested by Dr. Darwin, a work too well known to need our commentary—we will give our readers a few of Mr. E's principal opinions. He always recommended a private education for girls: but, part of a letter to Dr. Rees shews clearly his disapproval of it, in the case of boys. He says: "I most earnestly deprecate the conclusion that has been drawn from our books, that we recommend in general private education for boys. We know, that in general, private education is impracticable, and that it requires an uncommon coincidence of circumstances, to make it in any case adviseable."

Mr. E. recanted the opinion which he once held with regard to memory, and latterly saw its effects in too strong a light to permit him to hold it in such low estimation. Memory, we should think, is a faculty that ought to be cultivated with the greatest care. It is only to be improved by exercise, and, in our first trials, it should

never be overloaded, or it becomes a crowded and unintelligible picture.

He latterly "found that the best chance of avoiding danger from bad example is to give, as early as possible, means of comparison, and habits of resolution; to let young people see different characters, conduct and manners, and hear, in the course of common conversation in family society, the opinions that are given, without reference to themselves. This exercises them early in that sort of resolution, which is found necessary in real life, to enable people to refrain from imitating what is affected in manner, or wrong in conduct."

To the essay on practical education, it has been objected, that a total want of religious principle appears throughout. This we sincerely lament but cannot deny. At the time of the publication of the essay we fear the author did not see the effects of the omission in that light, in which a mature judgment afterwards inclined him to view it. In the preface which he wrote for the second edition he says "*they (the authors) disavow, in explicit terms, the design of laying down a system of education founded upon morality, exclusive of religion;*" and in a letter to Dr. Rees dated 1812. "*We are convinced, that religious obligation is indispensably necessary in the education of all descriptions of people, in every part of the world.*" This much we have adduced to shew, that the first writers on experimental education, in this country, have not neglected to enforce the obligations of religion; though, from a culpable carelessness, they, in some of their writings appear to have done so. Mr. Edgeworth's first canvass for the County of Longford proved unsuccessful. His wife's health declined rapidly, and the next year saw him again a widower; he was now in the 54th year of his age. The presence of four sons and five daughters cheered the wane of life, and two of his late wife's sisters also resided in the house. Yet, here we find him, after seventeen years of domestic felicity, drying up the tears of affliction, recalling to mind the image of a child whom he had seen years before, and was now scarce thirty; and, in less than twelve months after the decease of the former partner of his affections, revisiting the hymeneal altar—Thrice happy bonds from which exemption was pain! to some it may appear, that such conduct was a flattering testimony of the *intellectual* pleasures of the married state; to us it conveys far other ideas. We must confess that we think a man of Mr. E's years and possessed of such a family, might in their bosom have contented himself. With such a daughter as Miss Maria Edgeworth he never could have felt a want of conversation; in her was a taste congenial to his own—they were partners in literary labours—he had no reason to fear the want of parental tenderness towards his children; for, whom, could he find more adapted to bestow it, than the aunts of these children.



To expect superior affection or attention from a step mother is more than what general experience justifies.

In 1798 Mr. Edgeworth married Miss Beaufort, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Beaufort of Black-castle; previously to this, he had been elected member of parliament for the borough of St. Johnstown, Co. Longford. Early in 1798, the flames of rebellion burst forth in Dublin; but the timely apprehension of the principal instigators smothered it in the city. It shewed itself in various parts of the country; however, Longford remained tranquil till the autumn, when it was clearly seen that the mass of the people waited but the promised arrival of the French, as the signal for open insurrection. To guard against this misguided spirit, the noblemen and gentlemen of the different counties, either raised or joined corps of yeomanry. Mr. Edgeworth deferred doing either, until he found that it was absolutely necessary, to shield him from the vengeance of both parties. He at length raised the Edgeworth-town yeomanry, but his tardiness rendered him an object of distrust to Government: and so little reliance was placed on his corps, that their arms were delayed at the castle, until the day of danger was past. What idea of patriotism can justify Mr. Edgeworth? If we wish to eradicate disease with the least possible injury, strike at it in its infancy before it has extended its baneful influence. It was a neglect of this principle that cost Ireland so much blood. Government knew that a house divided against itself must fall—they permitted disaffection to rear its head and stalk through our devoted island, that they might have an opportunity of applying a balsam to her wounds—this balsam was the union—a costly medicine, the purchase of which has desolated our streets.

Every thing was in a state of fermentation—a man could scarcely trust his neighbour, or his friend—suspicion arose in every breast. On the 3d September, news arrived at Longford, that the French had landed. All was then quiet; but next morning intelligence was received, that the rebels were *up* around. Mr. Edgeworth and family, were obliged to quit their house and fly to Longford. His corps, though unarmed and aware of an unfriendly reception, did not desert him. Edgeworth-town-house was saved from the fury of the rebels, by one of their own party, who retained a grateful remembrance of a favour long before conferred: this circumstance was set in the scale against Mr. E's loyalty; and in fact so much were he and his corps disliked, that the other yeomanry of Longford petitioned government for their removal. However all was soon hushed in the alarm excited at hearing that the French were within a few miles of the town. The yeomanry were about evacuating it, when Mr. Edgeworth, with fifty men, undertook to defend the gaol, and his offer was gladly accepted. Next day brought news of the defeat of the French and rebel army. He that before trembled with

fear, now strutted with Gascon courage. A yeomanry sergeant harangued the mob and raised their fury by telling them, that Mr. Edgeworth had intended to deliver up the gaol to the French, and so effectually inflamed them, that Mr. E. was with difficulty, rescued from their barbarous rage. He returned, as soon as possible, with his family to Edgeworth-town, and shortly after received arms for his corps.

Mr. Edgeworth was an anti-unionist, not from a conviction that the measure would be injurious to the country, but because he thought it was forced upon the people. How it was carried, may appear from the fact, that Mr. E. was offered 3000 guineas for his seat in Parliament, when but a few weeks of the session remained. One great object he attained, viz. the direction of the thoughts of parliament towards the education of the people; to him we owe the subsequent establishment of the board of education of which he was an able and efficient member.

In 1892, Mr. Edgeworth and family went to the continent in compliance with the wishes of some foreign friends, and the solicitations of Professor Pictet, who had been for some time on a visit with him. As a fellow of the Royal Society, he was invited to take his seat at the national institution; this however he declined, unless as a member of the Royal Irish Academy. Though Mr. Edgeworth, while in France, never meddled in practical or theoretical politics, he one morning received an order to quit Paris in twenty-four hours, and France in fifteen days. Resistance was vain, out of Paris he must go; a petition was drawn up and signed by his Parisian friends: by the First Consul's mandate to Mons. L'Grand Juge, the order was rescinded, and an excuse made, "that Mr. Edgeworth was, by mistake, supposed to be the author of Abbé Edgeworth." Happily for the family, this arbitrary act dissuaded them from settling in France.

In 1805, Mr. Edgeworth was employed by Government to form a telegraphic line of communication between Galway and Dublin; in this arduous undertaking, he was assisted by his brother-in-law Captain Beaufort. Pulmonary consumption again asserted its empire over the family, and carried off Miss Charlotte Edgeworth, in the twenty-fourth year of her age; although it had proved fatal to her sisters Honora and Elizabeth, and they were conscious of an hereditary predisposition, yet, from her apparent health, hopes were entertained of her escape:—Alas! they were vain. Her brother Henry soon followed. In 1806, Mr. Edgeworth completed his statistical survey of the County Longford, which, from want of a map, has not yet been published. Not long after a severe fit of illness, in 1809, Mr. Edgeworth accepted an employment under the Bog-commissioners, and agreed to perform the necessary operations, levelling, surveying, &c. on 21,367 acres of bog. After twelve

months fatigue and unremitting exertions, assisted by his son Wm. he sent in his report, in which he expressed his conviction of its being reclaimable, and that on advantageous terms. In fact, it appears that in this island, there are 283,000 acres of bog, more than half of which is reclaimable.

In 1812, he presented to the board of agriculture, "An Essay on springs applied to carts," for which, they voted him one hundred guineas. The premium was declined; he deemed it sufficient to be *the first who clearly demonstrated the utility of springs in easing the draft.*

In 1819, Mr. Edgeworth was suddenly seized by an illness, which lasted some time, from the effects of which, he never perfectly recovered.

This year, his son Lovell, who had long been a prisoner in France, and had been liberated by the triumphal entry of the allies into Paris, returned to cheer the decline of a tender parent. At the age of 71, his sight failed. In 1815, he put himself under the care of Surgeon Crampton of Dublin; his health was very much impaired, and the remembrance of years forbade him to hope for perfect recovery. His intellectual powers were strong, and he cheerfully saw the approaches of death. The fatigues he went through, by conducting a set of experiments on wheel-carriages, before the Dublin Society in 1815 and 16, were too much for his strength. He, however, was blest with attentive and dutiful children; they were eyes to him that was blind—they were the supporters of his "slipped decrepitude."

Mr. Edgeworth retained his faculties in such vigour, that five days before his death, he dictated a long letter to Lady Romilly, perfectly free from that gloom which the shadow of approaching death might have been expected to throw over it. He died on the 13th June, 1817, in the 74th year of his age. At his request, his coffin was devoid of ornament, and his mortal remains were conveyed to the tomb by his own labourers.

In the foregoing sketch, the earlier part of Mr. Edgeworth's life has been more enlarged upon, as the latter part is within the knowledge of many readers, and our chief wish was, to shew the sources from which the smooth stream of age was collected. Mr. Edgeworth was endued with a great spirit of perseverance, which tended to counteract a hasty temper. His general deportment possessed openness and candour. His political principles were those of toleration and freedom, perhaps in too great a degree. A vivacity pervaded his conversation which never shewed itself in his writings. The thread of his life was, latterly, spun out in domestic felicity, and severed at the happiest moment, just when the decay of the mind is preparing to follow that of the body.

Of his Writings we propose to give an abstract in a future number.



## OPTICS.

## REMARKS ON CAPTAIN FORMAN'S ESSAY ON LIGHT.

In the March number of Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine, an essay appeared on a *property of Light which hitherto has been unobserved by philosophers*, by Captain Forman, R. N. As many of our readers may not have had opportunity to see, or patience to read through this Essay, we shall give, as fairly as we can, an abstract of the gallant Captain's opinions and arguments. However, as he has introduced into the discussion of his theory, a vast quantity of multifarious remarks, we must be excused from noticing every particular.

The substance of his theory may indeed be well called a *property unobserved by philosophers*; it is, that the rays of Light during their rectilinear motion give out *secondary* rays in every direction, by means of which, we can, in fact, see a ray which does not itself enter the eye (just as as we see the track of a rocket by its continually spattering out fire); these secondary rays again emit others, and so on until the whole of the light is spent. The great stress of his arguments lies on the solution of six problems, which he thinks cannot be accounted for on any other principles; they are, 1. Why light from objects at a distance is always fainter than that which proceeds from any thing that is near. 2. Why the Stars are not visible in the daytime, except from a mine or the bottom of a well. 3. The tail of a Comet. 4. The Zodiacal Light. 5. The Twilight, and he believes, 6. The Aurora Borealis.

The simplest mode of answering this philosophical son of Neptune would be, to overturn all his conclusions, by merely denying all his premises; and to justify ourselves for so doing, we need only state them. But the number of his assertions is so very great that we must content ourselves with noticing a few.

It has always been held as a manifest truth, that the quantity of light incident on any surface varies inversely as the square of the distance from the radiant; Captain Forman's opinion on this point may be gathered from these words:

"If we suppose the fixed Stars to be Suns of equal magnitude with our own, every Star must send down *so much more light* upon the earth than the Sun does, *in proportion as its angle* (which cannot

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be measured) *is smaller* than the Sun's angle ; if the Stars' therefore did not lose a very great proportion of their light in consequence of the great distance from us, the light of the Sun would be lost in the greater splendour of the stars' light, and the light of a single star entering the eye would be intolerable." This portentous assertion is the chief support of his first argument, and may serve for a fair specimen of his reasoning. In another passage, he maintains that a ray of light admitted into a dark room is visible, not by means of dust, or vapour, but by its own secondary rays. If this deserve any serious answer, we would send the gentleman to examine the beam with a solar microscope. The reason why the sky is not dark at noon-day, must be sought (according to the Captain) in his doctrine ; the common opinion that the atmosphere reflects blue light is dismissed with the remark that it is *not unreasonable* ; but nothing which we can honor with the name of argument is brought against it. He next proceeds to account for the tails of Comets ; and in the attempt, he violates all the rules of philosophising : for he brings forward hypotheses which have neither probability nor experience to support them. He supposes the Comets to possess a light of their own which they send out, not in all directions like the Sun, but in *radii alone*. Such a luminary would indeed be unexampled, especially as he supposes this very light to give out *secondary* rays *in all directions* during its motion. This light then he conceives to cause the tail of the Comet, by its being visible only behind the Comet, while in other parts it is drowned by the superior light of the Sun. This, in other words, means, that the conical shadow and penumbra of the opaque body is *brighter* than the surrounding space, which could not happen even on the wild supposition of our theorist, for then the tail should be a faint light surrounded by an overpowering bright one, and not by darkness. He even attempts to account for the curvature in the tail by the same ludicrous hypothesis ; but he does not appear to have even heard of the undulations towards the extremity of the tail, which add some strength to the electric hypothesis. As to his lucubrations on the possibility of inhabiting Comets, we wish him joy of his discovery, and hope soon to see a correct account of the manners of the Cometarians : the undertaking can of course present no difficulty to so hypothetic a voyager as Captain Forman, R. N. We shall however be so foolish as to sit down in utter ignorance of those important secrets,

The *zodiacal light* is a phenomenon, which does not appear to be satisfactorily accounted for as yet; but unquestionably our nautical philosopher has not been successful in his explanation of it. It is, he says, "neither more nor less than the Sun's secondary rays sending down light into the eye." But this hypothesis leaves us totally ignorant why it should be pointed towards the Zenith, as the rays should diverge instead of converging; nor does it show why this light appears in the ecliptic, and chiefly at the equinoxes.

The *twilight* he considers as a mere variety of the zodiacal light, appearing flatter and brighter on account of the refraction of our atmosphere. We cannot forbear extracting a sentence from his remarks on this point: "although the refraction of the atmosphere will account for the greater light of the twilight and the flatness of its figure, we cannot, upon that principle, account for its light being brought into the eye; because, if the primary rays of the Sun were still refracted into the eye, all the consequence would be, that the Sun would be longer in setting; for upon no principle of refraction can we account for the Sun's rays diverging upwards being brought down by refraction into the eye, without supposing that those that were not directed so high, would be *refracted down to our feet*; and therefore the Sun's rays could not occupy a greater space upon the retina after sunset than they did before." We are sure our readers will join with us in admiring the elegance of Captain F's premises, and the singular ease with which he jumps to his conclusion. The idea of attributing the *aurora borealis* to these wonder-working subdivisions of light, is too grossly absurd to require a serious consideration. But in treating of it, the prodigious ignorance of the writer appears peculiarly strong, and is only exceeded by the rashness of his assertions. He denies that the atmosphere has *any refracting power*; and supports his opinion by an argument which proves him totally unacquainted with the first principles of the science. "In every other medium the angle of refraction is always in proportion to the angle of incidence, let that be what it will; but in the atmosphere this *is not the case*, its figure has nothing to do with it, and the degree of refraction is always in proportion to the *density of its particles*." Light was supposed by Sir Isaac Newton, if not by all the philosophers, to partake of the nature of matter, and therefore should be subject to the laws of attraction as well as all other matter. *The power of attraction is always in proportion to the velocity of the body in motion*; and the reason why light is more refracted in a



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dense atmosphere than in a rare one, *is not because there is any refracting power in the atmosphere*, but because, by diminishing the velocity of light in a greater degree, it increases the force of the earth's attraction." In this passage the writer does not consider that the law of refraction holds only for the same medium, and that the air at different densities cannot be called the same medium. His law of attraction is doubtless a *novel* one; but he seems not to be aware that, when he says, 'light partakes of the nature of matter, he subverts his own theory. For what new laws of motion can reconcile us to the idea that light moving with a very great velocity can project from it particles that shall move with an equally great velocity in every direction, even backwards! One of his strangest speculations is, that the *crackling* of the *Aurora Borealis* is owing to "the rays of light forcing their way against the resistance of the atmosphere." He supposes this sound to be always produced, but from its constancy not to be noticed. However, the *Aurora Borealis* lasts for some time, and we should therefore not observe the noise then; besides we might expect to hear the noise at sunrise, when the chirping of birds may be mistaken by Captain F. for the crackling of light, (a misconception not too great for his imagination). He argues from the sense of smelling; but though scents may, by continuance, cease to be noticed, yet constant sounds can be noticed by merely rousing the attention; so that these two senses are not capable of comparison on this question.

He concludes his remarks by accounting for the dancing of the Northern lights, on the supposition that the changes in the air produced by Ice-bergs, cause a variety of refractions and even of colours.

We have thus stated most of Captain F's arguments, but scarce a sentence occurs in which some well-known phenomenon is not mentioned, and accounted for in the strangest manner. We have only to apologise to our readers for occupying so much space, with the discussion of so unfounded a theory. We were inclined to pay some attention to it from the respectability of the publication in which it appeared; but we found it to be the work of a man who knew nothing of Optics as a science, who captiously quarrelled with received and established theories, and mistook for truth his own crude conceptions. The supposition on which the whole rests is neither sufficient to account for the phenomena, nor is it in itself even possible. The Captain has not even profited much by his voyages;

which appears by his objecting to the reflection of light from the air, by alledging that if the blue light were chiefly reflected, an increased quantity of light should only produce a more intense blue; now it is well known that, in hotter countries, where the light is greater and the air more free from vapour, the sky is much more blue than ours. We are greatly inclined to think that Captain F. would better employ his time with his log-book, than in mangling the science of Optics; and, "take him all in all," we heartily hope that in the paths of philosophy, "we ne'er may look upon his like again."

## CHEMISTRY.

### INDIGO.

Dr. Thomson has analysed Indigo, and considers the blue pigment as composed of

7 atoms Carbon	5.25	. .	40.384
6 — Oxygen	6.00	. .	46.154
1 — Nitrogen	1.75	. .	13.462
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	13.00		100.000

The greenish yellow pigment, which is soluble in alkaline solutions, appeared to consist of

7 atoms Carbon	5.25
5 — Oxygen	5.00
1 — Nitrogen	1.75
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	12.00

Thus it appears, that the blue pigment differs from the greenish-yellow soluble basis, merely by containing one additional atom of Oxygen.

The Indigo on which the experiments were made, was obtained, by exposing the clear solution, taken up from a vat, to the air. The precipitate being separated was digested in dilute muriatic acid, and the residual powder considered as pure Indigo. It is generally necessary to digest the Indigo obtained from the vat in Alcohol, to remove the resinous substance which is usually found in common Indigo, and dissolves with it in Alkalies and Lime water.

## ROSIN.

Dr. Thomson has furnished us with the analysis of, and some particulars respecting common Rosin. When heated to the temperature of  $276^{\circ}$ . it becomes quite fluid; and if it be kept a sufficient time at that temperature, it loses all its water, and remains in the state of a reddish-yellow liquid. When allowed to cool, it concretes into a reddish-yellow rosin; much darker coloured than before, and obviously altered in its constitution.

The analysis of common Rosin indicated its composition to be,

In the common state.		Fused at $276^{\circ}$ .	
10 atoms Carbon	7.500	8 atoms Carbon	6.00
11 — Hydrogen	1.375	2 — Hydrogen	0.25
3 — Oxygen	3.000	6 — Oxygen	6.00
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11.875		12.25	

So that by the heat two atoms of Carbon and nine atoms of Hydrogen were removed, while the atoms of Oxygen were doubled: hence a considerable portion of oil must have been disengaged.

## MORPHIA.

Dr. Thomson gives the following as the easiest method of obtaining Morphia in a state of purity: into a strong infusion of Opium pour caustic Ammonia. Separate the brownish-white precipitate by the filter. Evaporate the infusion to about one-sixth of its volume, and mix the concentrated liquid with more Ammonia. A new deposit of impure Morphia is obtained. Let the whole of this deposit be collected on the filter, and washed with cold water; when well drained, pour a little Alcohol on it, and let the alcoholic liquid pass through the filter. It will carry off a good deal of the colouring matter, and very little of the Morphia. Dissolve the impure Morphia thus obtained in acetic acid, and mix the solution, which has a very deep brown colour, with a sufficient quantity of Ivory-black. This mixture is to be frequently agitated for twenty-four hours, and then thrown upon the filter. The liquid passes through quite colourless. If Ammonia be now dropt into it, pure Morphia falls in the state of a white powder. If we dissolve this precipitate in Alcohol, and evaporate that liquid slowly, we obtain the Morphia in pretty regular crystals. It is perfectly white, has a pearly lustre, is destitute of smell, but has an intensely bitter taste. The crystals are quadrila-



teral rectangular prisms. Dr. Thomson's analysis authorises us to consider it as composed of

18 atoms Hydrogen	2.25	.	.	5.59
24 — Carbon	18.00	.	.	44.72
20 — Oxygen	20.00	.	.	49.69
	<u>40.25</u>			<u>100.00</u>

This accords very well with Pelletier and Caventou's recent experiments on some of its salts. From their analysis of the sulphate, the atom of Morphia should weigh 40.11.

#### SUBBICHLORIDE OF SULPHUR.

Dr. Thomson has, in the *Annals of Philosophy* for June, given two elaborate papers, one on the composition of Subbichloride of Sulphur, and the other on that of the Bleaching Powder.

In the first of these he corrects the mistakes into which he fell in his original paper in 1803, from not knowing the properties of the hyposulphites.

The compound of Chlorine and Sulphur was formed by passing a current of Chlorine through flowers of Sulphur till the whole was liquified, its sp. gr. was 1.6789.

42.9 grains of this compound were dropped into distilled water in a phial. After about six weeks had elapsed, the solution and decomposition appeared complete. The liquor, however, was opalescent until slightly supersaturated by Ammonia. The sulphur that had fallen weighed 17.46 grs.

The liquid was then neutralized by acetic acid, and nitrate of Baria dropped in, a precipitate of Sulphite of Baria fell, weighing 2 grs.—equivalent to .29 grs. of Sulphur.

An excess of Nitrate of Silver was added, and, after some time, the precipitate collected. This precipitate evidently consisted of Chloride and Sulphuret of Silver: Caustic Ammonia separated the Chloride. The sulphuret weighed 15.13 grs. = 1.93 Sulphur.

The ammoniacal solution was saturated with Hydrochloric Acid, and deposited 83.7 grs. of Chloride of Silver = 20.66 Chlorine. Hence it appears from this analysis, that the compound consisted of 19.68 grs. Sulphur + 20.66 grs. Chlorine, + a loss = 2.56 grs. From this it is obvious that it could not have been a Chloride composed of one atom Chlorine + one atom sulphur. But if, with Dr. Thomson, we consider as a Subbichloride, the 42.9 grs. should yield 20.24 grs.

Sulphur + 22.66 grs. Chlorine. Considering the length of time occupied by the analysis, and the volatile nature of its object, the difference is so little as to warrant the conclusion that it consists of 2 atoms Sulphur + 1 atom Chlorine, or Sulphur 4 + Chlorine 4.475.

When this Subbichloride is agitated strongly in water it gradually deposits half its Sulphur, leaving Chloride of Sulphur, which is gradually decomposed into Hydrochloric and Hyposulphurous Acids. The Hyposulphurous Acid suffers spontaneous decomposition unless united to a base; hence Sulphur is again deposited, and Sulphurous Acid left in solution. This acid may be precipitated by Nitrate of Baria. When Nitrate of Silver is added, the Hydrochloric Acid is immediately precipitated; and Hyposulphite of Silver left in solution. This Salt is gradually decomposed, and sulphuret of Silver deposited.

#### BLEACHING POWDER.

Dr. Thomson's former method of analyzing this powder was by means of Nitrate of Silver, however the inaccuracy of that method has been pointed out by G. Lusac. From considerations depending on the atomic theory, it will appear, that when Chloride of Lime is analysed by Nitrate of Silver,  $\frac{1}{6}$  of the Chlorine is converted into Chloric Acid, and escapes detection.

The method employed now was to subject 2714 grs. of the powder to the action of heat in a retort. By this means there were driven into the receiver 333.48 cub. inches of Oxygen Gas, and 42.05 cub. inches of Nitrogen Gas: the loss of weight suffered by the powder was 875 grs.

The presence of Nitrogen was owing to the common air contained in the retort, part of which was driven off by the heat. The exact quantity due to this cause was, by experiment, found to be 27.5 cubic inches. The surplus arose from the air of the retort; which was expelled not by the heat but by the vapour of the water contained in the powder. This measured 20.33 cub. inches; and since, at the end of the operation, it must have been replaced by pure oxygen, it is necessary to add this volume to the oxygen already found, which will increase its quantity to 353.81 cub. inches = 119.977 grs. When we subtract this from 875 grs. the remainder, 755.023 grs. will indicate the quantity of water present.

Former experiments, made by different chemists, have concurred in proving the bleaching powder to be (when pure) a compound of one

atom chlorine + 2 atoms of lime, or, that it is a Subbichloride of Lime. Now to determine the volume of Chlorine, we have only to double that of the oxygen disengaged: because when the Chloride of Lime is heated it gives off its oxygen, and is converted into Chloride of Calcium. Thus, for every atom or  $\frac{1}{2}$  volume of oxygen, we have an atom or volume of Chlorine. In this way we find the quantity of Chlorine 707.62 cub. inch. = 536.892 grs.

The matter remaining in the retort after the action of heat, was digested in distilled water, to dissolve the muriate of Lime; and lest it might take up any uncombined lime, a current of Carbonic acid was passed through the solution. It yielded 1167.6875 grs. of Chloride of Calcium = 1354.683 muriate of Lime, or 764.606 Hydrochloric acid, + 590.077 Lime. Thus the muriatic acid found in the powder exceeds that into which the Chlorine could have been converted, by 212.717 grs.: so much must therefore have existed in combination with 164.162 Lime.

We see that the Chlorine, contained in the powder under examination, weighed 536.892 grs., and that it was combined with  $(590.077 - 164.162) \times 2 = 851.830$  grs of Lime, which number is, according to our mode of calculation, as near the theoretic number as analysis could hope for, or, (we should rather say) confirms the accuracy of our equivalents.

The residue which remained on the filter, after the separation of the muriate of Lime, weighed 697.6 grs. In this must be included half the Lime that had been united to the Chlorine, amounting to 425.915. The residue is 271.685 grs.; in this, however, is included the carbonic acid absorbed while drying &c. the allowance for which, ascertained by experiment, is 80.224 grs.—leaving a residue of 191.461 grs.

From what has preceded, it appears that 2714 grs. of the bleaching powder submitted to analysis contained:

Subbichloride of Lime	1388.722
Hydrochlorate of Lime	376.879
Water	755.023
Uncombined lime and impurity	191.461
	<hr/>
	2712.085
loss	1.915
	<hr/>
	2714.000



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Dr. Thomson, by expressing the specific gravity of Chlorine and the weight of a cubic inch of air, as well as the atoms of Chlorine and Calcium, in numbers different from those we have adopted, has concluded that the powder is composed of:

Subbichloride of Lime	1408.9294	
Water	419.6890	
Muriate of Lime	755.9800	
Uncombined lime and impurity	129.4016	{ this must include error other- wise it should be 157.4898.
<hr/>		
2714.0000		

Dr. Thomson thinks, (with justice), that the great proportion of water found, is not essential to the composition of the powder, or, at least not always present.—He thinks “that it is principally caused by the use (in the manufacturing process) of Sulphuric acid sp. gr. 1.5 instead of 1.75.” And that, “the specimen examined serves rather to shew, to what strength the bleaching powder can be made than to give a fair sample of what is usually exposed to sale.” However we have no reason to think that the powder which was the subject of the foregoing investigation, was made particularly strong. It was manufactured at Belfast.

#### NICKEL.

Berthier in the course of his experiments on Arseniuret of Nickel from Allemont, has found that Arseniate of Nickel is composed of equal parts of acid and base. Sulphate of Nickel of acid 5.22+4.78 Protoxide of Nickel.

Subcarbonate of Nickel	Carbonate of Nickel
Protoxide of Nickel . . 4.75	Protoxide of Nickel . . 4.83
Carbonic Acid . . . . 1.40	Carbonic Acid . . . . 2.10
Water . . . . . 3.85	Water . . . . . 3.07

When fused, the Arseniate and Sulphate become Arseniuret and Sulphuret. The Carbonates are totally decomposed by heat.

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### THERAPEUTICS.

#### ELATERIUM.

Dr. Paris has analysed the substance which spontaneously subsides from the juice of the wild cucumber, known in Pharmacy under the name of Elaterium. It occurs, in commerce, in little thin

cakes or broken pieces, bearing the impression of the muslin upon which it was dried. Its colour is greenish, its taste bitter and somewhat acrid; and, when tolerably pure, it is light, pulverulent and inflammable. When it has a dark green colour, approaching to black, is compact, and very heavy, and breaks with a shining resinous fracture, it may be rejected as an inferior article.

Dr. Paris finds that the active properties of the *Elaterium* depend upon a new vegetable proximate principle to which he gives the name of *Elatin*. It was obtained by digesting *Elaterium* with Alcohol sp. gr. 817. this solution was of a brilliant green colour: the solid matter obtained from it by evaporation was treated with boiling distilled water, which dissolved a minute portion.

The residue, insoluble in water, was inflammable, burning with smoke and an aromatic odour; not in the least bitter: it was soluble in alkalies, and was again precipitated from them unchanged in colour. It formed, with pure alcohol, a beautiful tincture, which yielded an odour of a very nauseous kind, but of very little flavour, and which gave a precipitate with water; it was soft, and of considerable specific gravity, sinking rapidly in water; circumstances which distinguish it from common rosin. In very minute quantities, it operates as a cathartic; and, in fact appears to be the element in which all the powers of the *Elaterium* are concentrated, and hence, may be termed *Elatin*. Dr. Paris estimates the chemical composition of *Elaterium* in the following manner:

Water	. . .	0.4
Extractive	. .	2.6
Fecula	. . .	2.8
Gluten	. . .	.5
Woody matter	.	2.5
Bitter principle	}	1.2
Elatin		

---  
10.0 grs.

The dose of good *Elaterium*, as it occurs in commerce, is about two grains; or it is better to give it only to the extent of half a grain at a time, and to repeat that dose every hour until it begins to operate. It is probably, when thus managed, the best hydragogue cathartic which we possess.

Dr. Clutterbuck gives the following directions for preparing it, as the best and most economical.

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 ANTIDOTE TO CORROSIVE SUBLIMATE.

It appears from the experiments of Taddei that FLOUR or Gluten will serve as an antidote to Deutochloride of Mercury (oxymuriate of Mercury or corrosive sublimate.) The Gluten of the wheat enters into combination with the sublimate, in the same manner as Albumen (white of egg.) This latter substance is recommended by ORFILA, and, when taken in large quantity, a very recent case has proved its efficacy; however, the present discovery is one of especial utility, as FLOUR is an article that can be much more easily obtained than white of egg. This remedy deserves publicity, as cases of poisoning by Corrosive sublimate are too common, in consequence of its use as a rat-powder.

From twenty to twenty-five grains of fresh gluten, or half the quantity of it dried, are necessary to neutralize one grain of the mineral; hence about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an ounce of Flour would be requisite.

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## CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JULY.

The Sun's apparent diameter, on the 1st, is  $31' 31''$ , and on the 16th,  $31' 32''$  increasing slowly during the whole of the month. He enters Leo on the 23d, at Oh. 36m. A.M.

The Sun rises on the 1st, at 3h. 35m., and sets at 8h. 25m.—To reduce the solar to mean time on this day, add 3m. 24s.; on the 15th, add 5m. 33s. and on the 25th, 6m. 8s.—his declination on the 1st, is  $23^{\circ} 8' N$ .

The Moon passes the ecliptic in her ascending node, on the first, between 10 and 11 P.M. in  $27^{\circ}$  of Pisces; and her N. latitude increases to the 8th, when it is, at noon,  $5^{\circ} 2'$ , in  $25^{\circ}$  of Gemini; and it decreases thence to the 15th, when she passes the ecliptic in her descending node, between 9 and 10 at night, in  $26^{\circ}$  of Virgo. Her S. latitude then increases to the 22d, being at 12 P.M.,  $5^{\circ} 6'$  in  $25^{\circ}$  of Sagittarius; and it decreases afterwards to the 29th, when she passes the ecliptic in her ascending node, between 1 and 2h. A.M., in  $25^{\circ}$  of Pisces; her N. latitude, on the 31st, at 12 P.M. is  $5^{\circ} 26'$  in  $6^{\circ}$  of Taurus.

The Moon will be in conjunction with Jupiter on the 1st, at 5h. 21m. P.M.; with Saturn, on the 3d; with  $\beta$  Tauri, on the 8th, at 3h. 5m. A.M.; with Pollux, on the 10th, at 1h. 7m. P.M.; with Mercury, on the 12th; with Venus, on the 12th; with Ceres, on the 13th; with Mars, on the 15th, at 2h. 39m. A.M.; with  $\alpha$  Virginis, on the 18th, at 2h. 53m. A.M.; with  $\alpha$  Scorpionis, on the 21st, at 5h. 47m. P.M.; with Herschell, on the 23d; with Jupiter, on the 29th, at Oh. 4m. A.M.; and with Saturn, on the 30th.—The Moon will be in apogee on the 15th and in perigee on the 27th.



The Moon's apparent diameter, on the 1st, at noon, is  $32' 30''$ ; and it decreases to the 14th, on which day it is about  $29' 32''$ . It then increases to the 26th, on which day it is about  $33' 10''$ ; it afterwards decreases to the end of the month, being on the 31st, at 12 P.M.  $31' 54''$ .

Her Phases for the Month are as follow :

Last Quarter, Sunday 2nd, 11h. 15m. P.M.

New Moon, Monday 10th, 7h. 16m. A.M.

First Quarter, Tuesday 18th, 11h. 5m. A.M.

Full Moon, Tuesday, 25th, 2h. 34m. P.M.

Mercury is an evening star, at his greatest elongation, on the 25d. His latitude on the 1st is  $1\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$  in  $28^{\circ}$  of Cancer; and it decreases to the 17th when he passes the ecliptic in his descending node, in  $21^{\circ}$  of Leo. His S. Latitude increases to  $2\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$ , when he is, on the 31st, in  $4^{\circ}$  of Virgo. In the beginning of the month he may be observed, near the horizon in W N. W., about an hour after sun-set; on the 5th and 6th he will be found near the nebula of Cancer.

Venus will be in her inferior conjunction on the 30th, at 3h. 45m. P.M. being, till that time, an Evening Star. Her latitude on the 1st, is  $40'$  S. in  $15^{\circ}$  of Leo; and it increases to nearly  $7^{\circ}$  in  $7^{\circ}$  of this sign; her motion is direct till the 9th, when she is stationary; her latitude being about  $2^{\circ}$  in  $16^{\circ}$  of Leo: after this day the motion is retrograde. Her altitude above the horizon at sun-set decreases rapidly.— On the 1st enlightened part= $2.2417$ . Dark part= $9.7583$ .

Mars is an Evening Star. His latitude on the 1st is nearly  $1^{\circ}$  N. in  $8^{\circ}$  of Virgo; and it decreases about  $25'$ , his motion being direct through about  $18\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ : he is first seen to the east of Regulus.

Ceres is an Evening Star. Her latitude, on the 1st, is  $8^{\circ} 39'$  N. in  $28^{\circ}$  of Leo; and it decreases to  $8^{\circ} 11'$ , in  $9^{\circ}$  of Virgo; her motion being direct through about  $15^{\circ}$ . She is first seen near to, but east of  $\gamma$  Leonis.

Jupiter is a Morning Star. His latitude on the 1st is  $1\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$  S. in  $24^{\circ}$  of Pisces, and it is increased about  $12'$ . He is stationary on the 12th; and, during the whole month remains in the same degree, appearing in the S. E.

The eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites that will be visible this month at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, are the following:

Immersion.

1st Satellite,	14th,	at 11h. 49m.	P. M.
	22d,	at 1 43	A. M.
	30th,	at 10 5	P. M.
2d —	17th,	at 2 7	A. M.

Saturn is a Morning Star. His latitude on the 1st, is  $2^{\circ} 25'$  S., in  $14^{\circ}$  of Aries; and it is increased by about  $8'$ , his motion being direct till the 25th; after that retrograde during the rest of the month, in the same degree. Form of his ring on the 1st. Transverse diameter= $1.000$  conjugate diameter= $0.270$ .

Herschell is on the meridian at about 11' P.M. on the 1st, and at about 9h. 30m. on the 22d, his latitude is, on the 1st,  $12'$  S., in  $27^{\circ}$  of Sagittarius, and continues nearly the same during the whole month, his motion being retrograde through about  $1^{\circ}$ .

# METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, DUBLIN.

Date.	Moon.	Barometer.		Thermometer.		Rain.	Wind.	Weather
		10 A.M.	10 P.M.	Max.	Min.			
5th Mt.								
May 21		30 .24	30 .23	51°		.025	S. SW.	Cloudy.
22		.14	.15	46			SW.	Cloudy.
23		.02	29 .92	47		—	E.	Fair.
24		29 .80	.85	43		.360	W. SW.	Cloudy.
25		.80	.81	42		.040	W. SE.	Cloudy.
26		.82	.73	44		.085	W. NW.	Fair.
27	○	.71	.68	45		.155	SW. NW.	Showery.
28		.60	.56	38		.010	SW. W.	Cloudy.
29		.47	.47	37		.065	W.	Showery.
30		.44	.48	40			W.	Cloudy.
31		.51	.56	40		.168	W.	Showery.
May 1		.58	.58	43		.105	W.	Cloudy.
2		.67	.90	46		.128	W. WNW.	Cloudy.
3	☾	30 .00	30 .08	45			NW.	Cloudy.
4		.10	.10	49			NW. W.	Cloudy.
5		.10	.18	43		.100	NW.	Cloudy.
6		.31	.32	47			NW.	Fair.
7		.25	.21	47			NW.	Cloudy.
8		.17	.10	—			NW. W.	Cloudy.
9		—	.02	38			NW.	Cloudy.
10	●	.00	29 .90	40		.110	NW.	Cloudy.
11		29 .63	.79	45		.420	NW. NE.	Cloudy.
12		30 .05	30 .12	46			NE. E.	Fair.
13		.11	.20	41			NW. N.	Fair.
14		.27	.15	49		.015	NW. W.	Fair.
15		.13	.15	47		.055	W.	Fair.
16		.16	.15	43			E. SE.	Cloudy.
17		.12	.22	40			NW.	Cloudy.
18		18 29	.80	46		.105	SW.	Cloudy.
19	☾	29 .84	.76	44		.010	W.	Cloudy.
20		.95	30 .00	44			W.	Fair.

N. B.—The above observations, excepting those of the Barometer, apply to a period of twenty-four hours, beginning at 10 A.M. on the day indicated in the first column. A dash in the column for "Rain," denotes that the result is included in

the next following observation ; the guage is elevated about 53 feet above the level of the ground. The last column merely relates to that portion of the day included between sun-rise and sun-set.

### REMARKS.

5th Month, 27th. Heavy showers, with intervals of fine clear weather, strong indications of electricity in the atmosphere. 28th, fine clear evening, blowing fresh. 30th, the gale has continued all day, with increased violence this evening. 31st, gale still continues with heavy showers of hail ; some slight appearance of Aurora Borealis on the nights of the 29th and 30th.

6th Month, 1st. Heavy showers with severe squalls. 5th and 6th, fine evenings with cirrocumulus on the latter. 11th, fine evening after heavy rain almost all day ; the wind changed about 4 P.M. and I have reason to believe, that the Mercury in the barometer stood much lower during the day than when registered at 10 A.M. 12th, Cirrus, Stratus in the evening. 18th, fine bright morning, commenced raining about 2 P.M. with high wind from SW. Barometer falling rapidly ; gale continued with unabated violence 'till the morning of the 20th.

### RESULTS OF FIFTH MONTH.

Barometer, greatest height 10 A.M. 1st day, wind ESE.	-	-	-	30.47
— least — — 30th — W.	-	-	-	29.44
— mean — 10 A.M.	-	-	-	29.85
— mean — 10 P.M.	-	-	-	29.84
— mean of both - - - - -	-	-	-	29.845
— temperature of Mercury 32°.	-	-	-	29.78
— range - - - - -	-	-	-	1.05
— greatest range in 24 hours, 19th day	-	-	-	.37
Thermometer, greatest cold 1st day, wind ESE.	-	-	-	.35°
— mean of greatest daily cold - - - - -	-	-	-	43°
Rain, 2,551 inches.				

55, City-quay,

26th of 5th Month, 1820.

J. P. Jun.

✎ In consequence of one of my Thermometers having met with an accident, I have been obliged to discontinue the registry of the Maximum of Temperature until I can get it replaced.

### ON THE NATURAL LIBERTY OF MAN.

No position in politics has been more generally assumed, or has gained greater credence amongst mankind than this, that man is born free ; and it may seem presumption in me to attempt to controvert an opinion so universally established. But errors are not to



be held the more sacred because they generally prevail, though the task of detecting them may thereby be rendered the more difficult, for, as Hooker observes, "a common received error is never utterly overthrown, till such time as we go from signs into causes, and show some manifest root or manifestation thereof common unto all, whereby it may clearly appear how it hath come to pass that so many have been overseen." To overthrow this error then, it will be necessary to take a view of man in his primitive state; because from some false conceptions respecting the law of nature, as relative to him, has arisen the erroneous position above recited.

Those who speak of man in a state of nature, consider him either as a solitary being, or living in a society wherein there is a total absence of law and government. "Man," says Dr. Robertson, "existed as an individual before he became the member of a community."† Hooker also seems to think that mankind form themselves into societies, not from a law inherent in their nature, but from an act of reason; that it is the result of reflection upon their own wants and incapacities. "Forasmuch," says he, "as we are not by ourselves sufficient to furnish ourselves with competent store of things needful for such a life as our nature doth desire, a life fit for the dignity of man; therefore, to supply those defects and imperfections, which are in us living single and solely by ourselves, we are naturally induced to seek communion and fellowship with others."† Puffendorf goes still further on this point in his book—"De jure naturæ et gentium." In the 7th book and 1st chapter, and also in the 1st book, 1st chapter, § 17, he says—"In ordine autem ad alios homines consideratus naturalis status ille dicitur, prout intelligentur homines se invicem habere ex nudâ illâ & universali cōgnatione, quæ et similitudine naturæ resultat, ante factum aliquod aut pactum humanum, quo peculiariter unus alteri redditus fuerit obnoxius. Quo sensu in statu naturali invicem vivere dicuntur, qui neque communem habent dominum et quorum unus alteri non est subiectus &c. Now I shall endeavour to shew that the solitary state is not the natural state of man; and that he is by a law peculiar to his nature, ordained for society, and from hence I shall deduce that the social state requiring laws and government, and not permitting that equality so much contended for, the position, that man is born free, must be taken in a very limited sense.

\*History of America.

† Ecclesiastical Polity, book 1st.

The law of nature may be divided into general and partial; that is, there are some laws which appertain unto the whole animated world, and some which are confined to the particular species; thus self-preservation, the propagation of the species, and a few more may be classed as general laws; whilst by the partial laws, some animals are led to live in a state of warfare; others are naturally pacific. Some live in a state of society, others in the solitary state. The tribe Feræ, for example, the serpent tribe, spiders, and many others, both animals and insects, appear to live in the anti-social state.

The elephant, the beaver, ants, bees, and several others, are naturally impelled to the social state; and in classing man amongst the latter, I have the authority of Scripture revelation, and the strongest proofs from reason and experience. "And the Lord God" said, it is not good that the man should be alone, I will make him "a help meet for him."\* The physical incapacities of man to provide for his own wants, nay, even to preserve his own existence in a solitary state, ought of itself to bring conviction, and satisfy us, that he was designed by the Almighty, who has made nothing in vain, to live in a state of society. In taking a view of the animal world, we find that every creature has been endued with some qualities by which it can preserve itself from becoming the constant prey of other animals. Some creatures, to whom strength is denied, are gifted with peculiar swiftness; others are enabled to clime trees and precipices, by which their safety is secured; some to burrow in the ground; and some are preserved by their very insignificance. Man, the noblest work of the creation, is alone devoid of any of those qualities; he has neither the strength of the ox, nor the fleetness of the stag; he can neither climb nor burrow, nor does he even possess power sufficient to defend him from the attacks of animals much smaller than himself. To his union then with his species he must be indebted, not only for his safety, but for the means of providing himself with the necessaries of life. Nor let it be objected to me, that many men have lived for a considerable time in an isolated state. The examples of hermits and anchorites, who have retired from the world, in no way affect my argument, for these are enjoying the benefits of society, though they do not contribute to its support; and the only instance I am acquainted with of a human being living for any length of time wholly unconnected with his

\* Gen. chap. 2, ver. xviii.

species, is the man who was found in Hanault forest, in the county of Essex. Wherever man is found, he is found in a state of society; not merely in that casual connexion for the propagation of his species, or the preservation of his young offspring, to which some animals are confined, but connected by the strictest bonds of social union. Besides other arguments which might be advanced to prove that the social state is the natural state of man; and that, in a more intimate way than any other part of the animal world, we may set forth the long period of helpless infancy, which must necessarily require the care of one, if not of both the parents. Amongst the other part of animated nature, there are some animals that require this provident care but a few days, others but a few weeks; and all may be limited to a few months; man alone is, by a law peculiar to his nature, placed under a tutelage of years. It may here be worthy of remark, and I think it strongly favours my assumption, that most of the oviparous animals and reptiles, which do not live in a state of society, take no care whatever of their eggs; the turtle, the serpent tribe, not to mention the smaller insects, deposit their eggs in the sand, where they are hatched by the heat of the sun; whereas the bee, the ant, and probably many more which have escaped our observation, industriously bring up their young until they are in a state to provide for themselves; from which it would appear, that the same law of nature, so far as regards the care of the offspring, holds good with all those animals which live in a state of society. Those who make man a mere solitary being, unconnected with his species, go very near, I think, to undermine every system of religion and morality which has been given to the world; convince me once, that I was designed by the Almighty to live only for myself—that I am no way dependant on my fellow-creatures, or they on me—convince me of this I say, and from that moment my nature and principles must undergo a total change; the link which bound me to mankind is severed; and instead of endeavouring to render myself a useful member of society, I become a rapacious monster ready to prey on all around me.

Having established this point, that man was formed for the social intercourse; it next remains to be considered whether society can subsist without laws and government. Mr. Locke tells us that, "all men are naturally in a state of perfect freedom to order their actions, and dispose of their possessions and persons as they think



“fit, within the bounds of the law of nature, without asking leave, or depending upon the will of any other man.”\* But as he has not told us what that law of nature prescribes, but elsewhere says, “that reason is that law,” we are left as much in the dark as before. “A state also of equality,” he adds, “wherein all the power and jurisdiction is reciprocal, no one having more than another,” is natural unto man; and further, the state of nature or reason, “teaches all mankind, who will but consult it, that being all equal and independent, no one ought to harm another in his life, health, liberty, or possessions.” And in the following section he adds, “that all men may be restrained from invading other’s rights, and from doing hurt to one another; and the law of nature be observed, which willeth the peace and preservation of all mankind, the execution of the law of nature is, in that state, put into every man’s hands; whereby every one has a right to punish the transgressors of that law, to such a degree as may hinder its violation.” Now this, if I mistake not, is the democracy of Rousseau, and, with all deference to the opinions of so great a man as Mr. Locke, I think such a state, instead of tending to the peace and preservation of mankind, could only tend to perpetual war and reciprocal annihilation; for my own part nothing appears so clear to me as the necessity of laws and government wherever there is a society; if it be admitted there are laws, it follows that there must be a government to execute those laws; and if we agree with Mr. Locke, that in the rudest societies this law is only the reason with which we have been endowed by the Almighty, I think it can scarcely be denied, that as reasonable creatures, we would unhesitatingly adopt the only means by which that society could enjoy peace and security. I have already said, that wherever man is found, he is found in a state of society; and I shall now add, that wherever a society is constituted, there we shall also find laws and government. Amongst the Foulah and Fautee Indians, on the coast of central Africa, a people living, perhaps, in the rudest state of nature, every village has its chieftain, besides a number of subordinate magistrates; yet in every other respect there is a perfect equality amongst them; none richer, none poorer than the other; the bounties of nature are in common, and no right of property but what actual possession gives the individual; in fact, the universality of government is confirmed by the obser-

\* Second Treatise concerning Government, chap. ii. sec. 4.

vation of every traveller who has had an opportunity of viewing man in his pristine state.

But laws, government, and subordination, are not exclusively confined to the human species : if we closely investigate nature, we shall find them to prevail wherever there is a society established.— The wonderful regulations of the beaver and the bee, have long excited the admiration of observing philosophers, and if we may credit the accounts given of the ants of the island of Ceylon, and which indeed come from a source that gives us no reason to doubt their accuracy, we must be still further struck with surprize at the extraordinary powers of the animal world. It may be said that the operations of these creatures are merely the effect of instinct, and being denied the power of speech, they cannot form those strict unions and political associations which man alone is led to by the exertion of his reasonable faculties ; but reason and instinct I take to be but relative terms ; and perhaps we may assume too much, when we suppose that animals have not the power of communicating with each other in proportion to their wants and necessities. Many extraordinary instances might be adduced, to prove it highly probable that they are possessed of such power, and in diving into the mysteries of nature, probability is all we can often attain to. But of all other creatures, man is the most fitted, by the duration of his infancy, for a state of rule and government ; and when we say that man is born free, and that all men are born equal, it must be understood with the limitation of that absolute necessity he is under to live subservient to laws and authority. Man is born in a state of perfect freedom to make those laws by which he would be governed, and to establish that government by which those laws should be executed ; but he is not free to live without the one or the other. In a state of nature, it is nature that influences us in the formation of this government ; for as the executive power is, I may say universally, in this state lodged in a single person, that person is chosen for some peculiar gifts of nature either mental or corporeal ; in more refined societies, other things are taken into the account, as wealth, rank, &c. But it must not be understood that this power, though vested in one man, is despotic ; the perfect equality that subsists amongst the other members of the society, is a sure protection against despotism and tyranny ; and it is not until unequal appropriation of property, and, consequently, different orders of men

are found in a state, that any limits or restrictions are necessary to the executive power. It is probable that in the first stages of society, the government was patriarchal, that being most conformable to nature; and I think we may from hence trace the origin of every other form; for as patriarchal dominion cannot continue more than two or three generations, but must cease with the life of the first parent, the people would then meet for the formation of another government; in which case they must either elect the eldest son of the deceased patriarch, or some other individual for their ruler; in the first case the government is likely to become a hereditary monarchy, in the latter an elective one; or they must elect the elders of each family to be jointly their rulers; and from hence senatorial or aristocratic government, and this in process of time must become either a hereditary aristocracy, or a representative democracy.—Archdeacon Paley is of opinion, that the earliest governments were monarchies, “because,” says that author, “the government of families and of armies, from which, according to our account, civil government derived its institution and probably its form, is universally monarchical.† I also think that the earliest governments were monarchical, but attribute it to the eagerness of society, which rendered such a simple jurisdiction as the uncontrolled authority of one man the only one which an uninformed mind could suggest; for any more complicated form of government must suppose the pre-existence of legislative knowledge. How far a person born in a society is bound by the laws and government established in that society antecedent to his birth, does not come within the subject of inquiry proposed in the present paper, which I shall conclude by observing, that the liberty given unto man by nature, is as different from that licentious liberty, which would bid defiance to every law, as the state of nature itself is from the most polished societies..

R. N. K.

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## THE STAGE.

### NO. I.

Taste, like dress, changes as often and as whimsically as human imagination can create novelty; there is no standard to measure it by, and the follies of one year will become the fashions of another, altering in such a rapidity of succession, that it is almost impossible



to catch the tone of the public mind, or, if once caught, to retain it: happy is he then who, by a knack of meeting the tide at its rush, can so mix and mingle with the general opinion, that where it flows he follows, where it sinks he falls, and, still the creature of its inconsistencies, becomes great in its increase, and humble in its decline. This is a peculiar and a lucky talent that few possess, and still fewer practice: to wait and watch the applause or the contempt of a nation—to arrest the progress of judgment and reason, and sacrifice them to every turn of extravagant admiration, or unmerited censure—to crush merit because it is unpopular, and to exalt folly because it is fashionable.

Of all persons who become candidates for public favor, there are none perhaps so benefitted or depressed by this inconstancy as those who have adopted the profession of the Stage; to them the breath of applause is independence, and the odium of disapprobation destruction; and those who have been more fortunate than the rest, have, by some lucky incident, or superior talents, attained that ascendancy which they have found afterwards difficult to preserve.

Through one season Talbot is admirable in Doricourt—but the next, C. Kemble sweeps away the laurels of his predecessor, and erects his own fame on the oblivion of his rival's.

The uncertain reception which gentlemen of that profession meet with renders it a precarious, and, indeed, an hazardous one to follow; and it is, in consequence, curious to mark the progress of those distinguished characters who have raised their name and their calling to a degree of respectability unequalled, perhaps, in other countries than our own.

There is an advantage which the comic Actor possesses over the tragic Actor that may sometimes have escaped observation. Those persons who are in the habit of frequenting the Theatre are, for the most part, of that description that it would be much easier to excite their smiles than draw down their tears, and to effect this the Comedian has every incident of human life before him—he should seize upon the dry, the fantastical, the humorous, and, as Garrick learned to personate the madness of Lear from a scene he had witnessed in private life, he should copy Nature, not to make a burlesque of the deformed, but to expose the absurd and the ridiculous: hence, having his originals passing every day before him, his task becomes lighter, and his wit better understood. The Tragedian has none of

this; he has to extract from the heart its host of passions, and, fitting them to the imaginary situations of the Poet, he has to embody into expression the bold delineations of the mighty mind, that become magnificent as they are natural, but disgusting as they are extravagant or distorted. The difficulty of succeeding in this province of the Drama has given way to a school of acting at once novel and attractive. The beauty of declamation is lost in the assumption of abrupt pauses and extreme rapidity—the one to appear like the secret labor of intense thought—the other like the sudden effects of the over-wrought feelings, as despair, madness, remorse, &c. The wild imaginings of the fervid fancy, the awful, the terrific, have all their full and powerful spells abstracted and rendered striking—while the solemn splendor of the beautiful and sublime is obscured by the more agitated, but less impressive, bursts of hurried passion. The principal study of the Actor appears to be the minute and trifling traits of Nature, preserving no consistency even in these, and totally forgetting that success depends upon the general character, rather than the excellence of particular passages. Another peculiar talent belonging to this school is that of discovering new readings, and making improvements in the old method of understanding the old Poets. This attaches a kind of originality to their efforts, which ensures applause from the unthinking, and satisfies those who do not take the trouble to think. For instance, in *Macbeth*—

“Hang out our banners on the outward walls

“The cry is still they come.—”

Formerly the passage was read thus :

“Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;

“The cry is still, they come.—”

Now (mark the improvement) it is thus delivered :

“Hang out our banners ;—on the outward walls

“The cry is still, they come.—”

Without taking from the merit of striking out variety in so beaten a track, I cannot avoid stickling a little for the good old method of acting tragedy. Dr. Johnson observes that there are many modes of being grave, but that mankind have always *laughed the one way* ; and a witty writer in remarking upon this, goes to refute him by quoting various instances of the different ways of being facetious ; for instance—a General *smiled* at the apparent discomfiture of the

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enemy, while the enemy *laughed in his sleeve* at the deception he was playing off; one man *grins*, another utters a *heartly laugh*, a young lady *simpers*, and a cynic *laughs in derision*. But I am not inclined to differ so strongly with the opposite argument of the Doctor's, as the present age convinces me that there exist many extraordinary ways of being tragical that were never anticipated by those who simply sought to excite sympathy by being natural, and pity by imitating real distress.

Mr. Kean appears to be the leading Tragedian of the present day, and, indeed, has many qualifications which entitle him to public approbation. The eye, all life and fire, speaks where his voice and action fail—with a wonderful degree of spirit and penetration, it seems to possess an intelligence superior to language; and capable of more expression than the best recitation, he seizes on its powers with a masterly and judicious skill. His stature, from being small, admits of but limited action; yet this he generally uses with discretion, and without violence. In the great bursts of passion, and the sketches of wayward nature, which occur so often in his range of acting, he is extremely happy, throwing all the force of poetry into his features, and exercising little variety of manner either as to tone or attitude. His fame lies in the scenes that admit of this; but he is lost when he attempts the nobler parts of Tragedy—How has he failed in Zanga and Jaffier? His figure and his voice carry us into different conceptions from those we should entertain when we witness the exalted revenge of the one, or the wavering virtue of the other.

M, U, M.

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#### FRENCH COOKERY—CLEANLINESS—WOMEN, &c.\*

In comparing French and English cookery, I think the balance is greatly in favour of the former. We may beat them in a few dishes, but they excel us in fifty. We have the advantage in soup, though they are fond of saying that our soups are nothing but hot water and pepper; and we beat them in fish, because most fish cannot be dressed too simply. But they have an infinity of good things, and if happiness consisted in good eating, I should recommend a

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\* FROM THE DIARY OF AN INVALID by H. Mathews, A.M. &c. a work containing much shrewd observation digested with a quant. suff. of *dry humour*.



man to live in France. It is quite a mistake to suppose that roast beef is confined to Old England, though the French do not present it in such enormous masses as we do. Nor indeed is there any great treat in sitting down to a huge limb hacked off its parent carcase, with an intimation that "you see your dinner;"—always excepting, however, a haunch of venison, or a round of corned beef, which are two of those *morceaux* peculiar to England, that constitute a dinner in themselves. When you laugh at a Frenchman for eating frogs, he retaliates upon you, for breakfasting upon warm water and sugar. Nothing can be more incorrect, than to suppose that the French live upon *soup maigre*; the lower orders, indeed, I believe, are very temperate, and seldom taste meat; but, amongst the higher classes, one might almost parody one of our national maxims, and say, that one Frenchman would eat three Englishmen. Their *déjeuner à la fourchette*, when well served up, is, as they term it, *superbe, magnifique*: and wants only the addition of tea, to rival the excellence of a Scotch breakfast. In comparing the cookery of the two nations, it is the *general* excellence of the French that is so much beyond our own. The best cooks in the various countries of Europe, are much the same, for they are formed more or less after the French model, but, in France all are good.

Man has been defined to be—a cooking, superstitious, self-killing animal.—I know not whether the outward signs of these inward propensities, have yet been discovered in cranial protuberances peculiar to the human head; but when they are, the organ of superstition will probably be found to predominate in the Spanish, as that of suicide may perhaps prevail in the English; whilst if there be any truth in craniology, the organ of cooking must be the leading feature of the French skull.

So much for cooking.—With respect to cleanliness; the balance here will incline very much in favour of England; though in many particulars, the observances of the French evince a greater niceness of feeling than our own. A napkin is as indispensable to a Frenchman at dinner, as a knife or fork. In the lowest inn you will always find this luxury, and, though it may be coarse, it is always clean; nor is it confined to the parlour, all ranks must have their napkin, and all classes are equally nice in the use of a separate drinking glass. The silver fork, too, is almost universal, but their knives are villainous, and the use which even the ladies make of

their sharp points, in performing the office of a tooth-pick, is worse. The ablutions of the teeth are perhaps more generally practised in France than in England; though you seldom see a Frenchman with his face cleanly shaved, or his hands well washed. With regard to the ladies of the two nations—their pretensions to superiority in this respect, were submitted to an emigré bishop, as an experienced judge of both countries, who answered—“*Les Anglaises sont plus propres aux yeux des hommes, & les Françaises aux yeux de Dieu.*” In which answer there seems to be more included than meets the eye. But, though in some few instances, the French seem to show a more delicate sense of *personal* comfort than ourselves; yet in the general estimate, they will be found far behind us. Their houses would shock our neat and *tidy* housewives; and their attached and detached offices are too filthy for description. In their persons, too, though the bath may be used, the tooth and nail-brush seem to be forgotten; and they are always either smart or slovenly, as you see them in their evening dress or in their morning dishabille. Lastly; some of their habits must be confessed to be shamefully offensive. What shall we say of the spitting about the floor, which is the common practice of women as well as men, at all times and seasons; not only in domestic life but also upon the stage, in the characters of heroes and heroines, even in high imperial tragedy; to say nothing of the manœuvres of a French pocket handkerchief called expressly by Young, “a flag of abomination,” which would disgust the feelings of any Englishman, without supposing him a fastidious *élève* of Lord Chesterfield. In conversation, too, though there is much of what may be called *moral* delicacy, which is shown in little attentions to oblige, and a nice trait in avoiding giving offence; yet, there seems a total want of all *physical* delicacy on the part of the French. This evil, perhaps, explains what has been much remarked upon by travellers, that the French rarely smile at the blunders of foreigners. An Englishman feels his muscles irresistibly moved, when a foreigner unwittingly touches upon forbidden ground; but here, where there is scarcely any forbidden ground, similar mistakes cannot, of course, have the same effect. \* \* \*

Before I leave Paris I must record my impressions of the French women, who must, I think, yield the palm to their English and Italian neighbours; they want the freshness and modest retiring delicacy of the first, and the dignity and voluptuous enthusiasm of the

second. Whatever beauty there is amongst them is confined to the upper classes, and the *Grisettes*. In passing through the country, I was every where appalled by the squalid appearance of the peasantry: so unlike the romantic pictures of Sterne. The point in which the Parisian ladies claim the most decided superiority over their English sisters, is in the elegance of their *tornure*, and for this claim there may be some foundation. The French ladies, however, sometimes carry their pretty mincing gait too far; but even this is better than the opposite extreme, which is occasionally exemplified in the straddling stride of an Englishwoman. What Rousseau said of the *Parisiennes* and their fashions, and of the silly spirit of imitation which induces other nations to deform their figures by the adoption of the deformities of French fashion, may well be applied to the present day; when every Englishwoman is at the pains of making herself humpbacked for no other reason, as it would seem, than that the native beauty of her form may be reduced to the French standard of symmetry. “*Menuës*,” says Rousseau, speaking of the *Parisiennes*, “*plutôt que bien faites, elles n’ont pas les tailles fines; aussi, s’attachent elles volontiers aux modes qui la déguisent, en quoi je trouve assez simples les femmes des autres pays, de vouloir bien des modes faites pour cacher les défauts qu’elle n’ont pas.*” It is a curious fact, that, in 1814, the English ladies were so possessed with a rage for imitating even the deficiencies of their French sisterhood, that they actually had recourse to violent means, even to the injury of their healths, to compress their beautiful bosoms as flatly as possible, and destroy every vestige of those charms, for which, of all other women, they are perhaps the most indebted to nature.

The French women appear, what I believe they really are, kind, good humoured, and affectionate; but light, futile, capricious, and trifling. Without having thrown off entirely the robe of virtue, they wear it so loosely as to admit of freedoms, which would shock the delicacy of more reserved manners. No woman in Paris, I believe, would feel offended at any proposals, if made *d’une certaine manière*, & d’un air bien comme il faut;—though it by no means follows that the proposals would be accepted; for, as Mrs. Sullen says, in the play, “it happens with women as with men, the greatest talkers are often the greatest cowards; and there’s a reason for it—their spirits evaporate in prattle, which might do more mischief if they took another course.” But, there can be no descriptions of



national characters without exceptions.—Madames Ney and Lavalette, in these days, and Mesdames La Roche Jacquelin and Holland, in the days of the Revolution, may challenge a comparison with the fairest names that ever adorned the annals of womanhood.

Matrimony, if one may take the evidence of the journals, seems to be a regular business of advertisement. I select three out of *eight* in one paper ; — and all too on the part of the ladies.

“ Une demoiselle bien née et aimable, ayant 12,000 francs de biens, desire épouser un homme âgé & riche.”

“ Une demoiselle de 24 ans, jolie & d’une education distinguée, ayant 4,000 francs comptant, & par la suite, 20,000 francs, desire épouser un jeune homme aimable, & ayant de la fortune.”

“ Une demoiselle, de 19 ans, sans fortune, mais jolie, aimable, et bien élevée, desire épouser un homme âgé, & assez aisé pour pouvoir faire quelque bien à sa mère,”

Perhaps *âgé* means no more than our word *aged*, as applied to a horse.

This may suffice as a specimen ;—on the part of the gentlemen the paper offered no advertisement whatever.

## THOUGHTS ON SEDUCTION.

MR. EDITOR,

Having heard a few evenings hence, of a suicide committed by an unfortunate female, in one of the watch-houses of this city ; and being in a melancholy mood of mind, I began to picture to myself the many—many miseries resulting to females, from an abandonment of that practical quality, which, in relation to them, is emphatically denominated *Virtue*. The various scenes of distress, the manifold shades of suffering, which had come under my personal observation, crowded on the mind-created canvass. In tracing this ideal representation, memory borrowed her magic pencil from imagination ; and supplying her defects, and heightening her own natural colours with the strong and striking tints of her wild and playful sister, presented to my view a diversified group of various victims to the villainy of man, of different ranks and under different circumstances. Some appeared attempting to gild their infamy, by the tinsel splendor of fashionable costume, and the dull and heartless amusements (if *amusements* they can be called), of high life--wishing

“ By meretricious arts of dress  
To feign a joy, and hide distress.”

Others seemed in the act of deadening their *perceptivity* (if I may use the expression) of pain, by copious draughts of stupefying and deleterious liquors. Others, lately seduced, unable to bear the unusual, and consequently more acute pain of their guilty degradation; and eager to become impenetrably callous against conscience, were plunging into deeper and more desperate abysses of vice. One was stretched on a coverless pallet of straw, perishing by cold, hunger, and disease; another, in an agony of desperation, was mangling (not cutting) her throat with the edged fragment of a bottle.\* One, with all the vengeful fury of an injured, insulted, and abandoned woman, was stabbing her destroyer to the heart; while, within a few yards of them, another, with all the characteristic enthusiasm of fond, weak woman's faithful and fervent love, was caressing the cruel and cold-hearted murderer of her hopes, and health, and happiness.

Having acquired, by some means or other, a propensity to search after natural causes for the actions of men, and finding that (to use the words of the sentimental Sterne) “ the multitude did but distract me,” I took a single object and resolved to trace it through the several gradations from innocence to guilt, from happiness to misery. She was emerging from childhood; her girlish form bursting out into the fine full figure of feminine beauty,—her cheek blooming with the rich fresh flush of health—her eyes, now joyously circling in a flame of light, beaming with love and laughter; and now, like two golden fishes on the moon-lit wave, tearfully floating in liquid splendor—her lips, now trembling with the magic muteness of modesty, and now thrilling with the silver-sweet sounds of love and feeling—her gay and graceful figure, moving through crowds of less lovely companions, like the splendid glory of a boreal meteor, flashing amid the fainter gleam of the common constellations—her native innocence of mind, adorned and defended by the purity of her moral and religious principle—her heart overflowing with all those fine feelings and tender sensibilities which shed such a winning witchery on the the manners of woman—her spirits pure, ardent, and sanguine, rapturously feasting on the delights of present pleasures, and confidently looking forward to the enjoyment of the future, which to her appeared

\* This incident is taken from fact.

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“ Gaily bedecked in fancy’s imagery.”

But see! the cold-hearted, designing ruffian approaches and marks her out as the object of his brutal passion, and the victim of his moral assassination; he excites her gratitude by his attentions, her friendship by his seeming kindness, and her love by his false protestations and hypocritical flattery; he swells her vanity; he blindfolds her judgment; he undermines her feelings of modesty; he poisons her principles of virtue; he rekindles and inflames her slumbering passions. She confides in the integrity of his honor; she trusts in the purity of his love; she gives her heart and soul to him; and he in return for this invaluable present, ruins her; she sees herself sinking and shudders! With all the fervency of devoted attachment, and the agony of despairing guilt, she throws herself on his pity, and he neglects her; on his gratitude, and he derides her; on his honor, and he scorns her; on his love, and he abandons her; her—who a few short days since, was looked up to as

“ The leading star of every eye;”

who for beauty, accomplishments and virtue, was the envy of her own sex—the admiration of *ours*. the joy of her friends—the pride of her parents, who fondly hoped to pass through life in innocence and happiness, and honor. Behold her *now*!—her virtue violated—her reputation lost—her prospects darkened her hopes blasted:—scorned by her companions—hated by her friends: cursed by her parents—loathed by herself:—and, oh! worse than ALL, despised by her *destroyer*. Abroad, wherever she turns, her eye meets the finger of scorn pointed against her—at home, every word is an invective—every look a reproach. Excluded from that society which she enlivened by her wit, and graced by her beauty—no affectionate friend to beguile her cheerless hours, to sympathise in her sorrows—no tender mother to pour the anodyne of pardon and pity into her wounded heart—no faithful lover with all the thrilling ardor of passion, and the seductive eloquence of love, to implore pardon, to palliate his crime, to offer remuneration—Oh! no; abandoned by all the world, she pines in solitude, and sickness, and shame, and sorrow; till, weighed down by the overwhelming burden of her misery, she sinks into a premature and unhonored grave—not a sigh for her misfortune—not a tear for her death.

W. H. S.

T. C. D.



## RURAL ECONOMY.

*On the Cultivation of Mushrooms, in exhausted Cucumber or Melon Beds.*

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WILLIAMSON.

Having made the Melon-bed in the usual manner, when the burning heat is over and the bed is ready to be earthed to a sufficient thickness, place the spawn on the sides of the hills, and also on the surface of the bed, and then cover the whole with mould, as usual, managing the Melons exactly in the same manner as if the spawn were not there, not omitting even to tread it. The heat will soon cause the spawn to run, and extend itself through the dung, to the surface of the ground. In September or October following, when the Melon bed is decaying, it should be carefully cleaned, and the glasses laid on, and kept close. When the mould becomes dry, it must be frequently watered, but not immoderately, as too much wet, would destroy the spawn; advantage should also be taken of every gentle shower, for the same purpose. The moisture coming upon the dry earth, produces a moderate heat, which soon causes the Mushrooms to appear in every part of the bed in such abundance, as even to prevent each other's growth. The mould being kept warm by the glasses, and properly watered, the Mushrooms will continue to spring till the frost of Winter prevents their further growth. The bed, frame, &c. may then be left just as they are. Early in spring, as soon as the frosts may be supposed to be over, take off the frame and glasses (if wanted), and cover the bed lightly with straw; when the warm and enlivening showers of Spring cause the Mushrooms to be again produced in every part, till the drought of summer renders it difficult to keep the bed sufficiently moist for their growth.

The catsup extracted from Mushrooms raised by the above method is much superior to that commonly obtained from Mushrooms produced naturally: it is extremely high coloured, and of a much finer flavour.

We particularly recommend our readers to have the blossoms plucked off the late potato-crops. A little consideration will shew, that the formation of the potato-apples must tend to impoverish the tubers. Direct experiments, conducted with great care, have confirmed us in this opinion. A few boys will get over an acre in a very short time, and the increased crop will amply repay the trifling expense incurred.

## FINE ARTS.

## \*SWISS SCENERY.

Among some of the finest arrangements of colour in Swiss scenery which I have selected from nature, I will venture to mention the three following:—first, a splendid luminous effect with the sun upon the various objects; secondly, a simple effect of light and shadow;

\* From Williams's Travels.

and, lastly, a stormy effect. These arrangements will always produce a characteristical and pleasing harmony.

#### *First Effect.*

The sky is of a pure delicate blue, with horizontal streaks of pale grey, inclining to purple. If clouds are introduced, they should be light, yet chaste and subdued. Pure snowy Alps with little shadow; to these were opposed clay-coloured rocks sprinkled with snow; next to these faint reds, and sulphur-coloured vegetation. In the middle division of the scene, appeared greens of a decided colour, and brownish grey rocks; approaching nearer the eye, dark and solemn pines, reddish and fawn-coloured rocks. On the foreground crimson-brown and pure greens, with rich and powerful yellow, mingling with a variety of grey-coloured earths. The great light was on the snowy mountains, and the deepest colour of the scene appeared below the most luminous part not immediately opposed to it, but in such a situation that the eye could take in at one glance the extremities of light and depth of colour, without the one intruding on the other.

#### *Second Effect.—Simple Light and Shade.*

White mountains opposed to a pearly-coloured cloudy sky, with streaks of pure blue; the shadow of the snow cold and of a silvery grey; different mountains, in shade of various tones of grey, reddish or warmer as they advanced, with snow thinly scattered on their summits, and the deep ravines, combining the distant Alps with the subordinate mountains which advanced towards the eye. Clay and fawn-coloured rocks, dark neutral green, a succession of faint green, olive, orange, yellow, reddish fawn, and a kind of *sattin wood* hue of grey.

The drapery of the figures white, red and a dark brown.

#### *Storm.*

In the sky, dark and mysterious hues of grey; some approaching to blue; brassy-coloured hues, mingled with solemn purple. Pure snow, partly seen through clouds, and upon pinnacles above the storm. The snow in the shadow, of a bluish cast, sometimes opposed against faint uncertain tones of yellow, or compound obscurity of strange and seemingly inharmonious colours of portentous aspect;

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whitish, copper-coloured, dusky, falling showers, grey rocks, but solemn in tone, and illuminated at top, and springing from misty vales: next, brown rocks and heathy mountains. Black pines, with red and grey stems, crumbling earths of various colours, drab, yellow, and pearly greys. The vegetation quite upon the eye, *brown*, subdued orange, and warm greens.

*Grounds used by certain Painters.*

Raphael and Fra. Bartolommeo often used a tanned-leather colour; Sebastian del Piombo, generally a dark leaden colour, or black; Guido and the Teniers, occasionally white; Titian, Claude, and the Poussins, a laky brown; Peter de Lair and Salvator Rosa, sometimes black; Angelica Fiesole, a gold ground.

The hue or tone of the grounds have generally had an influence on the colouring of the pictures. Those that have been painted on a black ground have been sombre and dark; white grounds have produced silvery, clear and light pictures; such as have used mahogany coloured grounds, and allowed them to appear through their painting, have produced the most pleasing shades of grey, (I speak of landscape,) and these have often given a leading tone and guide in finishing. Yellow grounds have produced warm and tawny pictures; red grounds, pearly and clear ones, especially if the colouring be thin.

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REVIEW OF POETRY.

*The Pleasures of Melancholy, and a Saxon Tale.*

BY EYRE EVANS CROWE.

8vo. London, 1819.

The Poems under our consideration are undoubtedly the effusions of a rich, playful, and perhaps we might say, powerful imagination. They seem to be the hasty productions of a strong and poetical mind, whose bright though hurried ideas are thrown out carelessly and abundantly from the powers of a very fervid fancy, like the burstings of a volcano in grand, though shapeless masses. The author seems to be possessed of originality of thought, and to be capable of intense, and true feeling; but following the fashion of the day, he cramps his better genius, and lets a morbid sensibility usurp the truer, and better workings of his heart. The "Pleasures



of Melancholy," the first of those poems, is a strange compound of melancholy and metaphysics. It aims at too great an air of philosophy, and while it should be describing effects, it is lost in a reverie looking for causes; for we scarcely find melancholy taken as abstractly in the entire poem. Yet it is a very clever poem, and our poetical readers will know the subject was dangerous ground to tread upon, after Warton's sublime and beautiful poem of the same name, and we must confess, the "Pleasures of Melancholy" gives us high hopes of the author, that we think will be realized, and prompts us with assurance to tell him, that, if it be not his own fault, he will "acquire the name of a poet," though in his unassuming and elegant, though quaint little preface, he says, "it is neither *his* expectation nor ambition."

Though upon the whole, we do not think the "Pleasures of Melancholy" a perfect poem, or hold it out as a pattern worthy of imitation, we must, however, give our most unqualified praise to some passages that are not only written in a high spirit of poetry, but also possess fine and manly feeling. The following passage, caused by the tenets of the philosophers that make all our feelings, actions, and virtues originate from, tend to, and centre in *self*, is a fine burst of noble generosity, from the warm and fervid feelings of a young and passionate heart.

Curst be the selfish gnome, that chill'd the soul  
Of cynic Swift, and narrow Rochfoucault—  
I hate that name, since first in early youth  
I lit upon that book of too much truth,  
Por'd o'r its page, and, half in vain, would try  
To prove each damning principle a lie;  
And vainly Reason strove, till Passion warm'd,  
And the proud heart, for right and power alarm'd,  
Took up the cause, and spurning in its rage  
The grovelling reason of that earthly page,  
Pointed to acts of noble, generous deed  
Of self-devoted heroes, whose dark meed  
Of praise, beyond the grave could ne'er repay  
Th' all-generous bounty of one fatal day.  
And kindling at the beacons of the past,  
Its torch bright flickering in th' opposing blast,  
Lit up within a noble, generous flame,  
Ne'er to be quench'd by maxim, sneer, or shame.

The following lines, shewing the power of association over the heart, are very pleasing.

—Arabia's perfum'd gale,  
Unheeded swells the wandering seaman's sail;  
But when in Western climes, the breezes come  
Wafting the simpler fragrance of his home;

With joy he hails the rude blast o'er the sea,  
 Who scorn'd the essenc'd gales of Araby.  
 The florist's pride, the gay parterre that spreads  
 Its wealth luxuriant forth in gaudy beds,  
 Will satiate soon, the pleasure-seeking gaze,  
 That wanders listless o'er its flowery maze ;  
 But should the untimely-pluck'd and faded rose,  
 Fallen lifeless, where gay violets repose,  
 Arrest the erring glance, to ponder there,  
 And image forth the form of some lost fair ;  
 For who cannot recall some female form,  
 Sister or friend or lover fled, whose charin  
 In memory lives alone ; then crowd in fast  
 Sad placid thoughts, whose bitterness is past ;  
 For sadness is a pleasure, and to mourn  
 Oft pleases them who e'en are most forlorn.  
 Thus secret and conceal'd from vulgar eye,  
 The brighter treasures of rich nature lie,  
 Around her bounds the callous soul may stray,  
 But feeling only, keeps the magic key.

The following lines, expressive of the pleasure arising from melancholy music, above every other species of it, are delicately beautiful.

And, Music, angel language, thou could'st tell  
 How pleasure, in a plaintive strain can dwell,  
 And how the merry dance and jovial glee  
 Yield to the old Lament's wild melody.  
 Oh ! I have felt it, like a silver cloud,  
 Wrapping the soul around in aerial shroud,  
 Excluding all things, but the light of Heav'n,  
 And even that, so pale, so pure was giv'n,  
 It seem'd another world's light atmosphere,  
 So strange, I could not see, but that 'twas fair,  
 And cradled in its fleecy drapery hung,  
 While round me, slumbering, methought angels sung ;  
 And at each close, there whisper'd all around,  
 Some magic name—I startled at the sound.

From this passage and a few others in the poem of the same taste and delicacy, we can say that Mr. C. is no stranger to the feelings described in the following beautiful lines of his own. Such treasures do not lie hid from him :

Thus secret and conceal'd from vulgar eye,  
 The brighter treasures of rich Nature lie ;  
 Around her bounds the callous soul may stray,  
 But feeling only, keeps the magic key.

We wonder in the passage declaring the power of melancholy music, that association of which he is so fond, and which he endues with such power, did not suggest to him the natural link existing between plaintive harmony, and the soft, sad, sweet strains of his

native country, for we know he is an Irishman. Since it has not done so, we will favour our readers with the following lines, which we conceive truly, though enthusiastically, descriptive of Irish music, from a poem that is not as well known as it deserves to be: it is in an address to Melancholy, that the lines occur, and therefore are very proper to be introduced here:

\* "Come, Melancholy! mildest maid of heav'n,  
With pensive smile upon thy cheek, thine eye  
With tears suffus'd, like Ev'nings dewy sky,  
Sweet inmate of my breast; to whom 'twas giv'n  
To harmonise the heart, to whom belong  
The Lyre of feeling and the soul of song,  
Whose soft blue glance of thought, is dearer far  
Than the light sparkling of love's roseate star.

\* \* \* \* \*

And bring thy harp—I know the harp thou'lt bring,  
Ierne's Harp—long swept by thy fine fingers,  
To which the note of joy is strange—whose string  
Was strung to sorrow for a thousand years—  
On which the tone of truth and feeling lingers—  
The strain of grief—the melody of tears:—  
And, Oh! I love its music—who, that hears  
Its note of woe—its energy of sadness—  
But loves the weeping accents of its wire?  
But must prefer it to the lute of gladness,  
The vulgar mirth, and the unmeaning madness,  
And all the follies of the lighter lyre?  
Our ISLAND CLARSEAGH is the Harp of soul,  
These heartless numbers ever on it slept—  
The notes of wounded feeling from it roll,"  
Its tone was never waken'd—but it wept.

The passage where he speaks of the "mystic grace of Beauty" that exists in "Nature's or in woman's lovelier face," where he gives the preference to the serious, reserved, and melancholy maiden, above the light, gay, and sprightly fair-one, is possessed of a great deal of beauty; but we think he did not contrast strongly enough the melancholy and the gay scenes of Nature. He had the dreadful winter-torrent, and the pleasuring summer-lake: he had the storm-clad mountain, and the sunshiney vale: he had the blasted pine, and the blossoming woodbine: he had the snow-drifted cave, and the zephyr-perfumed rose-bower: he had the lone cloister, and the brilliant ball-room: he had all the groupings, and feelings, and associations, such contrasted sceneries and situations could create: he had,—yes! he had a thousand things that his fertile imagination could conceive,

\* Clarke's "*Lamentations of the Empire*,"



which we cannot ; and he has lost them all by not taking time to think. If he publishes a second edition, this may be a hint to him. He indulges rather in general speculations, than in any thing like defined description. What we have gotten is good—the description of the gay beauty we think well delineated :—

“ Behold, adorn'd with smiles, in gay attire  
And laughing eyes that kindle up desire,  
With sylph-like step and easy jocund air,  
On tiptoe tripping comes the sprightly fair :  
We join, we jest, we laugh away the hour,  
And part as careless, as we met before,  
The moments pass'd as they had never been,  
And memory cares not to recall the scene.

We will not give the lines on the ideal sentimental lady—they are not so good ; but we will give a description of a pensive fair-one, whom the author seems to have known, and whom he mentions, not only with tenderness, but even with enthusiasm. It is full of fine feeling :—

Oh ! bear me at the Sombre evening hour,  
To lost Aruna's solitary bower,  
And Time—restore me with the years of youth,  
What then I had, warmth, innocence and truth ;  
Give back the buoyant hope, the gladsome smile,  
The heart that knows not yet remorse or guile,  
The breast that ne'er has tasted bliss or pain,  
Let me have all—tho' but to lose again.  
And Memory—recall the well-known form,  
Thou oft hast trac'd each feature and each charm—  
I need not call, 'twill oft unbidden rise  
And haunt the visions of my slumbering eyes ;  
One name were talisman enough to raise  
The hallowed visions of my youthful days ;  
The distant scenes I ne'er can hope to see,  
The soul-lit eyes that learnt to weep for me,  
The lips that breathed what I no more can hear,  
The sigh that told of hope, yet whisper'd fear,  
And yet through all this little world of bliss,  
(Which having liv'd in, who can live in this ?)  
Was't Gaiety that reign'd, or frantic mirth ?  
Or was it sage, cold converse that gave birth  
To such excess of joy ?—far otherwise,  
Love doth but masquerade in such a guise,

\*

\*

\*

I saw Aruna in the roofless halls,  
Where kings once sate—th' unbattlemented walls  
Were slumbering to ruin, and had long paid  
The debt t' oblivion, which their sovereigns had,  
Were not the grandeur-loving ivy wound  
In fold of never-fading green around,  
And clung, preserving the rude mass it crown'd.

}

She stood and gaz'd with reverential smile,  
 Her dark-blue eye was lit with pride awhile,  
 And upward turn'd—it met the azure sky—  
 There dropp'd a tear, that such rude canopy  
 Should shelter kingly chambers—and she wept—  
 I wish'd that with those heroes I had slept,  
 That such pure tears might fall for me—they fell  
 Unheeded, wrung forth by the powerful spell,  
 Which circles round the heart at thought or name  
 Of ancestor's or country's fallen fame:—  
 She thought herself unseen, and long delay'd,  
 Mournful and musing o'er the mighty dead,  
 As if the souls of heroes linger'd near  
 And drank sweet consolation in her tear.  
 Oh! when my spirit mingles with the wind,  
 And leaves all earthly thoughts and things behind,  
 When every passion, every hope shall perish,  
 Still that one image ever will I cherish,  
 That bright but passing meteor of love,  
 Were guide enough to lead my soul above:  
 In heav'n, another heav'n it would be,  
 In hell, 'twould shine full heav'n enough for me.

The last couplet is too strong—too forced—the first line was strong enough, but we fear the last, if it be not impious, borders much on the confines of impiety. It is very far to go for love too—to hell!!—hear it ye modern belles and beaus, and stare—listen to this modern Orpheus, ye loveless wedded pair—that were linked with iron-gyves under the influence of that yellow tyrant-king yclepped gold, and marvel—hear it ye cold critics of the Dublin Magazine, and say, do ye remember the time when ye were young and the genial blood boiled in your crimson veins, ye would have courage to go perhaps to the *gates*, for a pretty sentimental girl of sixteen—but proclaim it aloud that ye would not go in and salute “auld Hornie, Nick, or Cloutie” for the balmiest kiss of passion, from a fair-one's lips, though she had the majesty of Minerva; the beauty of Juno; the witchery of Venus, united with the sentimentality of the weeping Aruna. The author sometimes indulges in a quaintness of metaphysical fancy, and a playfulness of imagination, which the two following passages may help to explain:—

Is not all thinking equally ideal?  
 Why is the reason more than fancy real?—  
 More earthly 'tis—I see not why more true,  
 Save from its grovelling pace and bounded view,  
 I oft have thought, perhaps tho' out of season,  
 In heav'n, our fancy was the angels reason,  
 Cry not “Illusion” at me, to deter,  
 For Byron's soul to Newton's I prefer,

The second passage is a very playful classical allusion and we think well turned to the author's theme :—

“ Yes ! Melancholy should be e'er the mien  
Of Beauty—'tis the cestus of her queen.”  
Thus Juno girdled, sings the Grecian bard—  
To Ida flies to captivate her lord ;  
Grief was the magic cestus that she wore,  
And sorrow for her friends' discomfiture,

Now we must turn the tables, and shew some of the defects of this Poem. We have mentioned before that it was too metaphysical, and the author in the depth of his thoughts, dives into the shadowy and undefined ; he often overreaches himself and is truly mystical ; his melancholy is perhaps of too satirical a turn ; and satire and melancholy, (at least that species of it whence we can derive pleasure,) seldom cohabit together in the same bosom ; love and benevolence are its inseparable companions ; his melancholy has a smack of sneering and misanthropy about it, as also it is tinged with the lurid hue of other principles, which, we hope time and consideration and the advice of his friends, and a firm conviction of his errors will eradicate from a mind of such feeling and strength, that nothing but want of consideration could make it adopt them, or on any account own them. To give an idea of what we mean when we say his melancholy is too satirical : example is the best proof. Do not the following lines though strong and pointed, belong rather to the peevish and selfish spirit of discontent, than to the solemn, and serene, and abstracted soul of melancholy ?

But there are some with earthly spirit fraught,  
Who ne'er could fancy know, or raise a thought  
Beyond the palpable reality  
Of sense, that wars the touch and strikes the eye ;  
The barren present bounds their narrow sphere,  
And want of thought secures from hope or fear,  
Unless it threaten with denouncing curse  
Destruction to their life, or limb, or—purse,  
With eyes to weep, but not with hearts to feel,  
With face to blubber, but not hand to heal :  
The outward signs of soul they may possess,  
Religion, charity, or mourning dress,  
But they are mere machines, and know not why  
They joy, or grieve, or smile, or heave the sigh :  
'Tis true they bear the mark of master hand,  
The wheels are well disposed and nobly plann'd,  
But yet there is nor soul, nor thought, nor fire,  
Such as might move esteem, or love inspire,  
But clockwork stuck in that expletive thing,  
The prudent man—he moves upon a spring,



And wound up for some score of years or more,  
Will ever point and strike just as before.

This passage was certainly dictated by a power not at all related to that "Mother of musings" and "Queen of mind" that can in some moon-lit aisle, or midnight grove, or to the music of the chirping cricket

"Contemplative explore  
This fleeting state of things, the vain delights,  
The fruitless toils that still our search elude.  
As through the wilderness of life we rove—"

The following open and impassioned admiration of suicide in the first page of the poem:

Why muse o'er WERTER's sorrows and confess,  
That misery may be enviable bliss?  
*For me—I'd rather die that rapturous death,*  
Than breath a thousand years of vulgar breath.

seems to belong rather to

—"that demon of despair whose brow,  
Cold mandrake wreaths and deadly night-shade bind,  
That mocks at life's green amaranthine bough,  
That loves from hope's strong moorings wild to swing,  
Where death and darkness wave their dragon wing,  
That loves to see the pallid suicide  
Die the keen dirk, or flash beneath the tide;  
And eyes with fiendish laugh the desperate leap,  
† From air-hung rock down the eternal deep.

than to that soft spirit, that inspires the pensive and poetical reverie of thought, so well personified in these lines of the same poem from which we quoted last.

"But oh! I call on thee sweet vestal maid,  
That lovest to muse within the twilight grove,  
*That breathest divinity and lookest love.*

\* \* \*

Come thou that lovest stretch'd by some babbling brook,  
To muse on nature's book.

What time, pale evening spreads her dewy wing  
Around the flowery children of the spring,  
That feelest it rapture when the star of eve  
Lights its sweet eye, o'er human griefs to grieve;  
That speakest with winds and woods and waters, when  
Sleep sheds his balm upon the eyes of men;  
That findest a spirit in each secret shade,  
And joinest the elves upon the moon-light glade;  
That peoplest vacancy with airy forms,  
And hearest voices in the midnight storms.

The following passage though perhaps good poetry, is we fear too deeply tinged with principles, that, we are sorry to say, are

\* Warton's "Pleasures of Melancholy."

† Clarke's "Lamentations of the Empire."

too prevalent in this age. It seems to us to be an exaltation of reason and what is termed natural religion, above revelation. We are sorry to see such maxims of deism clothed in so imposing a garb as they are in the following lines; there is no open contrast, and perhaps the poet did not intend such; we hope not, for his own sake:

God is the soul of nature; there express'd  
 He lives in wild variety confess'd,  
 And men for ever o'er that page may pore,  
 And gain new knowledge 'bove all human lore.  
 Genius hath ever lov'd to study there,  
 And of devotion deems the purest prayer,  
 Is to converse with nature, search her laws  
 And trace each rising beauty to its cause.  
 To many a heavenly height such musings lead,  
*Religion above form, or rite, or creed,*  
 Truth few profess, yet all who think believe  
 Hope bright, but yet so vague, it can't deceive,  
 Compassion mild, and philosophic pride,  
 Diffusing placid calm on every side.  
 And shedding round the breath of melancholy,  
 That moonlight Halo, whence with aspect holy,  
 The soul, like its great Author, casts its view  
 Down on the world, and swells as if it grew  
 Mightier by viewing its own littleness;  
 And yet the soaring spirit can't repress  
 Deep thoughts, that with the future fraught pervade  
 The Pensive bosom with autumnal shade,  
*Consume each idle hope, and ill repay*  
*With dim, faint glimmerings of uncertainty.*  
 Such are the thoughts that Nature doth suggest,  
 When tranquil Reason rules the human breast,  
*When man surveys to learn, not to amuse.*  
 And feels himself grow wiser as he views,  
 Seeks philosophic pleasure to behold  
 The various beauties of the scene unfold,  
 Can still reflect, and unimpassion'd gaze,  
 While Whirlwinds sweep, and rapid lightnings blaze.

We will speak to all this with a line from himself:

If this be wisdom, may we ne'er be wise.

He is also in a very high degree gifted with the *Byronian* knack and cant of discontent and misanthropy. After some beautiful sentiments on Home, he closes the description in the following lines:—

Home seldom comes a mirth-exciting sound,  
 And with it many a mournful thought is found.  
 Still to it ever will the soul retreat,  
 Tho' but to brood o'er sorrow and defeat;

Still look to rest for the last scene of life,  
 Distant from mirth or bustle, song or strife,  
 Where it may muse unseen, unheard, unknown,  
 Nor need to feign the smile or hide the groan,  
 Disgusted with the past, the future brave,  
 And seek to slope this life down to the grave—  
 All see the day, yet always deem it far,  
 To me 'tis sweet to think it always near ;  
 I have enjoy'd—anticipated all  
 The passing dreams that man here pleasure call.  
 The buds of hope have pal'd into the sear,  
 And early felt the winter of the year.  
 The spring and summer's fled—the autumn yet  
 Faintly reflected still excites regret.  
 And \* \* \* \*

*And what ?*

The first part of this quotation is excellent, but it is blemished in the latter by the modern sentimental cant of affected satiety of life, and all its pleasures and pursuits. It would really be a melancholy thing to reflect upon, that so young a man as the author, (for we know him to be so), could speak truly of the spring, summer and autumn of his life, as he does here, and give us such an ineffable description of the barrenness and horrors of the winter ; that we suppose now oppresses him by two mystical lines of *stars*. We are not *astrologers* to know or augur any thing from these *portentous stars* ; but we know very well that the April of his life has not yet wept itself into its May ; so that Summer, and Autumn, and Winter, yet remain for him.

Of his mysticism, the following is no bad example:—It is as oracular a response as ever Wordsworth gave from his mystical tripod in the temple of nature where he sits (in the words of our Bard.)

And Heav'n-inspir'd, from out the mystic shrine,  
 Mad—sullen—wild—yet breathing things divine.

It is as dark an answer as ever Coleridge, our modern Trophonius ever uttered in deep-toned importance from the obscure and vapoury cave of his metaphysics.

“ I ” is my favourite word—nor doth it mean  
 That which I am, or was, but might have been ;  
 Not real, but a fancied being, used  
 As the most proper name to be abused,  
 Nor think me, friends, for this a flighty elf  
 In poetry—“ I ” never means myself—  
 Except distorted to caricature.  
 Which tho' we gaze at, we can scarce endure  
 So merry—mournful strain, I must adieu,  
 But cannot part in merry mood from you.



We ought to leave our readers the pleasure of finding out the meaning of this, as well as we did *at last*, and we assure them they would have some trouble, or they should be blessed with sharper apprehensions than we are possessed of. It would be worse than a Sphinx to any fat-headed fellow; and the most famous charade-resolver among our female readers might conceive, and bring forth, aye and nurse a young Sholto-Shulada, aye and send him to school, and have him in and out of College too, ere she would make out this. However, since *we think* we have found out the meaning, and since the author *to be sure* knows it, we will say to *him* that we hope "*I*" never means myself," and that in the passage quoted about himself above, he uses it only "*distorted*," and as a "*caricature*," and "*as the most proper name to be abused*," and that he "*gazes*" on this "*fancied being*," but can "*scarce endure*" it. However we can give it another turn; and if the author wrote it with such thought, it is an arch and curious piece of satire, and very just. He makes a good excuse for his brother bards by saying, "*in poetry*" "*I*" never means myself—for if it did, heaven knows very few of them could escape the charge of incurable *egotism*—"distorted to caricature," may allude to the poetry of a certain noble author, who is in the habit of giving us hideous caricatures of himself, (for they certainly cannot be true pictures) that we "*gaze at*," in gaping wonderment at first—but which, when we observe them close, "*we can scarce endure*," and whom all the bardlings of the age are striving to imitate. Many may say, now that it is explained, there is no difficulty in it. We hope from our illustration of it, our readers will understand it; but perhaps our expounding makes it more obscure.—So much for the "*Pleasures of Melancholy*."

The "*Saxon Tale*," (if it can be called a *tale*; in our opinion it would be better entitled a *fragment*), is a poem *à la Byron*, and indeed has a share of the excellencies of his Lordship, and all his faults. It is at the least as obscure as the most obscure of the noble bard's fragments—yet it has a great deal of high and spirited description, bold conception, and strong passion, We will not detail the story, for the author himself says—

Few love to tell—fewer to end the tale.

That is enough for us.—We will only say that quite *à la Byron* it hinges on a little innocent incest; yet it has this saving clause, that the brother and sister are unconscious of their consanguinity.—

This horrible idea might never have blemished the poem; it would have stood as well without it; we are only made acquainted with it in a few bad and obscure lines at the end of the poem. We will quote them as a specimen of the art of studied obscurity.

Few love to tell—fewer to end the tale;  
 But yonder in Ceanlin's darksome vale  
 There is a tomb;—and whether true or not,  
 Strange sights, they say, are seen upon the spot.  
 They're buried there—sister and brother  
 The marble says, lie cold together;  
 The grave was their nuptial bed—  
 And he hurried away as he said.

The first three lines of this will recall to the memories of our poetical readers the closing of "*Mohkanna*," or the ending of "*Roderick, the last of the Goths*," which Moore himself imitated.—Of the latter lines we will say nothing; they tell us what we rather would not hear, and that is enough. There is in this poem one fine description of a dreadful cave and sacrifice, and of a *dæmon-spirit*, whom Egbert, the hero of the tale, meets in this grove, and who is a very officious gentleman, perhaps the chief actor in the poem. Egbert tells this horrid story to Elgiva, who witnesses the spirit allaying a dreadful storm at Egbert's command, which threatened themselves and their bark with immediate destruction. The passage is long; but we will not curtail it, for we think our readers will find the same pleasure in it which we did, and that they will not be disappointed when they come to the end of it.

" 'Twas thus - when fame in Saxon arms I sought,  
 And first beneath the white-horse banner fought,  
 Far to the West, against the hardy race  
 Of bold, though vanquish'd Britons, wild the place,  
 In which we met, and conquer'd, and pursu'd;  
 No ruth was shown, for deadly was the feud;  
 Their scythe-arm'd axles 'gainst the foe were turn'd  
 And druid torch the druid temples burn'd.  
 Ardent the mingling rout I followed far,  
 Outstripp'd my friends, nor rested till the star  
 Of night shone, silvering the rugged side  
 Of Cambrian mountains, rear'd in awful pride  
 Around, and with its pallid influence chill'd  
 My mettle hot, and my warm bosom fill'd  
 With peaceful thought. Wearied I strove to find  
 Some sheltering cave or thicket, where reclin'd  
 My limbs, forgetful of fatigue, might rest,  
 For slumber heavy on my eye-lids press'd.  
 Around, but flinty rock, or damp morass  
 A chilly couch afforded, and the grass,

Sparkling with dew beneath the humid tread,  
The wand'rer warn'd to seek a kindlier bed.  
The windings of the vale I trac'd, in hope  
To find some clift or cavern in the slope,  
Which rear'd its huge fantastic pile above,  
On either side—a gloomy waving grove,  
Invited me to pierce its dark recess,  
Embosom'd in this mountain wilderness.  
Each way I tried, the tangled underwood,  
My vain attempts to enter it withstood ;  
Some busy fingers interwove the brake,  
Defying e'en the prowling wolf to make  
An inroad there. The difficulty more,  
Urg'd me the secrets of its shade t' explore :  
While round the thorny fence I roam'd in vain,  
Some upright path or avenue to gain,  
An aged oak, whose curv'd fantastic trunk,  
Had 'neath the storm or forked lightning sunk ;  
Form'd a low arch, rear'd on some scatter'd rocks,  
A fit retreat for coney or wild fox.  
As in the partial light the passage shone,  
Not cloth'd with moss, as the rude mountain stone,  
The leafless branch discerpt, and bare-worn sod,  
Told that some living foot the path had trod.  
Creeping, I enter'd, o'er the miry soil ;  
As if to seek a serpent in his coil ;  
But soon the way allow'd of gait erect,  
Thro' open track, that made my hopes expect  
Some habitation near ; no moon-ray fell,  
Piercing the matted awning of the dell ;  
Thick was the air to breathe, the darkness seem'd  
As if with myriads of forms it teem'd  
Indefinite, such as the lid-veil'd eye,  
Intent perceives to flit in its grey sky.  
My foot recoiling shrunk from the firm tread,  
My failing bosom heav'd with causeless dread ;  
Still onward bent, I struggled to repress  
The fears I dar'd not to myself confess.  
Sudden the thicket shone, and leaf and bough,  
Were crimson'd with a glare of light, and now  
A shout struck on mine ear, not the huzza  
From noisy banquet, or from youthful play,  
But, fiendlike, from the rattling throat of age  
It died, and swell'd again with wilder rage ;  
Reverberated oft, and full it roll'd  
From hollow cavern, so its deep sound told.  
The breeze that bore it, bore it not alone,  
And when it fainter sunk ; methought a groan  
Of suffering came, discordant with the yell,  
Feeble yet heavy on my heart it fell,  
And chas'd away the soul-subduing charm,  
Gave back my wonted boldness, nerv'd my arm.  
I grasp'd my sword, and rush'd to where the sound  
Issued from rocky arch, and pour'd around



Its echoing horrors.—Oh ! had hell unveil'd  
 The blackest scene in her dark vault conceal'd,  
 'Twould be but horror pleasing and sublime,  
 Compar'd with what I felt that fearful time.  
 Before me, in the midst, on altar rais'd  
 Faggots, what else I knew not, crackling blaz'd ;  
 The roof was black, the walls were red with glare,  
 With gore the earth, and hoary was the hair  
 Of those that waded in't, and danc'd about  
 Their sacred pile, with wringing hand and shout ;  
 Wild their aspect, loose their robes, and blood  
 From hand and garment dropp'd to swell the flood.  
 That carpetted the cave, from victims slain  
 And dire to tell, the sacrifice was man.  
 The headless trunk that pour'd the crimson stream,  
 The limb that quiver'd in the hissing flame,  
 Disclos'd the horrid deed, while round, the throng  
 Of hellish priests yell'd their exulting song.  
 And wilder notes they utter'd, when my blade  
 Flash'd, dealing death among them, and repaid  
 Their butchery with blood—some fell, some fled,  
 And fill'd the howling cave with shouts of dread.  
 One I pursued, whose hoary beard and height,  
 Proclaim'd him chief in age, and chief in might :  
 Led by his flying step through winding vault,  
 With fruitless speed, so lengthen'd that I thought  
 'Twould never cease to wind, or I regain  
 The light of heav'n, or home, or tented plain.  
 Sudden before me stood the form thou saw'st,  
 To still the troubled wave, when all seem'd lost :  
 Clothed in the meteors that guard the shrine  
 Of earth's recess, and glisten in the mine,  
 I could not look upon it, for my gaze  
 Shrunk into nought, as feather from the blaze.  
 'Twas silent, but such silence as the ear  
 Might well mistake for drum o'er warrior's bier :  
 So deep it was—it woke each slumbering sense,  
 And rais'd that anxious feeling of suspense,  
 When horror frights the listening soul to rest,  
 And words sink deepest in the astonish'd breast,  
 Short was the pause—a voice the silence broke,  
 And thus, while the hollow mountain trembled, spoke :—  
 " Mortal, altho' with impious foot thou'st dar'd to tread,  
 " And with more impious rage profane the sacred shade ;  
 " Yet valour e'en in foe I honor and reward,  
 " Receive a gift from him whose vot'ries stain thy sword ;  
 " In time of need or danger lift thy pray'r to me,  
 " Thou shalt obtain thy utmost wish, whate'er it be."  
 I saw and heard no more—within my tent  
 Amaz'd I stood, as in a dream were spent  
 That fearful hour, and would it were a dream  
 To tell in merry mood, for pleasant theme.—  
 The bark's aground upon the destin'd shore.  
 Speak not, or think not of this mystery more."

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We must now remark, that there is a great deal of intellectuality in this book, which made us think it worthy of so long a notice ; and indeed we think it more so than a great many Poems that are perhaps better known, and even favorites with the public ; as also, because the author belongs to ourselves, and is a student of our University : but there is a great deal of obscurity in it, which is rendered more so by the system of punctuation adopted through its pages. One would suppose they were printed for some person that could not draw a second breath from a severe asthma. The faults in the style and composition are numerous : there are some prosaic lines, some harsh elisions, and some illegitimate rhymes that could not be recognised by any ear, however unmusical or barbarous. His style of versification is rough : it frequently possesses strength—seldom elegance, but never a smooth or flowing sweetness. We fear a great many of his faults are affectations of his own : if they are so, criticism should be more severe upon him than if they were so unintentionally, and without his being perfectly acquainted that they were anomalies to correct composition. In this age of refinement, rudeness and carelessness must not be tolerated. And we will tell Mr. C. no one but a perfect and accomplished musician, will dare to introduce discords to ornament his music, and that he is not so decided a master of versification as to sport with the rules, which it and the public taste deem to be the true standards of composition.

Here we conclude our remarks on this gentlemen—we found him worthy of praise—we did not deprive him of his desert. We found him worthy of censure—we bestowed the necessary correction. We own we should wish to find genius as faultless as possible : when it is not to our hopes, we must strive to point out to it its faults, and reclaim it from its follies. It was with this good intention, we noticed any thing faulty in this little volume, for it contains more to be praised than to be blamed, and we hope the author will at least consider before he slights any advice given him by us, who recognize him as a man of talents from what he has done *here*, and think him a man of promise to do even more than this hereafter.

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 REVIEW OF MEDICAL LITERATURE, &c.

*Remarks on the Importance of the Medical Profession, and on the present state of Medical Practice in Ireland,*

BY RICHARD GRATTAN, M.D. FEL. & CENS. OF COL. OF PHYS. &C.

PART I. and II.

The grand object of the first of these pamphlets, was to shew the impropriety of employing Apothecaries to prescribe, manifestly to the injury of the Physician's pocket. This one which contained a quantity of heterogeneous matter, and a great deal of the argumentum a particulari ad universale, was shortly after its appearance answered by a pamphlet, termed a REVIEW of the Remarks &c. In this the objects held in view, and the arguments used by Dr. Grattan were discussed and many of them overwhelmed too deeply to emerge. This Review called forth part II. and it is this publication that we propose to examine; the other and its answer being generally known.

In part 1st Dr. Grattan lays great stress on the chemical abilities of the physician. Now we are acquainted with a physician who studied chemistry under Kirwan, and yet he has often told us that he was totally ignorant of either modern theories or discoveries, and in fact esteemed it a waste of time to repair his knowledge. Persons acquainted with the school of physic, even in Dublin, must admit the superficial acquaintance with chemistry acquired by the attendance on the lectures, unless accompanied by attentive private study. Dr. G. proceeds with a fine apostrophe in praise of chemistry and exemplifies his arguments by bringing under our notice the wide difference which exists between the effects produced by calomel and corrosive sublimate: "and yet the substances of which they are composed are similar, but combined in different proportions." The author of the review denies this theory, and says "the cause which he assigns as the only one is not the cause at all." In part 2d the Author retorts, and tells the reviewer that his assertion is *downright nonsense*. We know not the reviewer's idea respecting the action of these substances, but certainly must decide against Dr. Grattan's view of it. The received composition of Calomel is, 1 atom Chlorine + 1 atom of Mercury, and that of Sublimate, 2 at. Chlorine + 1 of Mercury; the first being a chloride and the second a bichloride. Now as the Chloride is almost totally insoluble in water, and the Bichloride



quite the opposite, this quality alone might give it a greater activity ; but, we conceive that when it arrives at the stomach it is a *quaternary* not a *binary* compound. It is then composed of 2 atoms Chlorine and 2 atoms hydrogen (Muriatic acid), + 2 atoms oxygen and 1 atom Mercury (deutoxide of mercury :) if this be the case oxygen and hydrogen are to be found in the second, though not in the first compound.

As it would require more space than we can devote, were we to discuss every thing advanced in this curious pamphlet, we must content ourselves with a contracted view of its leading points ; and this we do with the less regret, under the expectation that the entire will shortly meet an able refutation. To know in what light the Apothecaries are held in general, we need but appeal to the public themselves. It would be an insult to the common sense, and an impeachment of the candour of that public to cover our paper with arguments in favor of the moral characters of a respectable body of men, among whom has been found so much brilliant genius. We rest assured that the author stands almost alone in his unmerited attack. New regulations may be necessary in the pharmaceutical department, but we should wish to see a more extended course of reading, as the first. In the production which it has become our province to notice, the surgeons come in now and then for a side blow, but the Dr. wisely thinks that their instruments of warfare are rather too *cutting*. Although he scatters his venom so profusely amongst the apothecaries, he confesses, and that not tacitly either, that his own department calls loudly for reform, and admits that the title of doctor, conferred by a degree, is no criterion ; since quacks of every description possess a facility of obtaining it, inso-much that "as a test of professional competency these degrees have become, from the indiscriminate manner in which they are conferred, little else than a *downright mockery*." After reading the learned Doctor's work, we are not inclined to dispute his opinion, and we thank him for having opened our eyes to the vices of a profession, of which we always entertained perhaps too high an opinion. If the faculty have sent him forth as their champion, (but we can scarcely believe it,) they have been, like Balaam, reproved. —

Like other leather-headed critics, we are not particular as to what part of a book we open. The brilliant philological talent of the learned Doctor beamed in all its effulgence on our visual organs, and

almost dazzled us with its splendor. "Plura nitent" arrested our attention, and our eager glance devoured some dozen of sentences; but it was the throe of a mountain for the birth of a mouse; and when we finished *his* quotation with "offendar maculis," we were as satisfied of the truth as if the spirit of Horace had spoken from the dead. In turning over his pages, we lit upon ποιεω; and having read his lucubrations, on that *subject*, we are inclined to recommend him, however he may dabble in simples, to refrain from the Greek compounds, as "*the self-sufficiency of unlettered ignorance*" can never persuade us of his "Pharmacopœa;" for though we acknowledge to φαρμακοποιος, τεκνοποιος, οψοποιος, and other such terminations for the agent, yet are we assured of a different analogy for the *act*; and if the Doctor may not have read the οψοποιία of Herodotus, or the τεκνοποιία of Xenophon, we would send him to the Lexicon, *his* truth-telling oracle.

In the course of this profound work, the junior members of the faculty receive a wholesome and *profitable* advice; and, for which, they should be sincerely obliged—We will tell it out—the Doctor has said it—Who knows better than the Doctor? Take crowns, and if you can't get them, take half crowns, says the Censor, the eye (is it the blind one?) of your profession—*quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!*

The stress laid upon the superior qualifications of an hospital practitioner is well directed,—it could not be otherwise when imposed by the "physician to the Fever Hospital."

Doctor Grattan mentions an instance of negligence exhibited in an Apothecary's shop which he had visited in the usual routine. It was no less than allowing corrosive sublimate to remain scattered in the same drawer with sal ammoniac!! No false sympathy or compassion for an individual should have restrained the promulgation of the name of him who could thus trifle with the lives of his fellow-citizens.

As to ascribing interested motives to the Apothecaries, for preferring one physician to another, we think that, by the Doctor's own admission, they are fully justified; and we only ask, what sways the friends of a patient on such occasions? The anecdote of the Physician who prescribed for the Apothecary is certainly not much to the honor of the profession. As if we were not sufficiently burthened with taxes, a medical one is proposed: i. e. We are told that it would

be a matter of economy to compound with the Physician, and pay him an annual salary for *repairs* in case they should be wanting—this may do very well for overgrown fortunes and sickly habits. Indeed we recollect an instance in Stephen's-green, where this plan produced highly *beneficial* effects to all parties; 1 o'clock regularly brought the Physician and the Surgeon to the door each day—the *Materia Medica* was ransacked, and the efforts of art long restrained the struggling spirit in its earthly tenement. Here we see the futility of mechanical ideas—here we see the advantage of a *golden* main-spring to support the action.

Doctor Grattan, speaking of the absurdity of calling in an Apothecary in the complaints of children, assigns a very charitable reason; he says; "The cause of this impression seems to be, that children, not being considered as *important* members of society as those who are more advanced in years; the mind, by a false analogy, concludes that their diseases may be treated by an inferior set of people." We anticipate the gratification that every parent must feel at this part of the learned Doctor's theory of moral actions.

One of the arguments of the *Reviewer*, to shew the necessity of Physicians meeting Apothecaries in consultation is, that "the Physician might commence the active exhibition of a remedy which the Apothecary had already pushed to a great extent, and which ought, perhaps, at this period, to be relinquished, or administered with more caution, as the accumulated effects might destroy life." We leave it to our readers to judge whether our author has overturned this, by simply asserting, "That in cases of emergency, Apothecaries are not competent to regulate the administration of powerful remedies, with sufficient judgment or discrimination;" while they do prescribe, the necessity exists. Without impeaching the anecdote related in page 33, we could furnish the Doctor with more than a dozen, where the three branches of the profession have been mistaken. To none of these branches are we publicly related; we can therefore say, without fear of being esteemed privately interested, that even by country Apothecaries, we have found patients treated most judiciously, and that not from any matter of chance.

As to the conclusion, that since the apothecary, by staying at home, could compound and prepare his medicines at a cheaper rate, he should therefore sell them at a lower price, it by no means follows; for losing the products of his visits, an increased profit on his



drugs is required to balance the account. At the same time we admit that the charges in the compounding department are often unwarrantable;—so are those of the physician. We recollect having, some years ago, sent orders for six oz. of an infusion of bark with half an ounce of syr. of orange peel, and for this we were doomed by the pompous disciple of Galen to pay 11s. 4½d.!!! we afterwards made up the like infusion for 1s. including the price of the bottle.

We most cordially agree with Dr. Grattan “that the manner in which physicians are now remunerated, is by no means that best adapted to accommodate the public,” (particularly their pockets;) “for the intermediate and most numerous class who are neither poor nor rich, no provision is made.”

We would be glad to see Dr. G. travelling within his own shell; his comparison of the Sons of Esculapius (of whatever branch,) to the clergy, and asserting, that “their services are to the full as important,” speaks well for his *morality*;—perhaps he may, ere now, have heard them preach that “*he that exalteth himself shall be abased*,”—no very comfortable doctrine for *one of the sapient heads of the medical profession*. That many are the examples of generosity and disinterestedness among the faculty, all must allow: none more readily than ourselves.

Dr. G. complains that *every one* cries out against the present system of *pharmacopolistical* interference, (we beg to be excused for encroaching on the *compounding* department.) However this is not the only place where the figure called synecdoche is used. He gives due warning that “should the apothecaries pertinaciously continue to infringe on the province of the physician, which they cannot do without neglecting their shops, it will become a matter for consideration whether physicians, from a regard to the patient’s *safety*, ought not to supply them with pure and accurately prepared medicines: from their small intrinsic value, physicians could readily give those that are really necessary, without charging for them.”

To suppose that physicians of any respectability would spend their time over the pestle, spatula, or pill-flag, is quite ridiculous; besides, they are not the most foolish tribe, to be expected to lay aside any of their just emoluments at this time of difficulty and distress. If it requires, according to Dr. Grattan’s idea, 7 year’s

of undivided application to attain the art of pharmacy, what fine compounds might we not expect from the hands of men who have not devoted a year to its acquirement !

Notwithstanding all the apologetic sentences and salvos with which this pamphlet abounds, we think that its author has unfortunately not been successful in making friends of any party.—We would advise the said “*head of the profession*” to quit the field if he cannot direct his fire with better effect. He should recollect that his patron god of the silver bow was sometimes found *βελος χεπευκες επιεις* and we sincerely hope that he (whatever the apothecaries may be reduced to,) will never find trade so dull as to oblige him to do the same, when paying a *friendly* visit.—We shall now *dispatch* the doctor of whom our readers, like his own patients, must be already sick.

## TAYLOR'S HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE.

Nos. I, II, and III.

MR TAYLOR professes to illustrate his work with drawings made on the spot, in which the *Architecture, Scenery, and Costumes of the College are accurately represented*. How far he has succeeded in the attempt, may be judged from the slightest glance at any of the engravings. The engraved cover represents *nothing* : the *front of the College* is *judiciously* thrown into deep shade ; while the foreground is filled with caricature groups of lancers, coaches, drays, gingles, cars, wheel-barrows, horsemen, dogs, pedestrians, &c. forming an assemblage worthy of Mr. M'CLEARY's window in *Nassau-st.* The lower part of the front is completely hidden by this dawbed and motley rabble. In consequence of the ill-chosen hour of the day (evidently before eleven), the College, as we observed, is shewn in deep shadow ; a good excuse truly for omitting to depict the finer parts of the architecture, the whole of which is most negligently put out of hands. But (to the *credit* of the artist), this is far from being the worst among them : the view from the Provost's garden is prodigiously bad ; the foreground is taken up with trees, shrubs, gravel-walks, gardeners, fellows, &c., while the legitimate object of the print, the buildings of the College, are quite in the distance ; but this would be no objection, if they were accurately represented. Mr. Taylor seems to have thought that, by throwing them back, he

might escape the trouble of copying them correctly. The chapel (which is built of Portland-stone and granite, and is a most elaborate piece of architecture,) is made to appear almost destitute of ornament, and is coloured a *bright yellow*; this latter circumstance alone distinguishes it from the dining-hall, which is painted *slate colour*: the likeness between these two buildings, is greatly heightened by the ingenious transformation of the chapel pillars from Corinthian to Ionic, and by converting the square pilasters of the Dining-hall into *round* ones: the same liberty has been taken with the front of the College. Oh! wonderous power of genius that canst transform the solid stone, and efface the work of the chissel, by one dash of the pencil! We have found just now that granite is a *bright yellow*: but we have also to learn that, in the shade, it becomes a *brick-colour*, (as appears from the colour given to the Vice-Provost's house). In this print too, we have a wing of the Library, equally true in the drawing and colouring:—the original has slight prominences at the wings and centre; these have been exaggerated so as to injure the contour of the building, nor does it appear of its full size. This building has a small but graceful cornice, which Mr. Taylor has lopped off. The roof is of a singular and elegant form, so as to be an ornament instead of a deformity; from the point at which this sketch purports to have been taken, the roof must have been visible; but our ingenious improver of architectural designs, has with the greatest ease, knocked off the roof; and with no less facility, he has erected a *balustrade* which never was seen on the Library. We cannot account for such daring folly on any other supposition, but that Mr. T. *did not* take the drawing on the spot, as he pretends to have done. The design of the Library is too tasteful and dignified to suit the ideas of such a man, and perhaps he actually thought he was improving it. Perhaps he thought the flower-pots in front, with which he has favored us, make up for all *trifling* errors like those we have noticed. If the College were a cameleon, it could not shift its hues half so fast, as it has done under Mr. Taylor's hand. The *interior* of the Museum was rather an unsightly subject, as the attraction of the room (although a very fine one), consists, not in the walls, but in the glass-cases. Mr. T. has converted it into a kind of *menagerie*, by letting loose in the room a vast number of creatures which he has made scarcely human. We would ask Mr. T. whether an idea of the College is to be given by throwing



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in a crowd of grotesque and ridiculous figures, ill drawn and worse coloured. Our patience is not sufficient for the task of noticing every thing faulty, as it strikes us, in looking over these prints. In the view of the Grand Square, he made some attempt at giving the architecture correctly; but it is *out of drawing* in many parts: for instance, the steps of the chapel are moved from the first to the second pillar. The groups in this drawing, are *if possible*, more ridiculous than any we have yet noticed: the students have little cause to be thankful for the manner in which their *costume* and their conduct is drawn: there is not a gentlemanly figure in the whole, and it is particularly strange to see *basket* and *why women* in the College. Here we may remark, that the dresses are wretchedly done, and that the students are all made to wear the same clothes, (as if they belonged to a charity-school). In the three numbers there is scarce a worse print than that of the Library—that noble and venerable building, the design of which would do honour to any architect, has suffered severely by the bad quality of the stone with which it was raised: the mouldering of the outside has effaced much of the fine work, but it has not injured the appearance as a whole. The natural colour of the stone, aided by this circumstance, has given a grave and sombre hue to the building; this Mr. T. has wisely altered to a very light fresh colour, without the smallest trace of extraordinary ruggedness caused by the decay of the stone. The perspective too is miserably bad; and the end of the Examination Hall at the left of the view, is marvellously botched; the newest beginner would be ashamed to represent the conical roof as it is here. The view of the College-park vies in absurdity with the others; the beautiful and classic front of the Printing-house is made a disgrace to the College, and the other buildings, which appear, are scarcely to be recognised; nor is it easy to find any spot from which the park looks as Mr. T. has represented it. We are actually tired with dissecting these daubs one by one; but we shall say a little on the style in general. The history of the English Universities is illustrated with coloured engravings; and these, Mr. T. has professed to imitate. He has however fallen far short of those prints, and even if he had equalled them, we should still reprobate his taste for choosing such a model. Mr. Ackerman's coloured prints are certainly well executed, but we never much admired them. The art, of colouring engravings, is not sufficiently advanced to be agreeable:

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the colours employed are of too high and warm a character, and they are laid on in so broad and glaring a manner, as that they never can harmonize or appear natural. But this style is peculiarly ill adapted to architecture, which should be done with a closeness and minuteness, not attainable in etching for colours. The simple elegance of good line-engraving displays the character of a building incomparably better. Besides all this, Mr. Taylor appears to us peculiarly unfitted for the task which he undertook: he is unable to draw buildings or figures, and the only part of his art which he seems to be acquainted with, is wooding; and even in this, he has planted trees in the College-park which no one ever saw there. We would advise him to *condescend* copying what comes before him, instead of altering or attempting to improve. In all that we have said, we only judge by what is before us, and are ready to admit (upon other evidence, if it can be had), that Mr. Taylor may be a very competent artist. We have dwelt very long on these points, because we felt it a disgrace to our University, that nothing better should be bestowed on it. Of the historical part we cannot well judge until more of it appears, but we fear the plan is too limited.

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## MATHEMATICS.

*To the Editor of the Dublin Magazine.*

Sir, I take the liberty of sending you a Theorem relating to circles, which, as I am aware of, never before appeared in print; and since it implicitly comprehends two propositions of Euclid's Elements, I dare say you will consider it worthy a place in your valuable publication.

Yours, &c. A.

If two circles intersect, and from either of the intersections a diameter be drawn in each, the line which joins the other extremities of these diameters (produced if necessary,) will pass through the remaining point of intersection.

It will be easily understood, that when the two intersections of the circles coincide in a point of contact, the diameters just spoken of will either coincide, or be *in-directum* with each other; whence it appears that the 11th and 12th Propositions of the Third Book of Euclid's Elements are but particular cases of this more general Theorem.

## Poetry.

The following Greek Ode of Mr. Cole's, (with the translation annexed,) was honored with the first prize at the last commencements, upon the subject of "Alexander's Visit to the Tomb of Cyrus." Mr. C. has submitted it before the public, for the purpose of shewing that the pages of this Magazine shall be always open for compositions of this kind. And the Editors have reason to believe, that for the future they shall be enabled to present their readers with some or other of the University Prizes.

Ed.

### ἌΣΜΑ' ΣΑΠΦΙΚΟΝ εἰς τὸν ἈΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟΝ,

πρὸς τάφον τὸν τῷ ΚΥΡΟΥ ἐφ' ὀδυσσάνῃα.

Εἰ τίς ἀνδρῶν φύσιν ἐκμάθησε,  
Εἰδ' ἄγ' ἔξεσποις τὴν ἐναίλιωσις  
Βυλεῖται; τί δ' ἄστασι ἡ ἐνέσσα  
Ἄεν ἐν αὐτῇ;

Μὴ οἷ' ἔκθεσι, διὰ σάμα τῆλο,  
Ζωπύρον τὰ ἔξ ἔρρανοδεν ἀλῆθως;  
Ὡς φάτο κορμῶ, διαζωποπίον  
Πανί', ἐνὶ κοιλίᾳ·

Καὶ νίας ἄπει, δρομῶ ἔν, ὀρεξέας,  
Ἄι ἐπιέξῃσι προῖι νῦν ἐχισθῆναι  
Τῷ πονήσεσθαι, καὶ ἀγωνεῖσθαι  
Εἰνεκὰ δοξῆς;

Ἡ ἀρ', ὡς Παυλὸς ἀγῖο διδασκε,  
Σαρκ' ἐϋφθάρην Θεῷ ἐχθάνεσθαι,  
Τῇ κλίσσῃ, βίᾳ ἀνίερεσθαι  
Πνευμα, καλὴν περ;

Πνευμα, θαμ' ἐς ἔρασιόν, στοχαζέαι,  
Ὅιον ἐνλαυθ' ἡ πόλις ἡ μενέσσα·  
Ἐμπόδιζαι δ' ἡδονὴν ἐκλάσεισα  
Δικτυῶ ἄς, σαρξ.

Ὅδαμῶς ἄλλη σενάχοι γένοιτο·  
Ὅυ τόσοι ἄλλοι ἐνὶ τῷ φιληθεῖν·  
Ὅυδ' ἐλδορσιν συνεχεσιν, οἰδῶν  
Ἀνδρασιν ἥιδε.

Ἰσορησέσιν, τὲ φονον τ' ὀλεσθῶν  
Μέμερα τ' ἔργα, κρονίκα παλαια  
Τὰ λεγοῖν ἡρώας εὐκλειεας  
Πανίᾳ τριβένῃας·

Καὶ οἷζυροι ἀνέρες παλινταί·  
Καὶ ἔξῃ βρεχθέν ἀπολεμὸς δεδνει·  
Δηλαδὴ, ὡς τίς περιπυσεσθαι  
Φωνῇ ἐπ' ὀσσης.

Ὁ νενικηκας Τύρον ἐκ θεοσφι,  
Ακράτης περ καὶ μεγαλοφρονησας,  
Σεῖσε τον ΠΑΝΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΑ ταπεινωσ  
Πρὸς τ' ἐκυνησε·

Ὅυνεκ' ἀρηίηρ καὶ ὄναρ ἐφαινε·  
Ἐκ δε δηλὸς θεοσπεισιον θελήμα,  
Το δοκεν μιν τῶν ἀσέβων τιμῶρον  
Ταν τὲ πανωλῶν.

Ἄλλα μιν βλαψεν ὑπερηφανεία·  
Καὶ τὸ, ἐν πραγτίῳ μιν ἀκράτῃσιν·  
Καὶ το, ὡς πολλον, θανάσιον λελήσθαι  
Σφαλάμα βροῖοισι·

Καὶ, ἀμ' οἱ θυμῷ, ἐνοσην ὡδε—  
Ουδ' Ἀλεξάνδρῳ κρῶσιαν τις ἀλλοι,  
Ουδ' ὁ φησαν, οἱ αὖν εἰμ' ἐκείνῳ  
Ἴσος ἐσσεσθαι.

Καὶ σίντο κόσμῳ λίαν ἐκθλίβει μιν·  
Καὶ ταλαιπωρῶ ἐπικειναι τεινε·  
Καὶ κρῶσιτας πέρ, κρῶσις μεμνη  
Τερμαλῖο ἐλῖο.

Αἰετοῦ ἄκυσ ἐπ' αἰετλαν ἀρθεῖς  
Πτησιν ὑψηλὴν ἔλας ἀφουλακίαν·  
Ὅυδ' ἐβεκληθῇ καλίσταυς, ἕως κί-  
-ραυνοβοληθῇ·

Νηπιον ἀνδρ' ὡς ἐαλακε θυμῷ  
Ἀνίποισεσθαι τῷ ἀδικεῖν,  
Προκαλιζέσθαι τὲ Θεον ἐς ὄργην,  
Φθαλίᾳ κολῶσθαι.

Κύμ' ἀναφλυζον ἀπορερ' ἀν ὡκα  
Τὸν ἀλήτηλον, ἐναποκλυοῖα·  
Εἰ μὴ ἀλλοι τις, λίαν ἀσθενεῖα  
Μιν, ἐσαωσε·

Ὡς ἀναξ ποτιῶ καλῶσπεφρονηταί·  
Ὡς Ἀλεξάνδρῳ μέγας ἀγνοεῖται·  
Ὡς τὸν Ἀρμενῶν, θεον ἐκδοδεῖα  
Κύμ' ἀτρεῖζε.

Ου μὲν ἀλλ' ἐσοι βροῖοι, ἐν βραχεῖ περ·  
Φευκλικοῦ εἶς, μὴ μεγαλιζο σε·  
Ἰρίδεις ὡς ἱ' ἐν νεφεσιν φονησας,  
Ὡς σὺ λελήσας.



Τετραματ' ἀρχῇ ὑγρὰ κέλευθ' ἱποίεις·  
 Δυσχέραινονί' ἀπείανθ' καίισχες·  
 Ἀλλ' ὁ δισποζων κατ' ἅπαν, σεαυτῷ  
 Ἠνδραποδισαί·

Τῶν παθῶν ἕλως ἐάλας θυμῷ.  
 Ἀεραῖη πέρ καὶ κακόποιον ὄντα,  
 Τρεῖς τοσὴ δύνην μανὶ ἐν Πάσαργη-  
 δαῖσι φρένας σέ·

Ἀυλοθεὶ γαζας γέ πολέες ἐολπας  
 Ἀργυρον καὶ χρυσον ἀποκερῦβναι·  
 Ὅσσα πέρ, τυμβοὶ μεγαλῶν δυναστῶν  
 Ἐνδον ἔχουσ·

Ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν Κυρῷ πλέθ' ἐς μοιρας·  
 Καὶ ἐκεί σκυθεῷ θανατῷ πεφάνηται·  
 Καὶ σφεῷ σαπρὸς ἀμεινῆνα δέειξε  
 Ἀνερὸς ὁσῆ.

Ἔιν' ὁδῷ δοξῆς ὁδε δὲ δραμῆκεν·  
 Καὶ κλειῖς αὐτῇ κατὰλαψεν ὥλα·  
 Νῦν δὲ φθογγὸς μινύριζέσθαι τὸ  
 Ὀλοτοί, αἰ' αἰ.

Νῦν ἀμαυρεῖται τὸ σέλας παλαιον,  
 Ἐν σκότῳ τυμβεῖ ἐφ' ὠλίαντος·  
 Ὅκ' εἰς φρεῖον, ὄνομ' ἐκφοβηθέν  
 Παννυχάθην πέρ.

Μακρὰ δὲ σιγὴ διαχυσάτ' ἀνίως·  
 Ὅντα ταραξ' ἔδεν σ' ἀνόηλον ὄντα,  
 Ὅντα δραστικῶν κῶφος ἐπάδοντος αἰε-  
 Πέρ μελὶνδῆς.

Ἀλλ' Ἀλεξάνδρος λεγέσθαι δίκαιος  
 Τὸ πρῖν, ἥς τὲ καλόκαγατος τί·  
 Ἀλλ' ὅταν θυμῷ πλεονεκτεῖ, εἰκὴ  
 Αἰμαφόρουτος.

Ω ΠΝΟΗ ἔξ ἔρανοθεν ἀληθως,  
 Ἢδ' ἐπ' ἀρχῇ τὴν κλίσιν ἐκάλησας  
 Ἐκ χαῖς, κυκλῆς τ' ἐκελθ' ἀπανίας  
 Ἐξανάλειπεν.

Εἰς νόον φως, ὦ ΣΟΦΙ', ἐγγχείσον·  
 Ἡμᾶς ἔξ ὑπνῶ ἀπάτης ἐγχευε·  
 αἰ διευθυνον ὁδὸν ἐκπαλίσσεται  
 Εἰσω ἀδείαν.

### ALEXANDER VISITS THE TOMB OF CYRUS.

A TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING ODE.

Say ye, who know the mazy plan  
 Of half divine, half-creature—man,  
 Tho' knowing self unknown:  
 What means the inconsistency?  
 The contrarieties we see  
 Thro' all his system shewn?

Is it—that thro' this mould of earth,  
 The living spark of heavenly birth  
 Still kindles new desire?  
 And thro' the mass its motions run,  
 As, thro' the signs, the circling sun  
 With all-creative fire?

Or as the rapt Cilician shew'd—  
 The flesh at enmity with God,  
 The mast'ry would maintain?  
 And hence the spirit vanquish'd still,  
 Without the pow'r exerts the will:  
 And struggles in the chain?

For heav'n, its home, the spirit burns,  
 And earth and earthly objects spurns,  
 Too mean to hold it here;  
 But this encumbrancer of clay—  
 To sense and appetites a prey  
 Impedes its high career.

Else—whence the sigh that breathes regret?  
 Else—why so soon the round forget  
 Of pleasures, vainly tried?  
 Else—why with wishes gain'd, we find  
 A disappointment still behind—  
 A void unsatisfied?

Trace thro' the page of history,  
 To glory and to victory  
 Each death-doom'd demigod—  
 Whose laurels, wafted down the tide  
 Of time, now wither in their pride,  
 All scath'd and sapp'd in blood—

And why does battle's-meteor burn?  
 And death and desolation turn  
 On man, their victim made?  
 That man for sooth, may give to fame  
 A soon, too-soon forgotten name:—  
 The shadow of a shade.

The conqueror of Tyre hath bow'd  
 Lowly, before the name of God,  
 And own'd his high behest:  
 To wield the sin-avenging sword—  
 To shed the shafts of wrath abroad  
 A minister confest—

Yet pride hath whisper'd in his ear,  
Has Alexander aught to fear?

Who may his might withstand?  
And, lo! he swells to more than man—  
Beyond the world's contracted span  
He strains with eager hand.

Yet stoop thee from thy dizzying height!  
Oh! stem thy high and heav'nward flight,  
Too wild for thy weak wing!  
The eagle may defy the storm,  
'Till the fork'd fire resistless borne  
O'ertake his towering.

Man, blindly to destruction led,  
Raises his heav'n-devoted head  
To meet the threat'ning blow.—  
And while th' avenging spirit stands,  
He wrests the lightning from his hands,  
Which else might strike more slow.

And what proud monarch art thou?—man,  
As fleeting as the rainbow's span  
That passes with the wind—  
Its form hath faded on the eye—  
He vanishes as instantly,  
And leaves no track behind.

The son of conquest bounds his sway  
By ocean—but Pasargadæ  
Approves him self-subdued:  
To fellest passions of the breast  
The victor bends a slave confest,  
Forswearing every good.

No treasures beam'd upon thine eye,  
And vain was the expectancy  
That found thy footsteps there:  
No pomp the tomb of Cyrus shares;  
Death and the arms of blood it bears—  
The sword, the shield, and spear.

Like thine, his race was glorious here—  
And subject kings were taught to fear  
His right-asserting sword.—

Like thine, ambition fir'd his mind  
To leave the name of *Great* behind—  
Too oft a blood-bought word.

And honour too, was his—but oh!  
Its gleam now only shines to shew  
Its veriest nothingness:  
It is a lamp to light his tomb,  
To spread a thicker, deadlier gloom,  
A heavier noisomeness.

No state his mouldering bones can boast:  
All vain distinctions now are lost,  
His name alone is seen:  
Oh, very death where nought is heard!  
Where busy man has disappeared,  
As tho' he ne'er had been!

For thee the awful stillness there  
Breath'd no instruction—on thine ear  
Its language vainly fell.—  
The charmer wisely charms in vain,  
While the deaf adder to his strain  
Is still insensible.

Yet fame speaks Alexander good  
And just—but oh! not then—for blood  
Of innocence was shed:  
And thirst of treasure had consign'd  
To blackest deeds his blacker mind:  
The feeling soul was fled.

Spirit of the Eternal's throne!  
Which, with th' Almighty fiat frown,  
From chaos call'd the spheres!  
When young Creation rais'd to heav'n  
His hymn of praise—and time was giv'n  
To run his destin'd years.—

Spirit of wisdom! come, inspire  
This formless mass of mind! thy fire  
Illume each darken'd breast!  
Let us our heav'nward course begin!  
Oh! teach our sin-wreck'd souls to win  
The haven of our rest!

### AN EXTRACT FROM THE "MOORISH MAID."

AN UNPUBLISHED METRICAL TALE,

By John Bertridge Clarke, Esq.

O Yes! Zorayda, in thine eye  
That talismanic charm doth lie;  
I saw—I gaz'd—till swimming sight  
Was lost in luxury of light.  
Yes! the most hating heart must own,  
It feels where beauty holds her throne,

And every beating breast will tell  
Where loveliness has deign'd to dwell;  
'Till thrilling pleasure, blissful pain,  
In sweet confusion turn the brain.  
And tell me then is it not well  
To love this lovely infidel?

For sure if loveliness divine  
 E'er lighten'd from a mortal shrine,  
 If e'er the smile of heavenly grace  
 Shed sunshine o'er the human face,  
 If love's bright dart did ever fly  
 On fiery wing from woman's eye,  
 If truth and innocence e'er found  
 A mansion under heav'nly ground,  
 Zorayda! then thy knight must feel  
 Thy charms all nature's nonpareil.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I must away, Zorayda dear,  
 Honor forbids my tarrying here;  
 And tho' the beam of that bright eye  
 Is brighter than the morning sky,  
 And tho' that sweetly warbling voice,  
 Makes echo in her notes rejoice,  
 And tho' that bosom, love's white throne,  
 Heaves the soft sigh for me alone,  
 And tho' each ringlet of that hair  
 Of Raven hue, so fine, and fair,  
 Is dearer than the costliest gem—  
 Nay than the world's bright diadem,  
 Ev'n tho' a death-pang 'tis to grieve thee,  
 Thy own Alonzo still must leave thee—  
 Zorayda! love! I am away;  
 My country calls—I must obey—  
 Now one embrace—I'm gone—  
 "Oh stay.

And is it so?—Alonzo, then,  
 I see you love like other men,  
 In peace 'mid music, bow'rs and groves,  
 Where pleasure lives in woman's loves,  
 You'll feign a passion and you'll swear,  
 To some too unsuspecting fair.  
 But oh! these vows are light as air,  
 For 'tis when honor calls "farewell,"  
 Then brok'n is woman's magic spell;  
 O then we're us'd as useless toys,  
 Thrown by for war's tumultuous joys,  
 Your wily breasts may passion prove,—  
 —But can it claim the name of love?—  
 Man's love—ah! why profane the name,  
 Love is an undecaying flame,  
 And not a flickering fatuus-light,  
 That dazzles and deludes the sight.—  
 His love—'tis like the lightning-blast,  
 T'was here—where is it?—it is past:  
 Or like the meteor-light that shone  
 An instant—the next instant gone.  
 His love is now like lava hot,  
 One hour, and ask him—'tis forgot.—  
 Perhaps a finer form pass'd by,  
 Or love-beam of a brighter eye,  
 Or sweeter voice, with Syren art,  
 Has chang'd his shifting, wandering heart;

If so—your image worshipp'd there,  
 Is banish'd for this late-seen fair,  
 Whose to another's must give place,  
 Push'd rudely from its broken base;—  
 Each fair-one has her short liv'd turn,  
 Till for another he shall burn;  
 Thus woman with her boasted charms  
 And beauty—her celestial arms;  
 With all her smiles, and tears, and sighs,  
 With all her wit and witcheries,  
 And the dominion of her eyes,  
 Is but the slave—say all she can—  
 The fetter'd slave of selfish man—  
 The toy—it cannot be denied—  
 Of passion, and caprice, and pride.  
 Man's love—his is no love I deem,  
 Whose heart is like the molten stream;

From flaming furnace roll'd,  
 For from the one but take the fire,  
 And from the other its desire,  
 And lo! they both are cold;—  
 But woman's love is like the blaze  
 That on th' eternal altars shine,  
 No change can dim its heav'n-lit rays,  
 Or quench its fire divine.

While truth the vestal fans its flame,  
 And hope dwells in its holy cell,  
 Its light is ever still the same—

Bright, constant and unquenchable.  
 Yes! her wild love, with peerless grace,  
 Mocks time, and circumstance, and place;  
 It burns conceal'd, as diamond shines,  
 Most brightly in the deepest mines;  
 Nor can or kindred, line or blood

Her burning love restrain,  
 Nor wood, nor wild, nor fire, nor flood,  
 Nor father's curse, nor mother's tears,  
 Nor scorn, nor infamy, nor years,  
 Its spirit can contain;

Nor thought of country can it feel,  
 Nor ev'n religion's maddening zeal—  
 It lives but in the man it loves;

To every other feeling dead.  
 Alike in fragrant myrtle groves,  
 As on the cold rock's flinty bed;  
 Alike in bow'rs of roses glows,  
 As in bleak cave 'mid polar snows;  
 In surging seas it mounts the deck,  
 And, while it clasps its lover's neck,  
 The mountain waves may roll

In peace conceal'd its pow'r may lie;  
 But oh! in stern adversity

Go view a Woman's soul;  
 And oh! some prophet sure will rise  
 Who will give woman yet her own  
 Turn man, cold man, from Paradise,  
 And people it alone



With those, who on this speck of earth  
Have prov'd themselves of heav'nly birth,  
Alonzo! and you still will leave me!  
Tho' parting still you know will grieve me

To thee my heart could ne'er do so—  
Oh no! I'd yield with joy this breath,  
And smile in agonies of death

Ere cause that breast one moment's woe  
Heav'n's! if you knew the love I bear

As pure as Truth, as soft as air,  
As calmly innocent and mild

As that which beams in little child  
When on his mother's neck he lies  
And looks love from his laughing eyes  
But if you doubt—these blushes speak  
That mantle o'er my burning cheek;  
And let the chaste moon witness this,  
Zorayda as her highest bliss

Wishes alone to watch thy sleep,  
To live within thy sunny smile,  
If aught that hurt you happ'd—to weep  
And your adversity beguile—

And yet your presence you deny me  
Ah cruel! and for this—you fly me—  
But sure at least some short half hour

To love like mine you might bestow  
Since that sweet presence has the pow'r  
To banish thy Zorayda's woe—

To give me this short space were well  
To tell—what I can never tell—

How much I love thee, and to hear  
That tongue pronounce Zorayda—dear  
And while I'm bless'd with love and you

To bid my woes a short adieu—  
Yes! as the sun the Night-shades flee  
My sorrows melt in sight of thee—

My soul Alonzo's eye could cherish  
But he is gone—Zorayda! perish.—

\* \* \* \* \*

But oh! what pen with Ink of tears  
Can paint when two such lovers part  
Oh! who describe their hopes and fears

And the wild tumults of each heart?  
The man who feels the blissful pain  
The throbbing pulse, the burning brain,  
The extacies that love can bring  
When the God waves his Golden wing  
Such parting only can conceive  
Or the soft song of sorrow weave

For as from Memnon's image fair  
Celestial music fann'd the air  
When the bright sun-beam trembling flew  
And the sweet ray-kiss'd statue drew

Charm'd nature near the banks of Nile,  
So the soft string of Minstrel's heart  
Can be tun'd by no other art,

But the bright sun of Beauty's smile—  
It vibrates to its roseate ray—  
Love's smile was still the Poets day—

They, reparted—but Alonzo still  
Stood gazing on the woodland hill  
While memory's magic Mirror brings

Ten thousand Images to view,  
And o'er them brighter drapery flings,

And lovelier than the true,  
There oft amid the olive bow'rs  
He with Zorayda pass'd the hours;  
There first beneath that orange-grove,  
He heard the maid's fond vow of love,  
And play'd upon his sweet Rebec  
And kiss'd the moon-ray on her neck

\* \* \* \* \*

At length lit by the lunar ray,  
He journey'd on his backward way;  
The night was fine—the dark pure sky,  
Spangled with thousand worlds of fire,

Would make Devotion's beaming eye  
Adore and Worship—not admire;  
With fire-flies all the ground was burning  
Earth beam'd as bright as starry heav'n,

While he in careless mood returning;  
Mark'd not the beauties Nature gave,  
The wind was still—as still the wave,  
The moon slept on the olive leaf  
Like smiles on the green cheek of grief;  
The distant mountains in the sky,  
Like silver mist shone on the eye,

The love-lorn Nightingale was singing,  
In the dark green-wood's shady bow'rs;  
And the clear bells were sweetly ringing,  
From distant Gaya's spiry tow'rs;  
Still on the dauntless Spaniard sped,  
The night-shade brooded round his head,  
And as he o'er the heath-flower flew,  
The pitying stars wept show'rs of dew.—



## PUIR ANNIE.

May's modest sun had lit the vale,  
 (Where <sup>1</sup> cantie linnets told their love,)  
 And black-birds sang their mournfu' tale  
 Among the hawthorns i' the grove.  
 Ilk <sup>2</sup> dew-drop on the heather gleam'd,  
 Meads reekit <sup>3</sup> fore the rising day,  
 Among their sward the patricks <sup>4</sup> scream'd  
 Wi' joy to welcome bonny May.  
 The cony quat <sup>5</sup> his bowt <sup>6</sup> dark hole,  
 And cock'd his fud <sup>7</sup> an' lang brown ears;  
 The rock-tod <sup>8</sup> frae the hen-roost stole  
 To find his ha' <sup>9</sup> 'mang mountain-brie'rs.  
 The pleugh-horse clatter'd i' his chains,  
 An' <sup>10</sup> wark-chiels sang their matin-lay,  
 As thro' the hawthorn-hooded lanes  
 They blythly sought the fallow clay.  
 The laverock <sup>11</sup> left his daisy-bed,  
 Then flitter'd aff the morning dew,  
 An' ow'r the lyart <sup>12</sup> vaprins <sup>13</sup> sped,  
 An' cheer'd the vally as he flew.  
 The swallow wing'd his devious flight,  
 An' cocks an' growcet <sup>14</sup> wildly crew;  
 All nature swore that soundless night  
 To Ayr's lane valley bade adieu—  
 When to the cheerfu' morning gale  
 The gowan <sup>15</sup> spreads her snawy cloak,  
 When sweetly in Ayr's lanely vale  
 The mavis <sup>16</sup> whistles frae the oak.  
 When yont <sup>17</sup> the burn <sup>18</sup> ilk speckled trout  
 Quick seizes on his buzzing prey,

When the wild Ptarmigan's brown pout <sup>19</sup>  
 Cheeps <sup>20</sup> shrill, an' spairges <sup>21</sup> the warm clay.  
 When ev'ry happing bird sings sweet,  
 An' ev'ry flower an' flow'ry tree  
 Is sprinkled wi' the vernal weat <sup>22</sup>—  
 Oh, wha would think o' misery!!  
 I wander'd careless down Ayr's vale,  
 A' tentless <sup>23</sup> o' the wood-lark's sang,  
 On sic a morn (o' morns the wale <sup>24</sup>)  
 An' thought o' days departed lang.  
 An' thought o' ane wha lo'ed to stray,  
 An' pu' <sup>25</sup> the woodbine's platted wreath,  
 Wha's voice was sweet as blackbird's lay,  
 Wha's een <sup>26</sup> were closed by ourie <sup>27</sup> death.  
 Fair Annie dwelt in yonder grove,  
 She lo'ed her Sandy's vera <sup>28</sup> shade;  
 But he was forced awa to rove—  
 Sae brak the heart of Ayr's puir maid.  
 How often would she tell she'd wed  
 In poortith <sup>30</sup> wi her Sandy dear;  
 But he was pride'fu' <sup>31</sup>—sae her bed  
 Could grief dug low an' dark an' drear.  
 As bright the purple mornings rise,  
 As clear the birds their grove notes sing,  
 As joyfu' laverocks seek the skiës,  
 As fair, as balmy breathes the spring.  
 As if puir Annie saw the light,  
 As if she prais'd the wood-lark's sang,  
 As if she pu'd the gowans bright,  
 That ow'r the falling fountains bang.

ALEXANDER HENRY.

1 Merry.  
 2 Each.  
 3 Smoked.  
 4 Partridge.  
 5 Quit.  
 6 Crooked.  
 7 Sent.  
 8 Rock-fox.

9 Hell.  
 10 Workmen.  
 11 The Lark.  
 12 Grey.  
 13 Vapours.  
 14 Grouse.  
 15 Daisy.  
 16 Thrush.

17 Beyond.  
 18 A Sharp in a river, or  
 small brook.  
 19 Chicken.  
 20 Cries.  
 21 Sprinkles.  
 22 Dew or Rain.  
 23 Regardless.

24 Choice.  
 25 Pull.  
 26 Eyes.  
 27 Trembling, Pallid.  
 28 Very.  
 29 Poor.  
 30 Poverty,  
 31 Proud.

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 LINES ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT BURNS.

Whare the heather's growing,  
 Whare the hare-bells weep,  
 Whare the fountain's flowing,  
 There he'll ever sleep;  
 Morn may shed her mild rays  
 O'er his lanely bed,  
 Birds may sing their wild lays  
 O'er his mould'ring head,  
 Doon may mourn him ever,  
 Sae may canty Ayr,  
 For they'll never never  
 See their Laureat mair.

You wha's life ne'er varied  
 Frae misfortune, woe,  
 You wha's soul is wearied,  
 You wha's friendless, low,  
 You wha's fond of pleasure,  
 You wha's fond of wine,  
 You wha ne'er kept treasure,  
 You wha woo'd the nine:  
 If there's sic, draw thither,  
 Whare yon auld thorn mourns,  
 There lies sic anither  
 Wayward-fated BURNS.—

A. HENRY.

## SCENES IN WICKLOW.

## NO. IV.

## TO A SOLITARY FOX-GLOVE IN POWERSCOURT PARK.

Hail! native tenant of the wild!  
 Hail! nature's unassuming child.  
 'Mid the dark copse embow'ring round,  
 Where many a wild flow'r decks the ground,  
 And the tall oak, in branching pride,  
 Blooms o'er the heathy mountain's side,  
 Sweet fox-glove dwell, 'till that fatal hour  
 When wintry gales have deadly pow'r;  
 And ne'er may foot of trav'ler tread  
 With impious step on thy humble head:  
 That oak may boast of his branches high  
 But, ah! his honours will soon decay,  
 For the ruthless woodman wanders nigh,  
 And the stems of his pride are lopp'd away,  
 And the wild-flow'r in its loveliest bloom  
 Is twin'd by rustic maid, a garland for the  
 tomb!

But nature kind on thee bestows  
 The beauty of the vernal rose,  
 Nor lets thy op'ning bloom decay,  
 Pluck'd by the hand of maiden gey,  
 But bids thee dwell in the circling wood,  
 To ornament its solitude;

And in thy pouting crimson bell  
 The bee delights to find a cell,  
 But, little ingrate, thence he steals  
 The treasure which thy womb conceals;  
 Too like the sordid sons of gain,  
 Whose bosom ne'er felt at a brother's pain,  
 Whose harden'd av'rice ne'er can know  
 Compassion's sympathetic throe,  
 Whose heart of steel and flinty breast  
 Could wrong the hand that gave them rest,  
 Suppli'd their wants—their cares redress'd

Live on, sweet flow'r! may the vernal gale  
 Blow lightly o'er thy tender form,  
 May no chill snow, or with'ring hail,  
 Or wrath of mountain storm,  
 Thy beauties blight: 'till winter's blast  
 Bids smiling Nature breathe her last;—  
 Then sleep thou, 'till the voice of spring  
 Recall thy latent bloom,  
 Unlike proud man, creation's King—  
 Who fades for aye, a lifeless thing,  
 Nor blossoms in the tomb.

E. S.

## NO. V.

LINES WRITTEN WHILE SITTING ON A TOMB-STONE IN THE RUINS OF  
KILMECANNOGUE CHURCH.

Thro' the rustling ivy's boughs of green  
 The dim grey stone could scarce appear,  
 And the ruin'd walls of that ancient fane  
 Had borne the snows of many a year.

On the long rank grass of its desert aisle  
 The sunbeam cast a ling'ring smile,  
 Yet that ray but heighten'd the dreary gloom  
 For ah! it smiled upon a tomb!

The sculptur'd stone could but faintly show  
 That a mould'ring tenant slept below,  
 And the cold wind's sad and lengthen'd moan  
 Seem'd some weary soul's departing groan.

And I thought and sigh'd (but that sigh was  
 vain,  
 For why should man of his fate complain?)  
 That the passing-bell ere long might toll  
 The knell of my own departed soul.

E. S.

## NO. VI.

## THE WANDERING MANIAC.

Ah! who is the being that roams along,  
 And mutters at times an uncouth song?  
 'Tis the wreck of what once was a human form  
 Unus'd to the howl of the mountain storm;  
 Till superstition, dæmon dire,  
 Had quench'd that spark of heav'nly fire,  
 Which nature bestows on savage man,  
 And marr'd kind Heaven's noblest plan:

His matted beard and shaggy hair  
 Betray'd the victim of despair,  
 And O, that look was wild and aghast  
 Which darken'd his visage as we pass'd;  
 Yet its mournful import seem'd to say  
 That the wretch had known a happier day,  
 Till Religion, misused, denied her light,  
 And hope from his bosom was exil'd quite.

E. S.



## ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE RIGHT HON. HENRY GRATTAN.

Gone, gone are the days of thy splendor, dear Erin !

The night of obscurity darkens thy Fame ;

The stars of thy Glory are fast disappearing,

That lumin'd thy gloom and rekindled thy flame.

In quicken'd succession we've seen them ascending

The heav'n of their virtues ; and, Oh ! that bright blaze,

Which they shot in their fall, with the gloom seem'd as blending

The pure brilliant lights of lost liberty's days :

Of all the bright names that begem'd thy sad story,

For eloquence, genius, and virtues renown'd ;

For all that could heighten thy weal and thy glory,

In front of thy records were four to be found :

Four sons of Ierne—four sons of that Island,

Where freedom, and learning, and talent were born ;

And still tis the pride of my heart—it is *my* land,

Tho' of talent abandon'd—of liberty lorn ;

The statesman and orator splendidly twine

In BURKE philosophic, deep, learned and sage.

Taste, humour, and talent, in SHERIDAN shine—

The pride of the senate—the light of the stage—

On the pinions of genius \*THE ADVOCATE flies,

A rich rain-bow of talents thro' fancy's bright heav'n ;

But the sage's, the statesman's, the patriot's prize

Must to GRATTAN, the SIRE OF HIS COUNTRY be given.

He found her dependant—degraded—depress'd—

Depriv'd of her rank, and her riches, and right ;

The bright flame of freedom had died in her breast,

And slav'ry's foul fetters had master'd her might.

He spoke—and the blaze of his genius relum'd

The fire of her freedom—he fractur'd her chain—

He open'd the charnel where long she lay tomb'd—

He free'd her—and made her a nation again ;

But short was the triumph, and transient the gleam

Elamp'd from the dawn of young liberty's light ;

Soon foul clouds of corruption eclips'd its bright beam,—

Ere the noon of its glory—it sunk into night.

The blaze of his wisdom in vain did he pour—

No splendour of genius the gloom could disperse—

The freedom he fondled—he liv'd to deplore—

“ He had watch'd by her cradle and follow'd her hearse ”

Weep—weep then, Ierne, thy Grattan departed,

Let thy tears flow in floods round the base of his urn ;

Weep—weep in the dust—lorn—low—broken hearted,

For the MAN and the TIMES—that can never return.

WM. H. STACK.

\* Curran.

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 MISCELLANEA.

*A Letter from SECRETARY WHIMSEY, to the Editor of the Dublin Magazine.*

Sir,

After my promise of communications from our Society, it must appear strange that five numbers of your Magazine have come out without bearing in their pages any article of ours. I do condole with you for the want of interest your subscribers must have felt in the Miscellanea, when no "Simon Whimsey, Secretary" stood forth to view. To apologize however for the omission, I have only to inform you of our late proceedings.

For our nights of meeting which have been very much interrupted, we have been busily employed in composing, hearing and arranging the parts of a long poem to which every member has in some degree contributed. The advantages arising from such a plan are obvious: but I must confess it caused us some trouble also: the opposition which every contributor made to the introduction of passages by other members, or to the omission of a line of his, produced sad confusion and delay; every one moreover was anxious to have the poem begun and ended with some of his lines, and was sure to insist on such an arrangement as would best shew off his own composition. Some again brought blank verse, others the tensyllable rhyme, while others ran into all the varieties of Scott or Southey. In short, the matter, was so heterogeneous and so abundantly supplied, that it proved quite impossible to connect them into one poem; some advised a prose narrative like that of Lalla Rookh by which they might be united; but the society have declared a decided enmity to imitation, and they disdain stealing even a plan.

It was at length determined, that the different contributions should be regularly assorted according to their styles, and committees appointed to arrange each class into a distinct poem. The subject is the accession of his present Majesty. There are already several compositions arranged, and ready for the press; and you may soon expect to see poems of all sorts and sizes, in all kinds of metre, some condoling, some consolatory, some both together, others satirical; together with elegies, odes, anacreontics &c. besides a few into which all the irrelevant passages were crowded. These will be sent out under various signatures and from different printers, but you may readily recognise them for the produce of our society.

The hurry of these avocations prevented our engaging in such pursuits as might be of benefit to your Magazine; and as a law has been made that no part of these poems should be communicated to any periodical work, being the property of the Society and we hope likely to improve our funds, you must not expect any of the compositions.

Thus far Mr. Editor, for my delay of communications and now for the late proceedings of our Society:—as soon as the business to which I have alluded had been settled (and it was not before the greater part of the day of our last meeting) I arose and pleading the high and responsible duties which attached to the Secretaryship as an apology for my not oftener speaking, I said (among other things)—high, indeed, and responsible is the office I fill; of the greatest consequence and importance is the business it employs me in: I am mechanically and mentally

engaged, my hand and my head is full of business. Am I not Secretary? Have I not the task of transcribing in a fair and legible and *gentlemanly* hand the minutes of our Society; and the more exalted office of uttering its proceedings to the world, nurtured into strength from the crudeness of conception, and garmented in the garb of elegant elocution? Yes, Mr. President, I do magnify mine office, and in the motion I am about to make, sweet and palatable, even to my posterity, shall be this emanation. There is a subject which is dear to my heart—it speaks to me in loud lament—it swells on my ear in unutterable language—I have conned it over upon my pillow—it has been the first object of my waking thoughts—and when the blanket would enwrap my legs, and night spread her curtain of cloud over my uncurtained bed, this have I last mused upon.—It is Mr. President, that an oratory-club may be established in this society—a club for occasional declamations and essay preparations: and have we not every thing to expect from our materials—have we not a Counsellor Whifflebag, an orator Mumblemuch and myself? Let us not, Mr. President, confine ourselves to meer Poetics but, by taking in so wide a field, raise our name above all the Societies which have ever been established.”—

I beg pardon, Mr. Editor, for giving so large an extract of my own speech; but as I flattered myself upon its *style*, and it received no little applause from the *learned and discriminating judges* of our Society, I thought you might look upon it as better than most of our *common-place* addresses, and consider it an acquisition to your publication.

When I sat down, Mumblemuch, who seemed very much discontented, begged leave to propose—“that he should feel no objection—to the introduction—of such a regulation—but he wished to inculcate—the necessity—of leaving it—an optional point—to each member—the speaking—or keeping of silence—on each subject—as otherwise dissatisfaction—and a system of cavillation—might ensue—which would be finally subversive—of good order and consequently—the permanency—of the Society.”

The motion with the amendment was unanimously carried, as a great deal of weight attached to Mumblemuch’s opinion.

I had resolved, Sir, upon sending you a description and some account of our two orators, together with their characters as contrasted; but, since beak-broken Mumblemuch had the presumption to propose an amendment to my all-convincing motion, and lumber-lipped Whifflebag had not the friendship to second me, I shall defer the communication until the time when they may have proved themselves more deserving of our Society.

The next that made his appearance was poet Dactyl; and if ever a curtailed coat, or a face of bone portrayed the poet, our Dick looked all the character. He came forward, he said, “to apologise for having acted derogatory to our respectability, in engaging with a ballad-merchant unknown to our Society. But I atoned for my temerity, and great has been the penalty;” he added, “Yes, for the perfidious Son of Music hath trampled upon oaths, and his honor hath evaporated like the mist before the moon-beam. Shall I then, Mr. President, publish my misfortunes, or breathe them into the ear of Echo, to have them babbled upon the waste? For six times five fivepennies had the man of melodies contracted—six elegies should have received the coin, each elegy a fivepenny; but since the journeying songster hath



beguiled me in my pact, thee Apollo of the silver bow I supplicate, if ever again my Pegasus I stimulate at the Hippocrene of Thomas-street, let the bird of night sing sweeter than the swan, and not a line of Dick Dactyl's descend to after ages!"

He then proceeded with a rueful countenance and a piteous voice to shew, "how no more the snowy surface of the spotless paper expanded its lilly-bosom to receive the effusions of his fancy, and the unearthly characters of his heaven-created quill." But what, Mr. Editor, do you suppose were the muscle-movings of our members, when slowly unbuttoning the waist-band of what might truly be called "small-clothes," he produced a bit of a slate, and apostrophising it in a manner which might have done credit to any of Homer's gods, he ejaculated, "O thou tablet of my remembrance, which mechanics from hate have termed a slate, no longer shall ignominy rest upon thy name, for henceforward thou shalt be called 'the foundling of fame!' Yea, and thy skiey surface shall consecrated be to bards and poësy: for thou bearest upon thy face the impress of soul, and thou art characterized with the chalk of genius." Dick then read to us some hundred lines of a poem (which caused me no little amusement from its curious and cramped chirography) entitled, "Nose's Progress," which it was his intention he said to send the Editors, "if they would bless his palm with some silvery cuttings, 'yclept tenpennies;" as he complained of "the inconvenience and incision of his cuticle by the portation of the slate." We all disclaimed against his idea of sending the lines, or even the argument, as it might appear too humiliating and auction-like to submit a specimen: but we agreed to his waiting upon the Editors for paper-money, as our own funds are too poor at present to provide him with stock.

The next motion proposed was of a nature, which, Mr. Editor, I blush, to the very nib of my pen, to record; but, Sir, shame and grief must give way to duty. It is with sorrow, I repeat it, and heart-felt vexation that I, the warm and unchangeable friend of the Dublin Magazine, relate the ungrateful proposal of one of our members.

Jack Dangler, the "born thrall" of the ladies arose, and after adjusting his cravat, and pulling up the corners of his starched collar, he applied his glass to his eye that he might distinguish the President, (whose history by the by I intend to favor you with) whom he addressed to the following effect: "Mr. President, the female part of the creation is unquestionably entitled to our most devoted services: from them proceeds all that can endear or sweeten our existence—the hope of pleasing them is the only efficacious incentive to meritorious exertion. What pleasure can friendship bestow, that can at all be compared to the exstatic thrill of love? What bard could hope for immortality, unless his ink were tempered with love's sighs? What would our deathless Moore have been now, but that he worshipped at the shrine of beauty? The presence of woman, Mr. President, adds brightness to fancy, supplies the quiver of wit, and gives new pinions to the soaring wing of genius: and as Burns says,

"The wisest man the world e'er saw

"He dearly lov'd the lasses, Oh!"

You must be aware, Mr. President, what an influence the Ladies can exercise over every department of literature: you must be aware that no new work can succeed without their patronage; and it is but fair that all who aim at popularity, should pay their tribute of homage and praise to those lovely arbitresses of the public favor."

Hitherto, Mr. Editor, his sentiments coincided with mine own; for I, Secretary Simon Whimsey, have universally pronounced myself a most obedient and humble follower of the ladies. But then, Sir, he proceeded, "Mr. President, every member of this Society must recollect the important motion, which was carried at our first meeting, by the recommendation of one whom I am proud to call my friend—one who is a proud ornament to our Society, (although I cannot but reprobate his late negociation with the ballad-merchant.) A man, Mr. President, who will shine a bright luminary in the heaven of poësy, and be read and admired by the latest posterity—you must be already prepared to hear the name of Dactyl, a name, which will soon be as famous for original composition, as it has hitherto been in the immortal strains of Greek and Roman genius."

Were I to proceed, Mr. Editor, in reporting all the elegant and appropriate encomiums which he bestowed on our friend, Dactyl, I fear the Miscellanea would not have room for his eloquent panegyric: it is not, however, allowed to lie in oblivion, for the whole has been transcribed by the rapid pen of your humble servant into the minutes of our society; (by the way, Mr. Editor, if you know of any person wishing to learn the excellent art of stenography, you may mention my skill—*verbum sapienti.*) Here I cannot refrain from a remark upon the admirable custom, so prevalent with our modern orators, of inserting panegyrics at every corner of their speeches. It has an admirable effect, especially before a jury; for the interruption of the regular and tedious course of law argument causes a degree of impatience in the hearers, which makes such high-seasoned morsels particularly palatable; and by amusing the audience for a while with the chief characters of the day, the pleader can return with renewed vigour to the case; and the hearers, by means of these well-timed puffs, are kept from falling asleep over the matter.

To return from *this digression in favor of digressions*—he noticed Dactyl's original motion of aid to your publication; "when this proposal," said he, "was first made, I warmly supported the opinion of my poetic friend, our Irish Lope de Vega: chiefly with the intention of having some acceptable gift to make every month to some charming creatures, who honor me with their good opinion (*here he looked extremely interesting.*) I hoped that I could, on the last evening of the month, have the pleasure of reading to them the London Fashions, the births, deaths, and above all the marriages; on this last article, what delicious remarks, what keen and sly allusions to the happy pairs did I hope to hear; I enjoyed also, in imagination, the delighted looks with which they would listen to me reading aloud (and often have I received flattering testimony to the sweetness of voice and elegance of cadence, with which I read the works of novellists and poets) some tender love ditty, or interesting tale of faithful affection. Some of these too, I intended should be from mine own pen, and conceive how my nerves would thrill to hear the voice of approbation, after my reading them some of my anonymous trifles; for I would send them incog that I might have an opportunity of displaying my retiring modesty. "Dear me!" a fair one might exclaim, "what tenderness, what knowledge of the heart, that little sonnet displays! pray, who is the author of it?" then with downcast eyes (only half turned up to watch their countenances) I would say, "oh it's a trifle of mine. I might indeed, have produced something, worthy of your eye, but that I wrote it in a few moments, and never took the trouble of correcting it.

These, Mr. President, were delicious dreams—but alas! the Dublin Magazine came out and all my visions were vanished into vapor. Number after Number appeared, and I protest, I could not get through five pages out of the eighty; I was sometimes disappointed even of the *Fashions*—and I had not so much as a Charade, or *Ænigma* for their solution, (which you must all know, is a favorite amusement after tea), and can you believe it? the Births, Deaths, and Marriages, were altogether omitted. What excuse, Mr. President, what palliation can be found, for so gross an omission? For omitting articles upon which the transmission of property, and the population of the country depend? What, though they are to be found in the daily papers! consider, sir, that the pleasure of commenting upon them is renewed, and even heightened by seeing them collected at the end of the month. If I were to say any more upon this subject, I fear I should lose my temper. I must confess that I had a monthly treat in the facetious cantos of Sholto Shulada; that, Sir, would be a poem after my own heart, but for the long preambles about himself and criticism, and nature; (and to speak candidly, I have sometimes found the ladies very fidgetty, before I came to the narrative), Some of Mr. J. B. Clarke's exquisite lines have afforded me a delightful feast in the bowers of love and beauty. But what can surpass the truth and nature displayed in Mr. Tresham's amorous song, and another beginning "Maid of my soul." Besides these I had scarce any thing, except now and then a review of some new novel, (the poetical criticism was always too priggish for my taste); and even there, how disappointed have I been.—Glenfergus, a work of variety enough, to have proceeded from a society as numerous as our own, was treated in the vilest manner; just as if unity of plan were required in a work of the kind. There was nice distinctions, too, that put all the ladies to sleep, with its prayers, and moral lectures, and sermons—only think of their recommending that book to our perusal. But I assure you, Sir, I almost wept to see the Maid of Araby, the delicate, the loving, so uncourteously scourged. But, Mr. President, look to the remaining parts of the pamphlet, (for I cannot call it a volume, although it is tiresome enough to receive the name), and say, could any mortal endure to wade through such stupid stuff. I lent one number to a fair friend of mine; on opening it, she lit on some Chemistry, from which, in her haste to escape, she met with R. N. K. on Metaphysics or Politics, I don't know which, (for I never read him at all); then she turned to some Antiquities or Astronomy, or some such dry stuff.—She could not bear any longer, but sent me back the number in a huff. In vain did I point out any thing amusing that I could find towards the end of the number—in fact, I might as well neglect to hand the kettle, or pick up her glove, or adjust her shawl, as presume to name the magazine to her again. Mr. President, I am determined never to subject myself again to such disgrace, and therefore beg leave to move the following resolution, "That the assistance of this Society be forthwith removed from the Dublin Magazine, and transferred to any other such publication as may offer itself."

Oh! Mr. Editor, when I heard the ungrateful and treacherous proposal of Dangler, my choler arose, my wrath was unbounded, I arose "to express my indignation" at his perfidy; but "vox faacilus hæsit," my throat was dry—and between rage and thirst I found myself unable to speak.



The moment I sat down, Mustymug, a little withered pedant about forty, started up at the other side of the room—his little grey eyes twinkled with long-suppressed fury; and after a most vehement pinch of snuff, from a box made of twisted goat's horn, he thus addressed the Chair\* :—

\* *Mr. Editor—I must apologise for the interruption of our minutes at so unreasonable a place as Mr. Mustymugg's speech; but I am this moment informed, that my immediate attendance is required at Green-street, as reporter and professor of stenography.*

“SIMON WHIMSEY, Sec.”

During the Rebellion of 1798, four regiments were stationed in Derry, under the command of Lord Cavan; early one morning, after a night of anxiety, a whimsical mistake occurred. At Mr. Knox's, on the other side of the river, a large quantity of cloaths was spread on a hedge to dry; one article happened to be perched upon a bush, which ignorant of the bustle it was to excite, reared its head above the rest, an irresistible temptation to the laundry-maid. Attacks and rebels running in the heads of the out-posts and sentinels, the appearance of a party of White-boys, and their leader on horseback, immediately suggested itself. The alarm was spread among the drowsy sons of Mars; and but a few minutes elapsed till the whole garrison was under arms, and away over the bridge in full charge. So great was their anxiety, that the brow of the hill was gained before the mistake was discovered. Had the renowned knight of La Mancha been their leader, they could not have outdone this.

The collar of SS, usually worn by the Lord Mayor, seems to be one of the ancient marks of gentility, and stands for *Sieurs*. This opinion seems the more probable when we recollect, that Henry the Vth, after having declared all present at the famous battle of Agincourt to be *gentlemen*, gave them permission to wear a collar of the letter SS of his order: (on these occasions the language was French). Hence probably its use in cities, and as an insigne of the chief magistrate; it being given *e vulgo tollere*, to gentlemanize him. Few of their *Honours*, or the first rank in bodies corporate, were suspected of being *gentlemen*, i. e. in the restricted sense in which the word was originally used.

On seeing a three-pound note of a bank, which had lately stopped payment, exhibited in the window of a music-shop on Ormond-quay, among concertos, &c. &c. (denoting the holder's misfortune): a Northern friend observed, that it was a *thorough base* composition, set to a tune too many paid the *pi-per* for; and feared the numerous *ac-com-pa-ni-ments*, with so many *sharp*s, would not produce good *har-mo-ni-ty*; and make it difficult to stop with credit to the *principal performers*.

We received the following literal translation of the Latin verse *Nate mea Romam filia neque suam*, which appeared in our Third Number, from Mr. O'Donovan, teacher of languages and mathematics at Bray:

Son, haste to Rome; Daughter, spin: I will sew.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

## WALKING DRESS.

A cambrie muslin round dress ; the skirt moderately full, and rather long : it is finished at the bottom by a deep flounce disposed in large plaits, and headed by a number of tucks, which reach nearly to the knee. The body is high ; it is tight to the shape, and is ornamented round the bust with a profusion of tucks, which are made as small as possible, and disposed in such a manner as to have something of the appearance of a pelerine. Long sleeve, rather tight to the arm, surmounted by a very small epaulette, which is rather shallow in front of the arm, and deep behind ; it is finished by four small tucks. The bottom of the sleeve, which falls very far over the hand, is also tucked to correspond. The spencer worn with this dress is composed of dove-coloured *soie de Londres*, and trimmed with rose coloured *zephyrine* : the waist is the usual length ; it is tight to the shape, and is finished behind by a short full jacket, divided into three scoops, which are edged and lined with rose-coloured *zephyrine*. Long sleeve, of a moderate width ; epaulette plain on the shoulder, and ornamented at the bottom with dove-coloured satin Spanish puffs. The spencer has no collar, but it is finished at the throat by a large cape, lined and edged with *zephyrine* ; it is rounded, and reaches nearly to the shoulders. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of rose-coloured metallic gauze : the brim is large, and of a singular but becoming shape ; it is finished at the edge by a double band of bias pink crape ; it is rounded at the corners, and is ornamented in the middle by a deep point looped back ; in the division made by the insertion of the point is placed a small bouquet, composed of grass and rose-buds. The crown is low ; is something in the shape of a melon, and is adorned at the back part with a number of satin rouleaus, placed bias on each side ; a large bouquet, composed of wall-flowers, roses, and different kinds of grass, is placed in front of the crown ; and rose-coloured strings tie the bonnet under the chin. Dove-coloured kid-shoes, and Limerick gloves.

## COURT DRESS

A blue satin petticoat, finished at the bottom by a silver foil trimming, above which is a mingled wreath of white and pale blush roses ; this is surmounted by a rich trimming of silver lava. Over the blue satin petticoat is one of point lace, short enough to display the entire of the rich trimming of the satin petticoat ; the border of the lace one is extremely beautiful ; the pattern of the middle is a rose, thistle, and shamrock entwined. The *corsage* is white satin, and the front, which is formed in the stomacher style, is nearly covered with pearls. The *corsage* is cut very low round the bust, and the front part is edged with pearls ; we believe there are three rows. The robe is blue *zephyrine* ; the body rather long in the waist ; the back part made in the corset style, and with a small peak : the robe is trimmed round with Urling's point lace set on very full ; a double fall of point lace ornaments the top of the back ; it forms a full ruff between the shoulders. The sleeve is white satin, covered with blond lace, and tastefully intermixed with pearls ; it is very full on the shoulder, but the fulness is confined at the bottom by a plain broad

band of pearls. The front hair is disposed in a few light ringlets on the forehead; the hind hair is concealed by a profusion of ostrich feathers, which are placed behind, and droop over the forehead, which is encircled by a broad pearl bandeau. Point lace lappets, white kid gloves, and white satin shoes, ornamented with rosettes of pearl, Necklace and ear-rings, pearl. White crape fan, richly embroidered in silver.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, for both these dresses.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade dress has altered but little since last month, and it is not so light as might be expected at this time of year. White dresses are fashionable; but we see an equal, or rather a greater, number of silk ones; and the latter are in general of the richest and most substantial description. Pelisses are still fashionable, but not upon the whole so general as spencers.

The pelisses worn in walking dress are always composed of rich silk; they are lined in general with white sarsnet. There is nothing novel in trimmings. Waists are the same length as last month.

Spencers are now generally made with short smart jackets; some of these are scolloped, others pointed, and several consist of two or three rows of square tabs. Some are made without collars, others have deep falling collars, and a good many *élégantes* still retain those large high collars which stand out very much from the throat, and are very high behind. Spencers are mostly trimmed with satin, or a mixture of satin and the same material as the spencer. The new silk called *zephyrine* is also a good deal used in trimmings; its light and soft texture renders it very well adapted for that purpose.

Silk bonnets are upon the whole most fashionable in the promenade dress, though Leghorn ones are still considered very genteel.

We observe that white satin and white *gros de Naples* spencers begin to be a good deal worn in carriage dress: some of these are made in a style at once tasteful and appropriate to the season; they are trimmed with a light embroidery of myrtle-leaves in green silk, which goes up the fronts, round the collar, and round the waist: the cuffs are also ornamented to correspond; the gauze is disposed in very full puffs, which are drawn in a bias direction through the satin.

The bonnets worn with these spencers are in general very light and appropriate: the one which we are about to describe is, we think, the most elegant summer bonnet which we have lately seen: it is composed of white net; the brim very large; the crown of a moderate size, and of an oval form; a rich embroidery of green satin leaves, which forms a broad wreath, goes round the edge of the brim, and two wreaths of a similar description are embroidered in a slanting direction across the crown. A large bunch of different kinds of grass is placed rather far back at the left side, in such a manner as to fall over a little to the right; and a rich white sarsnet ribbon with green edges ties the bonnet under the chin.

We observe that tabinet and sarsnet high gowns are a good deal worn in morning dress, though not so much as muslin: the former are in general trimmed with gauze only, or else with gauze and a mixture of the same material as the dress; the



latter are trimmed with soft muslin *bouillonné*, or else with tucks or flounces. The bodies are variously made; some are ornamented with work, others with tucks, and a good many are adorned with small buttons, which are disposed in a double row on each side of the front, in the stomacher style. The epaulette, which is very full, is interspersed with buttons, as is also the cuff, which is made full, to correspond with the epaulette.

Dinner dress continues nearly the same as last month: muslin is still but partially worn; but rich silks, both plain and figured, are very general. We observe also that poplin appears to be in request; gauze and lace are likewise fashionable, but not so much so for dinner parties as for very full dress.

The materials used in grand costume continue to be of the richest and most varied description: nothing could be more magnificent than the dresses of the ladies who attended the drawing-room which his Majesty held to celebrate his birth-day on Thursday, the 15th of June. Gold and silver tissue, coloured and white satin, both figured and plain, white and coloured *gros de Naples*, *reps* silk, levantine, *velours épingle*, white and coloured net, blond net, gauze, tulle, blond, and thread lace, were the materials of the dresses. The trimmings were silver fringe, gold and silver lamas, point lace, blond lace, pearls, rouleaus of various materials, Brussels lace, embroidery in coloured silks, artificial flowers intermixed with satin and net, and Roman pearls intermixed with blond satin. We observed that the petticoats were all trimmed very high, and in an uncommonly rich style: draperies were not so much worn as usual; flounces were very general. Several of the bodies were made *à la Sevigné*, that is to say, a piece let-in in folds on each side of the bust, which forms the shape in a very becoming style; the lower part of the body plain. The sleeves were very full. The head-dresses were feathers and diamonds, or feathers and pearls: in some instances coloured stones were mixed with the diamonds; in others, diamonds and pearls were mixed: this, however, was rarely the case. There were also, in a few instances, an intermixture of artificial flowers and jewels with feathers. There were very few toques. The lappets were of Brussels or blond lace.

The colours were almost as various as the materials: white, green, lilac, lavender, citron, blue, primrose, pink, ponceau, geranium, and peach-colour. White was the most general: we observed in many instances both the body and train were white.

## FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, June 19.

My dear SOPHIA,

I have not much novelty to announce to you this month in promenade dress. The weather has lately been cold and unsettled, and white dresses were in consequence less worn than they have generally been at this time of the year; they are now again become fashionable, but silks are still in request: the latter are always trimmed with the same material. I do not know how to give you an idea of these trimmings, which are singular and pretty: they are of two kinds; the one consists of double bands of the silk scalloped at the edges; they are plaited, very full, in separate bands, each about a quarter in length, and are laid on the gown lengthwise, but in

a slanting direction, and at some distance from each other : there are two rows of this kind of trimming ; the top row is not so deep as the bottom. The other style of trimming consists of separate pieces, each forming a small *ruche* ; these are laid crosswise, but a little slanting, upon bias bands of the same stuff : there are two rows, put at some distance from each other.

I am sorry to tell you, that the waists of dresses are still as long as ever. The bodies of silk dresses are made always in the stomacher style, and are very generally peaked : some have a stomacher let in ; this consists of a plaited piece inserted in each side of the front, and ornamented with a row of buttons up the middle : the stomacher of other dresses is formed by a *ruche*, which goes round the middle of the back, and tapers on each side of the front, till it ends in a peak below the girdle. These dresses have always a small collar, which is not seen, because it is covered by a large ruff. The sleeve is nearly tight to the arm ; it is variously ornamented : some are finished at the bottom with a soft roll in the turban style ; others have a full narrow *ruche*. The epaulettes are in general full : some have little open spaces in the middle of the arm ; there are two rows of them, and they are looped together by little folded bands of the same material, which passes through them. Others are full on the shoulder ; the fulness is confined by straps, which are placed lengthwise, and which button at the bottom : a full double *ruche* terminates this kind of half-sleeve.

Now for our muslin dresses, which have in general the most formal appearance that you can conceive. There are three sorts of trimmings fashionable for white dresses : tucks, which are as much worn as when I wrote to you last, *bouillonné*, composed of clear muslin, and let in between bands of rich work and embroidery, without any mixture of muslin : the latter is extremely rich, and always very deep.

There is a good deal of variety in the make of the bodies, which, I must observe to you, always fasten behind. A good many are composed of full broad bands of muslin, which are sewed crosswise to very narrow bands of the same. The sleeves are made in a similar manner, but the bands are placed lengthwise. There is a very full epaulette, which corresponds with the body ; that is to say, the bands are placed across. The bottom of the long sleeve is generally finished by a fulness of muslin doubled ; there are usually two rows of this kind of trimming.

The tucked bodies in general correspond with the skirts : some, however, are made with military fronts ; that is to say, braided, in the hussar style, with white cord, and ornamented with white buttons. The epaulettes of these dresses are generally formed of Spanish puffs, which are let in very full.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the dresses which are ornamented only with embroidery ; the bodies and sleeves are almost entirely composed of it : it is sometimes mixed with lace ; sometimes a part of the embroidery is done in open work, which resembles lace. The collars of muslin dresses are made high within these few days past, particularly behind ; but they are only partially seen, because of the large ruff, which, whatever may be the dress, is an indispensable appendage to walking costume.

The high gown forms at once the in-door and morning walking dress. Spencers pelisses, and even *sautoirs*, have disappeared.—Sometimes, but very rarely, a light silk shawl is thrown carelessly across the shoulders ; but in general the gown forms

the only covering. Before I quit the subject of promenade dress, I must observe that sashes are seldom worn with coloured dresses: a cestus, to correspond with the dress, and fastened in front by a steel clasp, is considered more fashionable. Sashes of various kinds are still worn with white dresses; the most fashionable are richly embroidered at the ends.

Our bonnets are reduced in size since I wrote last: the crowns are lower; the brims are in some instances square on one side, and round on the other. They are still very much trimmed on the inside of the brim. Some of the brims are excessively wide; they are disposed in very deep plaits; there is a pointed piece of the same material laid on one side of the brim, which turns back towards the crown, and is edged with blond. Several white gauze hats also have the brims disposed in deep hollow plaits, and the edge of the brim turned up in a soft roll. A small square handkerchief, also composed of gauze, is laid over the crown: the four ends of this handkerchief, which are tacked down, partially conceal the wreath of roses or honeysuckles which encircles the bottom of the crown.

Muslin *capotes* are this year very much in favour. I believe I have already explained to you, that *capote* is only another name for a bonnet. Those that are now fashionable are of a very neat and simple description, and admirably adapted for morning walking dress; they are made always in cambric muslin, and are trimmed either with the same or with soft muslin. The crowns of *capotes* are in general higher than those of other bonnets; some are made like the caul of a night-cap, and are adorned with Spanish puffs round the top: the brims of these are generally covered with *bouillonné*, and the edge of the brim is finished by a *ruche* or quilling of soft muslin. Others have a round crown, ornamented with tucks, and a rouleau of soft muslin laid on in a wave near the top: the brims of these are generally formed of an intermixture of soft muslin and *percale*; the latter plain, the former let-in in waves. A third kind have a crown, the top of which is shaped like a melon; it is plain, but the lower part of the crown and the brim are eased: the spaces between the easings are narrow and very full. Small bows of muslin are placed either on one side or in the middle of the crown, and they are tied with muslin strings.

I perceive that in speaking of promenade dress, I have forgotten to tell you, that pelerines are still fashionable, though not universally worn: they have always a deep point before, and another behind; sometimes there is a smaller point on each shoulder.

I should not have detained you so long in the open air, my dear Sophia, but that I have very little to say respecting in-door dress. Our breakfast tables indeed would furnish you with some very pretty *cornettes* and caps à l'enfant. Some of these are made in *percale*; others in soft muslin: the shape of the latter does not require to be described; it is precisely the form of a child's cap. Some have a border of plain muslin, which goes all round, and is double just over the forehead. The crown is slightly embroidered; there is a small bow of white ribbon placed behind, and they tie with a white ribbon under the chin.

Others, though of the same form, are much more richly made, and are in fact adapted for half dress. The border is of rich work; the crown is covered with embroidery; a row of Spanish puffs is let up the middle of the back; a couple of knots of rose-coloured ribbon are placed on the caul; one just over the forehead, the other



farther back ; a knot, to correspond, is placed behind, at the bottom of the caul, and it fastens with a similar knot under the chin.

The *cornettes* have short ears: some are of plain *percale* ; the crowns of these are adorned with narrow cord, laid on something in the style of a scroll pattern : the border is lightly finished with work, and is triple, except at the ears and behind. Others are very richly embroidered, and the crown ornamented with three rows of Spanish puffs, one up the front, and one on each side.

I have already described morning dress to you in speaking of promenade costume, and there is very little alteration in dinner gowns since I wrote last. Clear muslin and jaconet muslin, richly embroidered, are the materials at present the most fashionable. Silk is very little worn.

Crape is a good deal used for grand costume, as is also silver gauze ; both are worn over white satin. Dress gowns are cut very low, and are as much trimmed as when I wrote last ; but the style of trimming continues the same.

The flowers most in favour are, roses, violets, corn-flowers, honey-suckles, and blue-bells. Those considered fashionable for the promenade only are, corn flowers mingled with wheat-ears, or wreaths of wheat-ears, or honey-suckles without any mixture. The others are generally worn in full dress, in which flowers are still as fashionable as ever ; in fact, the heads of our *belles* are ornamented with nothing else. They are variously disposed : diadems, coronets, garlands, and wreaths, are all fashionable. In some instances, flowers are scattered irregularly in small bunches over the head.

In speaking of promenade costume, I forgot to observe, that an indispensable article of it is, a ridicule in the form of a portfolio.

Fashionable colours are, lilac, lavender, blue, and citron ; but white is still considered most tonish.

Farewell, my dear Sophia ! Believe me ever your

EUDOCIA.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE IRISH STAGE.

DRAMATIC performances were used to be exhibited in private houses only, so late as even the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in Dublin, as well as in London. The ball-room in the Castle supplied the want of a Theatre: the company of performers consisted of the nobility, who played Gordobuck on the anniversary of her Majesty's birth-day.

No regular play-house existed till the reign of Charles the first ; when, in 1635, during the Lieutenancy of Lord Strafford, John Ogilby, Master of the Revels, built a theatre in Werburgh-street, at his own expence, for 200*l*. and invited to it several itinerant players. Shirley's play of the "Royal Master" was written for, and played, for the first time, in this theatre. It was closed in the Rebellion, by order of the Lord's Justices, and never re-opened.

After a lapse of twenty years, Ogilby's patent having been renewed, the nobility and gentry subscribed to build a new play-house. Its site was near the Castle, in the centre of the City, in Orange-street, (as it was then called, but since, Smock-

alley.) The building commenced and was completed in 1662, The first piece performed in it was "Pompey," translated from the French of Corneille by Mrs. C. Philips. The haste with which it was raised became fatal to its existence: it fell after nine months, and killed and wounded several.

From this period, until the year 1688, the Drama was extinct in Dublin, the players having been dispersed, by the civil wars between James the second and William of Orange, afterwards King. In 1689, the citizens formed a company, repaired the theatre in Smock-alley, and exhibited gratuitously. The first play was Othello, the part of Othello by the celebrated Wilkes, who was then first known as a dramatic performer. On the death of Ogilby, Ashbury, appointed master of the Revels by the Duke of Ormond, invited actors from England, and succeeded to the management.\* Farquhar appeared in 1694 as an Actor.

Shadwell's immoral play of "the Libertine,"† brought forward in 1701, attracted such immense audiences that the galleries gave way, and killed and wounded a considerable number. This circumstance was regarded as a visitation of Providence and served to banish immorality for some time from the stage. In 1720 Ashbury was succeeded by Elrington, his son-in-law, by whose exertions, as manager and actor, the theatre was rising rapidly in respectability, when it received a severe blow by the premature death of Elrington, the effects of which continued to depress it for several years after.

In 1731 Madame Violante exhibited plays, in which characters were sustained by children under 10 years of age. Her theatre stood partly in the site of Fownes's street. The first representation of the Beggar's Opera, in Dublin, was by this youthful company: the child who played Polly, was the same that afterwards figured so splendidly in the theatrical world, under the name of Mrs. Margaret Woffington;‡ at this period, a taste for the Drama spread itself through every rank. The nobility and gentry built a theatre by subscription, in Aungier-street, corner of Longford-street, near Stephen's-green, which at that time was the very centre of Fashion. On the 8th of May 1733, the first stone was laid with great pomp; the house was finished in ten months, and opened on the 19th of March following with Farquhar's play of "the Recruiting Officer." The trading people instantly built another, in opposition to the higher ranks, in Rainsford-street, near the Liberties, which then contained all the commercial wealth of this city: and between these two theatres a spirited rivalry commenced, which held up for a considerable space:

At this period there existed, in Dublin, five establishments for dramatic representations, namely, the two just mentioned, Madame Violante's, Ward's in Dame-

\* George Farquhar was born in Derry, in the year 1678: entered the University, from whence he was expelled for breach of discipline. He became corrector for the press, then an actor for One Pound per week, next a dramatic writer, and finally an officer in the army. He was the author of eight dramatic pieces, the last and best of which, viz. the Beaux's Stratagem, he composed in the six weeks immediately preceding his death, which happened on the third night of its performance being for the author's benefit.

† From this, Lord Byron has borrowed the character of his "Don Juan:" it is now performed as an afterpiece.

‡ Was the daughter of a fruit-woman, became an excellent actress; her best character was Sir Harry Wilder in the "Constant Couple." Mrs. W. was the only female that was admitted into the Beef-Steak Club, in Dublin; of which she was appointed, and for a long time continued President.

street, and the Smock-alley theatre. Besides these, a Music-Hall for Ridottas, in Crow-street, and an entertainment, called Ashton's Medley, in Patrick's-close. The prices for admission were nominally the same as now; but when we consider the value of money at that time they will appear to be much greater: however, the theatres were continually crowded, for a rivalry of interest produced a competition of talent, and extraordinary efforts to please could not fail of winning the attention and patronage of the public. Native talents, both dramatic and histrionic, were encouraged. Brooke's\* "*Gustavus Vasa*" and "*Earl of Westmoreland*," (which had been suppressed in London by the Lord Chamberlain) were brought out in Dublin, with decided success at the Aungier-street theatre. All the eminent London performers came over periodically. Quin and Cibber might be seen figuring away at Aungier-street, while Mrs. Woffington and Garrick were alternately sporting the Sock and Buskin in Smock-alley. The audiences in the latter theatre were so crowded, even in the hottest Summer months, as to cause an epidemic disease, which, from the circumstance, was called the Garrick-fever.

On an occasion of dispute at Smock-alley, several performers seceded, formed a company called "the City company of Comedians," and played in a little theatre built for them in Capel-street, under the patronage of the Lord Mayor. The first play performed there was the merchant of Venice.

We find the Dublin theatre, in 1745, to have assumed, for the first time, the appearance of a regular dramatic establishment.

At this period, Dublin in general, but theatres in particular, were infested by a number of profligate and idle young men of rank, yclept "*Cherokees, Mohawks*," but most commonly "*Bucks*." They kept the audience as well as the actors under their controul, and subject to their caprice. One of these heroes, of the name of Kelly, jumped one night, in a drunken fit, upon the stage, rushed into the actresses' dressing room, and attempted offering them rudeness. On refusing to retire, he was taken out with as much gentleness as the circumstances could admit of: notwithstanding which, on the following night, a large body of the "*Bucks*," headed by Kelly, sprang upon the stage with drawn swords, searched the house for Mr. Sheridan,† the manager, and, not succeeding in their scrutiny, actually went to his house in the City with the design of murdering him. Mr. Sheridan brought Kelly to a legal trial, who was sentenced to pay a fine of 500*l.* and to suffer three months imprisonment. This totally extinguished the violent spirit of the Mohawks.

Some time after this incident, Mr. Sheridan, by formal agreement, was appointed manager of both the Aungier street and Smock-alley theatres. The stage prospered and flourished under his management, until the year 1754, when Smock-alley playhouse was destroyed, by a political party in the pit, because a speech in the tragedy of Mahomet, which seemed applicable to the political conduct of some public character, was not repeated, although most loudly and violently demanded. On this occasion Mr. Sheridan retired from public life, but shortly after resumed the management. A new rival theatre, built on the site of the music-hall and of other

\* Brooke an Irishman graduated in Trinity College at the very early age of seventeen; entered the Temple in London; wrote some excellent dramas and after various shades of success in life died in a miserable condition in London.

† Grand-father to the celebrated Orator and Dramatist Richard Brinsley Sheridan.



houses in Crow-street, opened on the 23d of October, 1758, with the comedy of 'She would and she would not.' In this theatre the celebrated Barry (*an Irishman*) and Woodward the Comedian, established a new company imported from England, and made a strong opposition to Sheridan. The contest was long, hot, and dubious; till a vessel from England, freighted with histrionic talents for Smock-alley, went down in the passage, and with it Mr. Sheridan's hopes of success.

After a long and successful career Mr. Sheridan retired, and left the management of the Dublin stage to Barry and Woodward; of whom the latter after some time retired, and thus Barry became sole manager. But his reign was soon disturbed by Mossop (*an Irishman, and graduate of Trinity College*) who opened a battery of theatrical talents, in Smock-alley, which quickly silenced the Crow-street fortress. Barry evacuated and Mossop succeeding the 'vanquished victor,' retained possession, till vanquished in turn by all-conquering death, in 1771.

Ryder succeeded to the theatric throne, and suppressed an opposition made by Vandermere and Waddy, in a theatre formed on the site of the music hall, Fishamble-street. Mr. Ryder rented both Crow-street and Smock-alley, but the former alone he kept open. Having become bankrupt by extravagance, and being overcome by Daly (who procured possession of Smock-alley) he resigned both to Daly in 1782.

The theatre in Smock alley was converted into merchants' stores: Crow-street was alone opened with representations. Daly, then being sole master of the stage in Dublin, became careless of the management, through too much confidence of security. The nobility and gentry, displeased at his conduct, fitted up the Fishamble-street theatre, in the most superb style of decoration, formed a company of noblemen and gentlemen as performers, and conferred the management on the Earl of Westmeath, and Frederick Jones, Esq. Fishamble-street opened on the 6th of March, 1793.

Mr. Jones, by the interest of friends, and a high character for skill in theatricals, procured a promise of the Theatre Royal, or permission to open another. Daly compromised the affair with Jones, and resigned to him in 1794. Mr. Jones's friends procured an Act of Parliament for him, in 1796, confining the liberty of dramatic performances, in the City of Dublin, for 21 years, to one theatre. To the infraction of this act the penalty of 300*l.* was affixed. Mr. Jones's patent expired in the summer of 1819; and a new one, for (we believe) the same term, was granted to Mr. Harris in 1820.

THE unprecedented condition of the Drama in Dublin, during the last year, has attracted to it (and justly) the undivided attention of the play-going portion of the public, by the suspension of all Theatrical representation for that space; they have frequently perceived a large blank in the evening amusements; they have felt as it were an involuntary uneasy consciousness, that a something was wanting, which had been, which ought to be, and which they could not immediately recollect.

Many an excellent cup of Bohea has flowed down the alimentary canal of our fashionable gossips in solemn silence; whose descending current (had the temple of Thespis been opened) would have been chained, at least interrupted, by the enchanting sounds of a confabulation on Theatricals. Many a right good tumbler of whiskey-punch has disappeared in dull taciturnity; which else would have been the fountain of a torrent of critical dissertation, as hot, and as strong, and unsubstantial as its own fervid fume. Many a fashionable news-monger has daily lost, for the

last six months, full four hours of his wonted quantum of conversation—for want of a Theatre. Indeed there is a Reverend acquaintance of our own, from whom (tho' loquacious enough at one time) his friends could not elicit a syllable since the closing of the play-house, excepting on certain periodical discharges of professional duties; on which occasions they are tasteless, and ungrateful enough to assert, that they would joyfully dispense with his hebdomadal oration; though, to our certain knowledge, it rarely fails to give them as sweet an hour's nap, as they could wish to enjoy.

In short, all classes, from the loungee in the boxes, to the 'prentice in the cock-loft's "blisful seats above;" from the lady of fashion in silks, to the clamorous vender of "spruce beer and bottled porter," in rags; from the ranting histrionic hero,

" Whose tongue commits more murders than his sword"

to his no-less-awkward fellow labourer in the scene-shifting department: from our right critical selves of the Dublin Magazine, to the humble though "high reaching" sticker of bills of the evening's entertainment. In short, we all have felt a vacuity in our several occupations and amusements, in our thoughts and conversations, as heavy and torpid, as if we had swallowed the dull, tasteless, and stupefying antidote of the famous writer of pamphlets and hunter of foxes, the "Political Parson;" of the invention of which last most appropriate title, we of the Dublin Magazine, do hereby claim the high and exclusive honor, strictly charging you our enlightened readers and each of you, to use this aforesaid title and no other, when panegyrising the talent, taste, learning, liberality, common sense, and christian charity of the said Reverend and Honorable Baronet.

But to return—the suspension of theatricals has naturally turned to itself so considerable a portion of the public attention, and has introduced such a spirit of curiosity relative to the nature and management of the department behind the curtain, that we have felt ourselves bound to present to our readers (though at no inconsiderable trouble), an historical sketch of the most important events of the Dublin stage, from its origin to the present day.

Ryder was the first manager who displayed a spirit of monopoly. He suppressed an opposition made against him by Waddy and Vandermere, by means as unjust, as his design was illiberal and injurious to the public. The absence of all opposition infused into him a confidence of success, which eventually proved fatal. He mismanaged the Theatre, lost the favor of the Public, abandoned the management, and was glad to receive an engagement as third rate actor in that theatre, which at one time was his own.

Daly, who opposed Ryder, succeeded him in the management, and from the activity and industrious attention to the stage, which he displayed on the outset, the public were induced to conceive good hopes from his management; but that security which destroyed Ryder, produced the same effects on Daly. He neglected his business: fell in the esteem of the public; and merely on the threat of opposition, resigned the Theatre to Mr. Jones, from whose excellent management of the private theatre in Fishamble-street, the public entertained (not a moral) but a metaphysical certainty of his attention and exertions in the administration of his own concern. Together with the theatre, Mr. Jones seemed to have received all the monopolizing spirit of his immediate predecessors, but his designs were more deeply laid and more systematic. He was conscious, indeed, that he held sole possession of the principal Theatre in Dublin, but probably entertaining a *modest diffidence* in the suc-

cess of his exertions, or on the permanency of the popular approbation, he shrewdly conjectured, that if it were at any time withdrawn, another rival might supplant him as he supplanted Daly. To prevent the possibility of this was his grand intention; by the accomplishment of which, he hoped to give the last blow to even the probability of an opposition. And this he *did* effect; for by the interest of powerful friends, he procured a statute from the generally-corrupt Irish Parliament, conferring the power of exhibiting dramatic representations for 21 years to one patentee: this statute was the death-warrant to the prosperity of the Dublin Stage. Mr. Jones was now perfectly independant of the public opinion. He might act as he pleased; he might manage well, or manage ill, as it suited his caprice, and without fear of the consequences. The public would continue to frequent a Theatre, and that must be *his*; for the right sapient and enlightened legislators of the Irish Parliament, prevented the existence of a second. Mr. Jones conceived that in procuring the act of monopoly he was acting wisely, but sad and bitter experience, (and we sincerely regret it for the sake of himself and family,) has proved that measure to have been neither wise nor prudent; his was indeed that

“Vaulting ambition which o’erleaps itself,

“And falls on th’ other.”

Flushed by this certainty of success, he neglected or mismanaged the Theatre; when summoned by public opinion to account for his conduct, he despised the summons; or if he appeared before its tribunal, it was only to insult it. If that statute of monopoly had not been passed, the apprehension of an opposition would have kept Mr. Jones within the circle of his duty; or if it could not, the public might instantly have had a Theatre regulated as it ought to be, and subject to the control of that public which supported it; and as we are sure that Mr. Jones would have acted as he ought under these supposed circumstances, we have not the least hesitation in asserting that he would be this day in possession of a large fortune, accumulated solely from the profits of his Theatre. “Sed Dis aliter visum.”

Mr. Harris now holds the patent, but it is in the power of the government to grant a second; and any person who knows the condition of the Dublin stage during the last fifty years, must be convinced of the propriety, nay necessity of a second patent; not that we expect Mr. Harris will mismanage his establishment, but because we know he must manage well, if there should be a rival theatre. It has been asserted that Dublin cannot support two theatres, but both experience and reason disprove it. Ninety years hence there were five theatres in Dublin; and though the taste for the Drama was considerably less prevalent, and the prices of admission considerably greater, the theatres were well attended and generally crowded. Even within our own memory, never did a single histrionic star of any considerable magnitude rise above the dark horizon of the Dublin theatre, without attracting numerous spectators—and what then would not a constellation of talents effect? Mr. Jones has been blamed for not giving up the theatre instantaneously to Mr. Harris, but we think unjustly: Mr. Jones has sunk a great sum of money in the theatre, many individuals have done the same; it is but just that Mr. Jones should dispose of his theatre in the manner most conducive to his own interest, and that of the bond and ticket holders. If Mr. Jones thinks he can procure a second patent,



(and we cannot see why he may not,) he acts rightly in keeping the theatre. Indeed we cannot conceive on what grounds of justice or expediency a second patent can be refused to Mr. Jones, or rather to the bond and ticket holders: to them it is but an act of simple justice, and to the public a matter of great advantage. We are glad to perceive, the ticket holders have petitioned, and expect, for the reasons stated above, that the government will pay attention to their petition; and knowing as we do, that Mr. Jones has learned from age, experience, reflection and adversity, to feel a true sense of the value of the public approbation, we do not hesitate to assert, that should he become the proprietor of the second theatre, he would more than atone for his former errors, by the propriety of his future management.—More of this hereafter. We shall in the mean time presume to give Mr. Harris a few of our ideas on the mode of managing his theatre. He must consider Dublin not as a provincial town, but as the second city in the British empire, inferior only to London in point of wealth, and magnitude, and population; but considerably superior to it in the knowledge, information, and taste of the general classes of its inhabitants. He must not be guided in his management, by the state of the stage under the last patentee, nor in catering for the public taste, should he presume, that because we swallowed a great quantity of fulsome stuff during the last four or five years, that the same will go down with us in future; no, no; during that period there was but one dish, in future there may be more, and the best will be the most eagerly sought after. He must not attempt to satisfy us with a company collected from the “walking” gentlemen and ladies of Covent-Garden, and palm them upon us as first rate players. He must not think that every stroller who frets, and fumes, and struts, and stamps, and roars himself into the fame of Garrick, in Manchester, Bath, or Bristol, shall be permitted to disgust the Dublin audience with his monkey-like imitations of humanity. He must not think to entertain us with merely a periodical summer display of talent, which, like the boreal meteor described by Burns,

“ Flits ere you can point the place.”

no, he must not do these things; indeed we expect he will not. He must establish a theatre worthy of the metropolis of Ireland, he must have a *really* respectable company of resident performers. In the expenses of the establishment he must be guided by a spirit of unsparing liberality; he must show a respectful deference for, and ready compliance with the opinion of the public; above all, he must give the warmest support and encouragement to *native talent*, dramatic and histrionic; attention to the former we would particularly recommend to him, actuated by the warm and kindly interest we feel for the success of genius, and for the literary character of our country. That there is a great portion of dramatic talent in the intellectual composition of our countrymen, both the list of the drama, and a knowledge of the national character satisfactorily prove. This it is in the power of the present patentee to elicit, and we expect he *will* elicit it. It is his *duty*, and it will be his *interest* to bring it forward and patronise it. The mention of native talent brings to our recollection two striking exhibitions of it, which we had the pleasure to observe in the last night in which the Crow-street theatre was opened for performance; these were the characters of Richard and Sir Charles Racket, played by two gentlemen (we believe of the University,) for the benefit of Miss Curtis. For just conception and

execution, for the distinct articulation of his delivery, and the graceful impressiveness of his gestures; for point, spirit, and effect, we never saw a Richard (except Kean's,) superior to the performance of that night. The young gentleman who played Sir Charles Racket, *looked the character* admirably well, and played it with an ease, spirit, and elegance, that would have done honour to a professional veteran of the "first water." Mr. Harris has fitted up the round room in the Rotunda for a temporary theatre, as our readers have seen it, or a description of it in the Papers of the day. We shall merely observe, that it is a very pretty summer theatre, and gives us a very pleasing specimen of Mr. Harris's taste and spirit. There is one circumstance attending the "getting up" of the theatre, on which we must bestow one decided censure, namely, the employment of workmen on the two Sabbath days preceding the day of opening. Does Mr. Harris think that the inhabitants of Dublin hold such a contempt for religion that they can look upon, with indifference, the public violation of one of its most sacred duties—a violation, which, in London, or any city of England, would have called down the severest penalties of the law. But we perceive we are carried beyond our limits, and the subject we have undertaken has swelled imperceptibly; we must, therefore, excuse ourselves, for the present, in not entering into any particular criticism as to Mr. Harris's Theatre. We shall merely remark as to the department of the Opera, that, until Miss Green's arrival, we were quite dispirited. Mr. Harris led the public to imagine that they should hear a "seraph choir;" and how have they been treated? *Second and third-rate* actors, devoid of all the graces of style or expression, have been brought from *provincial* Theatres to goad the ears of a Dublin audience. If he could have supposed that there cannot be found in Dublin, men capable of appreciating good music, or even of execution in the first style of excellence, we must inform him that he has totally mistaken the matter. Mr. Bishop, at least, seems possessed of too much taste and discrimination to entertain such an opinion.

### TRINITY COLLEGE.

At the late Quarterly Examinations, the following gentlemen obtained certificates:

*For general answering*—Bell 1mus—Stokes, 1mus—Luby sen., Mr. Johnson, 2dus.—Mr. Roper, 1mus.—Mr. Kelly, Burnett, Cummings, Miller, 2dus.—Sample, Kyle, jun. Twigg, Purdue.

*For Science*—Mr. Lynch, Mr. Henchy, Longfield, sen. Dobbs, M'Lean, Mr. Wilmot, Monahan, Coneys, Martley, Stokes, 4tus.—Gwynne, jun.

*For Classics*—Mr. Gore, 4tus—M'Cready, sen. Gayer, Smith, 9nus.—Mr. Grogan, Mr. Balfour. Williams, 2dus—Purdon, 3tius.—Ould, Iles, Kingsmill.

And the following obtained premiums:

*For general answering*—Tarleton, sen. Despard, sen. Morrison, 1 mus.—Peebles, Mr. Purcell, Mr. Berry, sen. Mr. Lane, sen. O'Grady, Radcliffe, 2dus.—Townsend, sen., Spillan.

*For Science*—Lord Oxmantown, Mr. Parsons, Chambers, 3tius.—Hunt, Hutchinson, 1 mus.—Grier, jun., Mr. Dunne, Mr. Lloyd, jun., Magrath, 4tus.—Lyne, Fleury, M'Kane, Preston, Vance, Gregg.

*For Classics*—Lord Oxmantown, Mr. Parsons, Young, 2dus. Gibson, jun. Studdart, sen. Casserly, Mr. Moore, jun., Mr. Monahan, Clarke, 3tius.—Belcher, Mac Dowell, Martly, Hall, jun., Vance, Gregg.

#### OBLITUM.

After the last line of page 437, insert the following directions for preparing the Elaterium.

“ The Cucumbers should be gathered when as nearly ripe as possible, and without violence, as that might endanger their bursting. They should then be wetted by the affusion of cold water, that less of the juice, when they are cut, may adhere to the external surface. They should be cut through longitudinally, and the juice allowed to strain through a fine seive placed in a large earthen-ware vessel. The seeds and surrounding pulp should be scooped out upon the seive, and washed with repeated affusions of cold water, by which they will be freed from all adhering juice ; something will be saved also, by afterwards rinsing the split Cucumbers themselves in cold water, from which a portion of elaterium may be collected.”

“ After standing a few hours the sediment is formed, from which the clear liquor is to be poured. It is then to be thinly spread on fine linen, and exposed to the air to dry : gentle warmth may be employed without injury ; but access of sunshine destroys the fine green colour which the substance otherwise acquires.”

However, it appears that the whole of the Elatin does not separate by spontaneous subsidence.

END OF FIRST VOLUME.



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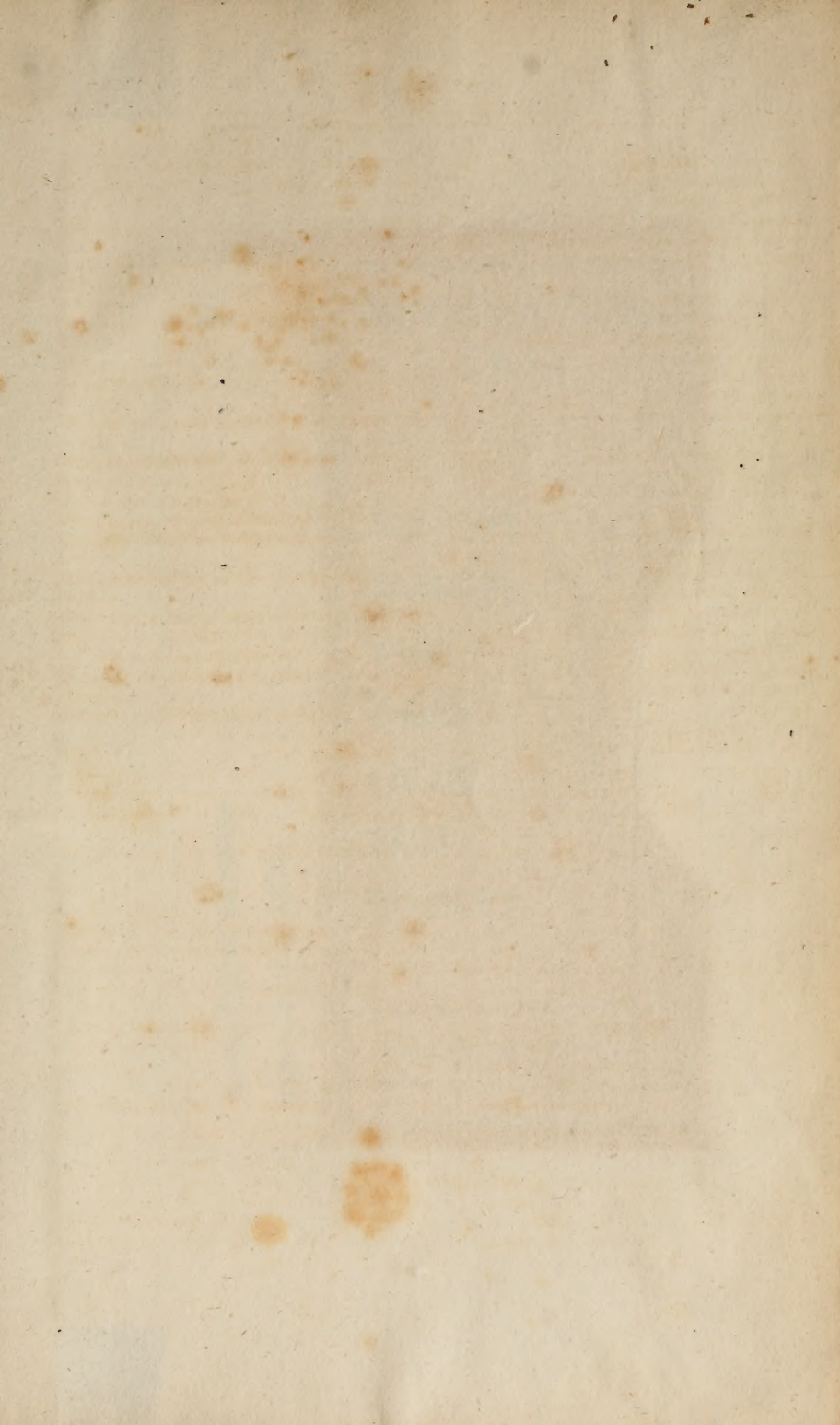
## ERRATA

### *In the Life of Edgeworth.*

- Page 413, line 12, for 1751, read 1761.  
 — 425, — 17, for 1892, read 1792.  
 — 426, — 10, for 1819, read 1814.

In the Meteorological Table, p. 440, for 1st May, read 1st June.





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